# LETTERS OF
# JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

*BY JAMES HUNEKER*

MEZZOTINTS IN MODERN MUSIC (1899)

CHOPIN: THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC (1900)

MELOMANIACS (1902)

OVERTONES (1904)

ICONOCLASTS: A BOOK OF DRAMATISTS (1905)

VISIONARIES (1905)

EGOISTS: A BOOK OF SUPERMEN (1909)

PROMENADES OF AN IMPRESSIONIST (1910)

FRANZ LISZT. ILLUSTRATED (1911)

THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE (1913)

NEW COSMOPOLIS (1915)

IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS (1915)

UNICORNS (1917)

BEDOUINS (1920)

STEEPLEJACK (1920)

VARIATIONS (1921)

LETTERS (1922)

*CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS*

There are no "schools" in art or literature, only good ~~an~~ writers and artists; there are no types, only individuals.

As Ever James Huneker

# LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

COLLECTED AND EDITED
BY
JOSEPHINE HUNEKER

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1922

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TO

EDWARD PAGE MITCHELL, LITT.D.

BY THE EDITOR

JOSEPHINE HUNEKER

# FOREWORD

This volume of my husband's letters was prepared primarily on the suggestion *of* his friends, and particularly *for* his friends—yet letters from some of those with whom he was most intimate will not be found in it. One reason for this omission is that the correspondence with some of his early friends and associates has been destroyed by them, or, as was sometimes the case, mislaid or lost. Another is that in recent years he was nearly always available to his friends, which explains the small number of letters during this time.

My husband was always an indefatigable correspondent, and no inquiry or courtesy to him ever remained unanswered for more than a few days. Ever thoughtful of his friends, any occasion would be a cause to send them a note, short or long, and as he never dictated or used a typewriter, many an hour was passed in writing letters. No copies were ever made of these letters, so that it would be quite impossible even to gather together more than a small fraction of them. This collection is based on those that were available.

His most intimate friendships are fully described in his autobiography, "Steeplejack" (1920), thereby making this volume of letters a companion to that work from the autobiographical point of view.

I wish to express my grateful appreciation to T. R. Smith and to Frederick James Gregg, who have assisted me most helpfully in the preparation of this volume. To all who have placed their letters from my husband at my disposal I am grateful.

JOSEPHINE HUNEKER.

April, 1922.

# CONTENTS


PAGE

FOREWORD BY JOSEPHINE HUNEKER . . . . . vii

LETTERS:

1886

To Alfred Barili . . . . . 3

1887

To Alfred Barili . . . . . 5

1891

To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 6

1901

To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 7

1902

To Richard Aldrich . . . . . 9
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 10

1903

To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 11
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 11
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 16

1904

To Elizabeth Jordan . . . . . 17
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 18
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 19
To Walter Prichard Eaton . . . . . 21
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 22
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 23
To Elizabeth Jordan . . . . . 25
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 26
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 28
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 29
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 32

1905

To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 34
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 36
To Walter Prichard Eaton . . . . . 37
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 39

LETTERS:

PAGE

To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 40
To William Marion Reedy . . . . . 41
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 42
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 44
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 46
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 47
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 48
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 49
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 50

1906

To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 51
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 52
To Dr. Edward J. Nolan . . . . . 53
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 54
To Richard Aldrich . . . . . 55
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 56

1907

To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 58
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 60
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 61
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 62
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 62
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 63
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 64
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 65
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 67
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 68
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 70
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 72
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 74
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 75
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 77

1908

To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 79
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 80
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 81
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 82
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 84

LETTERS:

PAGE

To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 85
To Arthur B. Davies . . . . . 86
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 87
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 88
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 90
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 91

1909

To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 92
To Dr. Edward J. Nolan . . . . . 92
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 93
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 94
To Royal Cortissoz . . . . . 95
To Richard Aldrich . . . . . 96
To Edwin W. Morse . . . . . 96
To John Quinn . . . . . 97
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 99

1910

To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 100
To John Quinn . . . . . 101
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 102
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 103
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 104
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 106

1911

To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 107
To Theodore Presser . . . . . 108
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 109
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 110
To John Quinn . . . . . 111
To Frederick James Gregg . . . . . 112
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 113
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 115
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 117
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 119
To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers . . . . . 120
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 122
To Royal Cortissoz . . . . . 123

LETTERS:

1912

PAGE

To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 124
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 125
To Theodore Presser . . . . . 127
To Lawrence Gilman . . . . . 128
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 129
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 131
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 133
To Theodore Presser . . . . . 135
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 136
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 138
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 140
To E. E. Ziegler . . . . . 141
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 142
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 144

1913

To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 147
To John Quinn . . . . . 147
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 149
To Charles J. Rosebault . . . . . 149
To John Quinn . . . . . 152
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 155
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 156
To Mrs. Emma Eames . . . . . 157
To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers . . . . . 159
To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers . . . . . 160
To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers . . . . . 161
To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers . . . . . 162
To John Quinn . . . . . 163

1914

To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 165
To John Quinn . . . . . 165
To John Quinn . . . . . 167
To Rupert Hughes . . . . . 168
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 168
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 170
To John Quinn . . . . . 171
To John Quinn . . . . . 173
To Rupert Hughes . . . . . 173
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 174
To John Quinn . . . . . 177

1915

PAGE

LETTERS:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 179
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 180
To Lawrence Gilman . . . . . 181
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 182
To Lawrence Gilman . . . . . 183
To John Quinn . . . . . 184
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 185
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 186
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 187
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 188
To W. C. Brownell . . . . . 190
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 191
POSTCARD:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 192
LETTERS:
To John Quinn . . . . . 192
To John Quinn . . . . . 193
POSTCARD:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 195
LETTERS:
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 195
To Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . 196
To Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . 198
To John Quinn . . . . . 198
To Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . 199
To John Quinn . . . . . 201
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 202

1916

To Royal Cortissoz . . . . . 204
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 205
To John Quinn . . . . . 206
To John Quinn . . . . . 208
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 209
To Lawrence Gilman . . . . . 214
To Rupert Hughes . . . . . 215
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 217
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 218
POSTCARDS:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 220
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 220

LETTERS: PAGE
To Felix F. Leifels . . . . . 220
To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 221
To Richard Aldrich . . . . . 222
To Felix E. Leifels . . . . . 223
To Miss Cora Williams . . . . . 224

1917

To Edward P. Mitchell . . . . . 227
To Pitts Sanborn . . . . . 228
To Alden March . . . . . 229
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 230
To John D. Williams . . . . . 231
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 231
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 232
To Richard Aldrich . . . . . 233
To Alden March . . . . . 234
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 235
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 236
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 237
To Theodore Presser . . . . . 238

1918

POSTCARD:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 239
LETTERS:
To John Quinn . . . . . 239
To Frank J. Wilstach . . . . . 240
To La Marquise de Lanza . . . . . 241
To La Marquise de Lanza . . . . . 242
To Alden March . . . . . 242
To Henry James, Jr. . . . . 244
To Mrs. Emma Eames . . . . . 245
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 246
To Henry B. Fuller . . . . . 247
To Alden March . . . . . 248
To Alden March . . . . . 250
To Alden March . . . . . 252
To Grenville Vernon . . . . . 254
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 255
To Frank J. Wilstach . . . . . 256
To Alden March . . . . . 257

LETTERS: PAGE
To Alden March . . . . . 259
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 260
To Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . 262
To Alden March . . . . . 263
To Royal Cortissoz . . . . . 263
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 265
To Alden March . . . . . 266

1919

To Jules Bois . . . . . 267
To Dr. Alexander Lambert . . . . . 268
To Jules Bois . . . . . 268
To Jules Bois . . . . . 271
To Jules Bois . . . . . 272
To Mme. Emily Barili . . . . . 274
To Royal Cortissoz . . . . . 275
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 276
To Benjamin Roeder . . . . . 277
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 278
To H. E. Krehbiel . . . . . 279
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 280
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 281
To T. R. Smith . . . . . 282
To Jules Bois . . . . . 283

POSTCARD:
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 285

LETTERS:
To John Quinn . . . . . 285

1920

To T. R. Smith . . . . . 287
To Mrs. Josephine Ditrichstein . . . . . 288
To Pitts Sanborn . . . . . 289
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 290
To Lawrence Gilman . . . . . 290
To John Quinn . . . . . 291
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 291
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 292
To John Quinn . . . . . 293
To John Quinn . . . . . 295

LETTERS: PAGE

To Jules Bois . . . . . 296
To Benjamin Roeder . . . . . 297
To Maxwell E. Perkins . . . . . 298
To Arthur H. Scribner . . . . . 299
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 299
To Maxwell E. Perkins . . . . . 300
To Henry L. Mencken . . . . . 301
To Philip Hale . . . . . 302
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 303
To Frida Ashforth . . . . . 304
To La Marquise Clara Lanza . . . . . 305
To Mme. Frida Ashforth . . . . . 305
To Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . 307
To Alice Wade Mulhern . . . . . 308
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 310
To Henry James, Jr. . . . . 311
To Benjamin De Casseres . . . . . 311
To Edward C. Marsh . . . . . 312

1921

To Mrs. Gilbert . . . . . 313
To Jules Bois . . . . . 313

INDEX . . . . . 315

# LETTERS OF
# JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

# LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

## 1886

### *To Alfred Barili*

Alfred Barili, a nephew of Adelina Patti, and for many years a teacher of music in Atlanta, was an intimate friend of Mr. Huneker's youth in Philadelphia, and one of his earliest correspondents. When the first two letters were written to him, Mr. Huneker was just beginning his literary career as a writer on music.

Tuesday Jan. 12/86

DEAR ALFRED:

We have had the most delightful season of German opera imaginable. Say what you will there is nobody like "Wagner." I don't mean "Tannhäuser" or "Lohengrin" so much—fine as they are—but his later wonderful dramatic works. "Die Walküre" I heard three times and now for me to listen to a namby-pamby Italian opera with its commonplace plot and more than commonplace music would be quite impossible. The vocalism is not all that can be desired *mais que voulez-vous?* One doesn't look for it. It is simple dramatic singing from the chest —no affectation, all honesty, if it is not so beautiful as Italian singing. I suppose there is nothing for me in Atlanta or you would have written about it. How are your wife & children? I should like to see Madame and have a talk about old times. Dear Alfred how did you like the December Étude?—the notice of your father & yourself. If you should subscribe or have anybody, please send them to me 1711 Race St. and I will attend to it. Please let me know if anything should turn up. I

am looking for work on the newspapers. I soon publish some compositions—I would be proud if you dedicated the Polonaise to me. Please tell Phillips & crew to send The Étude all of your compositions & the gavotte & valse you wrote years ago. I will review the whole of them in a separate article. Good bye old man & remember me to your wife.—Regards.

Ade-a-rivedersi

Jim

## 1887

### *To Alfred Barili*

Monday March 7th, 1887
New York City
No. 40 7th Avenue

My Dear Alfred:

Better late than never, so I was delighted to hear from you even if it was over a year. Your letter was full of interesting information. I am delighted to hear you are successful. You deserve it as you have worked hard. But take my advice and don't work for nothing. I did it and it has always been a failure. I am now in New York and have been for a year. I am in musical journalism. I write for a half dozen papers. Do you like my work in The Étude? I do all the work signed "Old Fogy," 'J. H.' I will give you a notice in March—news of the month—look out for it.

Now Alfred whatever you send me I will review but I particularly want that Polonaise—? Have you published it? I will give it a good notice. How are your family in Phila. I never hear any more. I am studying with Neupert—I play the Chopin Etudes and the Chopin E Minor Concert. Just think of Huneker ever getting tone & technic. But I have and can prove it although I am only a salon pianiste—but even at that I often think of the old times. When you come north call in N. Y. at my address. I am crazy to tell you about the season. I am Wagner mad. I know all the leit motiven.

Love to all & write

Your friend

Jim

## 1891

### *To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Madame Frida Ashforth, now eighty-two years old, a distinguished singing teacher, who in her youth was on the opera stage with Clara Louise Kellogg, Brignoli and all the great stars of that period, was among Mr. Huneker's oldest friends and correspondents. The gift was that of a handsome inkstand.

New York, Dec. 21st, 1891

DEAR MADAME ASHFORTH.

Your kind, thoughtful gift is more than appreciated by me and all the more welcome because I did not know you even thought of me at all. But the unexpected sometimes happens, and I find that I have a friend more in the world, a world that does not contain too many friends. I shan't forget your kindness chère madame, and shall use your gift, constantly—Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1901

### *To E. E. Ziegler*

Mr. Edward E. Ziegler, the music critic, was associated with Mr. Huneker in his work and was one of his warmest friends.

Munich Sept. 19. 1901

Still in Munich—Can I ever escape?

Dear Ned—I made up my mind when I went away not to write to anyone—except on business. Driggs thus far has received letters, not postals. I'm so sick of pen and ink that only shame prompts me—not to mention affection!—to answer your two interesting and welcome letters. How well you write—when you don't try. There are others, too! I've about done up this place—stuff for Courier being sent in until Oct. 16. All München. Sunday and Monday we spent in Salzburg. Mozart to burn, and, lucky dog, I heard "Così Fan Tutte" at the Residenz theatre—Tuesday night 17 Sep! Lovely music, heavenly little theatre. Fremstad is the best thing down here. She sings Mozart as well as Wagner—"Dorabella," "Brangäne," "Ortrud," "Waltraute" and "Carmen"! A versatile girl. Went by special invitation to Franz Stuck's villa last Saturday. Saw a dream palace, though the Missus found it bare. It is classic within and without. We go to Geneva to-morrow *for a rest.* I'm done up; 2 weeks in Bayreuth, nearly 4 here. In the theatre—Prinz Regenten every day—have heard every opera 3 times over. Is that a rest for a man who went abroad to escape music? Bayreuth is rank. How did

you enjoy my "Parsifal"? It was hot from the griddle. The best thing in the show was Olive's "Ortrud." Met Ternina last week. She was very nice to both of us. Geneva and the lakes—we stop over at Lake Constance, —Bodensee—Zürich &c.—Lausaunne &c. for 5 days. Then Paris for 3 weeks, London 1—and home with its heavy musical harness. *Ned look out for your health!!!* It is the chief thing. Vitality is better than style. We only regret that we did not drag you with us—Not to ask strange bauern "Mister what is the name of that berg yonder?" but just to have you along. Three is company two is not!! To-night we hear Novelli the great Italian actor—and the pictures. I've spent all my money.

As ever with love from both

JIM

## 1902

### *To Richard Aldrich*

The book referred to in this letter is "Melomaniacs."

Mr. Richard Aldrich, now the music critic for The New York Times, was at this time on the staff of The New York Tribune, and therefore associated with Mr. Cortissoz, the Literary and Art Editor of The Tribune.

March 9–1902

MY DEAR RICHARD:

I owe you a letter of thanks for the interest you displayed in my mellow lunacies. Also, I wish to make you the bearer of a message to Mr. Cortissoz for his admirable review. Did I but know him I should certainly play the part of the grateful author. But I know he is a busy man and that my gratitude can be better conveyed. And I am grateful, Dick! When a fellow like R. C. [Royal Cortissoz] puts his finger on the exact note of your keyboard you are bound to feel flattered: that's what he did. Whether he had "roasted" or praised me mattered little beyond one's conventional vanity being mortified &c. But to hit off those lunatic stories in a phrase is what pleases my midriff. If I had taken them "seriously" I should not have published them. They smell to heaven! Thank you my lad.

As ever JIM

## *To H. E. Krehbiel*

Many of the letters in this collection are written to Henry E. Krehbiel, the music critic and author, with whom Mr. Huneker had a friendship of long standing and was closely associated in his work. Since 1880 Mr. Krehbiel has been the critic of The New York Tribune.

The Carrollton
April 10–02

DEAR HARRY:

Now in the name of God why isn't an invitation sent to a man's address—to where he lives? I never go to The Sun except Friday afternoon—ask Billy H. [Henderson]. He is usually there at the same time. Of course I'm mad. Who wouldn't be? I go to Philadelphia this afternoon at 5—I hope I go again next week—business that can't be neglected, also to say good bye &c. We sail soon and will be gone a half year. So you see my predicament. I could have arranged all differently if I had known in time. My address is in the directory.—Does whoever has charge of the invitations think I go every day to my office like a dry-goods clerk! It's too bad. I wouldn't—dog in the manger—go if I could! Anyhow—without wishing to poison your evening—you fellows ought to wait until Hilary Bell is underground. His death, Harry, was a shock—he looked so well, so prosperous, and only a few weeks back he wrote of W. W. [William Winter] in The Tribune, of his life's work soon to end &c. *W. W.* wonderful old man, will probably go to Hilary's funeral. It's a sad world—I am going over to see you for an entire evening, if you don't mind. Drink to my safe deliverance from the toils of temperance!

As ever

JIM

## 1903

### *To Madame Frida Ashforth*

July 16, 1903

DEAR MADAME ASHFORTH:

We are at Alt Aussee, Styria, Austria—about an hour from Ischl. The place is celestial only it has rained for 8 days! Your letter followed us from Paris to London, to Berlin, to Weimar, to Leipsic, to Dresden, to Vienna, to Budapest—and now here. We are played-out—2 months of theatres and opera! The pace is killing. We go soon to Salzburg, Mondsee, then to Munich for the Wagnerfest. Mehr dummheit! Where are you? In the Salzkammergut somewhere I'm sure. If this reaches you in time to send a post card here—Hotel Am See—Alt Aussee, Steirmark, we may have time to hunt you up. I hope so. Hope you are well

Love from the

HUNEKERS

Budapest for me—it's a dream!
Excuse
paper
It's stolen!!

### *To E. E. Ziegler*

Alt Ausee, Styria, Austria
July 21st, 1903.

DEAR NED

Your letter of July 5th was welcome for as I have read but one newspaper since we left N. Y. you gave me lots of news; and then, too, I was glad to hear that you are alive, well, busy, thriving even if working hard. We

have been here since July 4th. For 10 days it rained—2 days were devoted to heavy snow-squalls, not on the mountains but in the valleys, also Uberberg und Theil!! I often wished you were here to *yödel* on the Seewiese as the Tyroleans footed it heavily on the tanzboden to the music of a crazy band. The Missus is in full Tyrolean costume—peaked hat, handkerchief on shoulders, short, green skirt etc. Even the dogs in the *dorf* stop barking when she passes! But she is no worse than the other women up here who all go in Styrian costume. Six hot days followed the rain—the lake is a paradise and also an ice-freezer. We have been in—and out! Our Vienna & Budapesth adventures must keep until we sit at the same board next October. We are one hour from Ischl where all the celebrities go—dukes and music critics (old Hanslick is there) conductors and Leschetitzkys etc.—not to mention Kaiser Josef. A Grand Duke is our neighbor here and the Prinz Hohenlohe with his family infest our vicinage. They all look like Second Avenue—I can think of no other classification. The Missus refused to be introduced to the baron the other night, not because his knees were naked and dirty—in true Tyrolean style—but because he wasn't a Prinz—I suppose. Yes, we went to Terrace Garden at 10.30 April 29th for the reason that Hoboken rejected us—every hotel and bagnio and bordel was jammed with outgoing emigrants (or immigrants). As it was too late to go to bed (the steamer sailed at 9 A. M.) we sat with O'Leary and listened. The feelings of the Missus may be imagined—also mine. It was the first Pilsner! We left home with our handbaggage at 7 A. M. and took a bleary breakfast at the Hoboken ferry. I saw eleven steamers sailing when we left—but *das hat mich nicht genirt!* Since then I've had

cause to regret Pilsner. In Weimar a horrid goblin overtook me—Gich! The gout! I had to switch to Ur-quell wasser, etc. until Vienna—then an interlude of Pilsner and now I'm off for good. No more for Willy. Too many shooting pains in the toe. We go from here to Salzburg—Munich next month. Thence to the Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Haarlem—finally Scheveningen for a week's bathing. Thence, Utrecht via Köln, up the Rhine to Frankfurt, across to Berlin, Hamburg. Home on Oct. 1st. Met Nikisch in Vienna. He made me promise to go to Scheveningen. I had faint hopes of Venice but the weather is too hot—when it doesn't rain. Gericke was here to dinner last Sunday with his family. He stops at Ischl. So does Svencenzski of Kneisel quartet. I expect to see them Friday next. I haven't seen but one Sun—Sunday June 21st. It contained a much mutilated and badly edited story of Ibsen's "The Vikings." Fancy writing that "the one unpardonable sin is the repudiation of love" and finding '*repetition*' in the types! Quite a different meaning! But I fancy that it—or the careless lifting of paragraphs at the last without altering a plural—will not again happen. My Ibsen story was no great shakes, but a column was "lifted" out of it so it reads astray. Rosebault writes me that my "Joyzelle" is a good story and Vance Thompson wrote me from Paris yesterday that the Sardou "Dante" was all right. But Ned I really do not care. I'm fagged with theatre and music and travel, so don't judge my stuff one way or the other. It is written for newspaper consumption—and for cash, so much per word (if the late C. Dana could return he would whistle at my pay per word). I took pains with my "Nachtasyl" story—it is a terrific play; but the Strauss I just wrote

for what it was worth—gossip, etc. Serious criticism will come later in the magazines. For that reason the Shaw story read swifter than the Maeterlinck, *i. e.* the latter is for a book of dramatic essays (keep this quite shady won't you? Maeterlinck has willingly, apparently gratefully, accepted the dedication). They—these brainy gents in Europe—are not yet over the surprise caused by American methods of journalism, rapid-fire interview and general hustling. I simply adore Pesth and Vienna. No more Germany for me—take the Constantinople express at Ostende, travel to Belgrade, Orsove or Bucharest, then sail up the river (Danube) through magnificently wild scenery to Pesth and stay there;—thence to Wien; that's my present notion of a European holiday. We found Franz Stuck's "Sphynx" in the Budapest Museum. What a jewel of a city—a glittering gem!

No, I am not making money Ned; just paying expenses. But the trip had to be taken for 50 reasons. I shall have been, and seen, on my return, the interiors and stage machinery of theatres boasting of English, Dutch, Belgian, French, German, Austrian, Hungarian (the Budapest opera only seats 1100 but the hydraulic stage machinery is immense) Italian and Swiss nationalities! That means knowledge of theatres etc. not to mention the plays. I hate the English, loathe the German Philistines. Runcie is better now—read Weekly Critical Review with an amusing story of his July 2nd (I think). It also contains "Le Pater en Si" a translation of "The Lord's Prayer" made by Arthur Bless. Really you are missing some excellent critical articles in The Review by Symons, Ellis (Havelock) and Ernest Newman. I have spoken of New York music—of course. Perhaps I may return with some surprising news concerning The Review.

It's a likely sheet and is succeeding everywhere. The father of Bless is very rich—but cautious. I either go to await Dore in France to see him, or run over to Manchester. He wishes to fix matters with me permanently. Ned, I have more readers in Paris and London than I dreamed of. Remy de Gourmont, a marvellously erudite man quotes me in his reviews—which is charming. I looked after the Kaiser in my Berlin story—a thing of shreds, patches, gossip etc. A summer audience does not desire aught but frivolity. Don't cavil, my son. When you are in the saddle—as you must soon be—you will appreciate brain fag and the unutterable weariness that comes from 52 weekly repetitions. Do you know that I am getting for the first time since 1887 a holiday without a pen stroke unless I care to—that is the reason I am writing such a flux of words now. I mean that every summer I went away I had to send weekly copy. I'm through now for the season—last week I sent The Sun another 33,000 words making in all circa 60,000 words which carries me up until September 1st. I propose to loaf, not to write unless 3 vol. novels to you, and otherwise enjoy life (*ohne bier oder wein!*). I'm glad to hear of the Strauss "Bookman." You'll pull out all right in great shape. Stevenson (E. I. Prime) is at Innsbruck and is writing me every 24 hours to go over there. Aber —nit'. I called on Paur, Rosenthal—Moritz—and Bosendorfer the piano man—in Wien, but they were not in the city. I expect to see Paur at Munich. Ternina also. Her *Isolde* was glorious in musty London—but hang the English. They make me sick when they talk art! I lit into them good and hard some weeks ago.

Regards from Mrs. Huneker and

As Ever Yours,

JIM

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Hotel Am See
Alt Aussee, Austria
Aug. 1st, 1903

LIEBE FRIDA ASHFORTH

I didn't answer your letter at once for my plans were unsettled by a letter from my brother who goes to Karlsbad next week. So, *Gott sei dank* I may *not* go to Munich after all, but to Marienbad to take off 25 lbs. of my fat; thence to Holland. I hope to be in Frankfort about Sep. 12th and if you are in Hombourg we will go over to say "how dye do" for an hour! I'm sick of the Ring and the squalling German singers—Though I've principally attended theatrical performances in Europe I went to the London "Ring" cycles and heard more bad singing than ever. In the Sunday Sun of July 12th I've written the truth about Wagner music and its effects on the voice. It will not give pleasure to the advocates of howling I know.

I'm glad you saw Marchesi. When you saw her several years ago you were not so pleased with her. After all she has been a remarkably energetic personality.

I hope dear friend you will benefit by the rest—after all Europe is a sedative compared to noisy New York. We are bored up here because out of 31 days, 20 have been rainy. That's enough! Marienbad won't be much better, but at least the *Kur* will keep us busy. My address after Thursday next will be J. Heller & Sohn, Bankers, Marienbad, Oesterreich. Mrs. Huneker sends regards, but I send you a Kiss. Here it is, X

As Ever

JIM

## 1904

### *To Elizabeth Jordan*

At the time of this letter Miss Elizabeth Jordan was editor of Harper's Bazaar. She had asked Mr. Huneker for an article on "Richard Strauss and the Eternal Woman," one of a series he was writing for that magazine during that period at Miss Jordan's request.

The reference to eating apples was prompted by Mr. Huneker's amusement over the fact that Miss Jordan's usual luncheon consisted of an apple; and that to going to church by the fact that Miss Jordan was a Catholic and Mr. Huneker had always held that this and his relationship to Cardinal Gibbons created a strong bond between them.

The Carrollton
Feb. 27, 1904

DEAR LADY:

What a hellish memory is yours! I forgot all about Richard S. and the E. W.! and why "Womanly"? Why can't it be, simply a Strauss story or study or something? How many words? Did you see that "Stuffed Christ," "Parsifal," and was there any bother about the seats? One more question—was the Maeterlinck story I sent you ever published—I got a cheque for it, I know—and if it was, won't you have it mailed to me here? Excuse all these ? ? ? ? ? I hope to send to you a book: "Overtones: A Book of Temperaments," next month. It contains a 12,000 word study of "Parsifal"—not the abridged, skittish abuse that appeared in The Metropolitan. I hope you will read it—the book, if you have time. I also hope you are well, eating apples and going to church regularly!

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edwin W. Morse*

Mr. Edwin W. Morse was at this time in the editorial department of Charles Scribner's Sons, which had just published Mr. Huneker's "Overtones."

To be read *after* meals!

The Carrollton
March 17, 1904

DEAR MR. MORSE:

Eight weeks it will be next Monday since I proposed the little volume-*let* of Essays. Quick work for S. & Sons is it not! And for a forced accouchement the little blue beast doesn't look badly. But scrappy! Phew! Never again! Next Sunday I plan the lay-out of "The Tragic Wall"—gorgeous title isn't it?—and mean to work for one thing—unity of tone. I hope that not only will it be a bigger book but also a better. Ibsen is on his last legs, Maeterlinck is popular, Shaw is the rage, Strindberg is an unknown yet a formidable quantity, Henri Becque—I am making a special study of him—is really the father of the entire modern movement in drama at Paris; while d'Annunzio, Duse, Gorky (as dramatist) ending with a snappy study of Yvette Guilbert, I call her "A Singing Zola" the latest modern "expression" of life in Paris—all this will I think make fresh reading. Thus:—

The Tragic Wall
Makers of Modern Drama

(Ibsen the Individualist: Strindberg: Maeterlinck: Gerhart Hauptmann: Gorky: Sudermann: D'Annunzio and Duse: Bernard Shaw: The De Goncourts: Arthur Pinero Henri B. Becque: Villiers de l'Isle Adam: The Neo-Celtic Theatre (Yeats, Hyde, Moore &c): A Singing Zola.)

By the way, though not in the least *apropos:* Before you sell some "Overtones" sheets to London—that is if you do —will you let me know? There are a half dozen slight corrections to make—not one serious; merely transpositions of letters and some punctuation marks to be inserted. Otherwise I hasten to congratulate Scribner's Sons on a nice bit of book making. The "plum-color" is blue on this bright St. Patrick's morning; but what's the odds? Allow me, also, my dear Mr. Morse to thank you for your personal interest. Without your cooperation the volume would be still snoozing in the womb of night. And last though not least I am much obliged for the six volumes. As I pass your stately building on Fifth Avenue, I feel an exultant thrill—*I* am helping to pay off the mortgage! *Vide:* four volumes announced in front of "Overtones." Some day when the list has swelled to 14 or more I hope the firm will pension me off as a testimony of all the good work I have accomplished; the printers and papermakers I have kept busy; the proof readers I have driven crazy; the tremendous amount of cheque paper I have used in royalty payments!

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edwin W. Morse*

The Carrollton
March 21st 1904
(and it hails like hell on
my roof!)

DEAR MR. MORSE:

Thanks for your encouraging words. No, I'm not robbing myself of the Strauss tickets. Monday night I work—at play. I will enjoy myself at "The Wizard of Oz" around the corner from Carnegie Hall while

you sweat and toil over the domesticities of the Wizard of Munich! "The Tragic Wall" is mine own—not Nietzsche & Co. It is derived from a remark of Victor Hugo in one of his immortal—and therefore forgotten—prefaces!—to the effect that mankind is ever attracted by the mystery of something happening behind a wall on the stage; "The Mystic Abyss" of Wagner, his orchestra, was a musical equivalent. Better still Ibsen said that the modern drama should be enacted in a room with the "fourth wall removed" so that the audience could watch what happened &c. *Voilà!* the genesis of a fetching title. I only hope it may interest an audience of readers.

Krehbiel bought a copy of "Overtones." I saw him at the Boston Symphony Saturday afternoon—where Joseffy played like a Greek God—and really he was lovely. He told me that he liked the book but wondered how in the name of all that is holy, I could have made the statement that Mary Magdalen tempted Jesus in a projected drama by R. Wagner—the genuine forerunner to "Parsifal." You may imagine that I was upset by the question—until I reached home. There I found my authority in a book called "Parsifal" by Kufferath, page 160 with an introduction by H. E. Krehbiel. Not content I looked up Henderson's "Wagner." On page 470 the thing was bluntly written. To-night I received a letter from Henderson who advised me to read Finck's "Wagner" Vol. II p. 398. There again, quoting Frau Wille's memoirs, the story is told at length. Henderson added, characteristically enough, that because Wagner suppressed the incident in his scenario, Krehbiel refuses to believe it was ever contemplated. Writes W. J. H. "All the Wagner commentators have agreed that the

idea was in W's mind at one time. But the Dean will not be convinced."

I put this on paper, not in triumph but to prove that my statement was not without warrant historically. In a word, all these "Parsifal" lecturers who have been swearing black is white, swearing that *Parsifal* is *not* Jesus Christ transposed to a Wagnerian, and therefore, theatrical key, will have to stick to their first statement. But I'm on firm ground. As Ever, JAMES HUNEKER.

## *To Walter Prichard Eaton*

Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton, the dramatic critic and author, was at this time on the staff of The New York Tribune.

The Carrollton
March 25, 1904

Brace up, Eaton, old chap! I've only read your letter this afternoon. As you know, I go to the office but once a week—ghost-day! I really hope matters are not so bad as you represent them. I fear that you suffer from a complaint peculiar to men of fine nerves and brains—an undue sensitivity to what people say to you. I have carefully cultivated a stout integument of disdain; above all—irony. Never lose your perception of the world and its ways as a purely relative affair. When I find myself raging over some injustice, or smarting from disagreeable criticism, I always fall back on: *Quand même!* Then I swim at the Turkish bath and all is forgotten. Now after all this tommy-rot advice, let me tell you how matters stand at my office. I have no assistants. There is a man who gathers news at the theatres; you know him! When two or three openings collide the

city desk covers them like any other events—a news story. Then I push my portly person over the city and hear and digest the lovely stuff offered the public. My "beat" extends from the American Theatre to the People's; from the Thalia to the Harlem Opera House. Would I like to have you with us? Well—I should say so! If you are in the same humor, next June let me know. But I sha'n't promise. Indeed it is better to expect nothing—who knows where I shall be next October! I'm up to my eyes in work, now. Pardon my delay in answering. It was not my fault. My address above is always sure to catch me quickest. I admire your critical work and I do not think that you should be discouraged. I began dramatic criticism in 1881. And that's a long time to wait for a hearing.

Fraternally
JAMES HUNEKER

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Confidential

The Carrollton
April 26, 1904

DEAR HARRY

Walters told me last night that you were making merry over the fact, that I was at Lüchow's Friday and yet could not go there Tuesday. Best of men it really disconcerts me to have you disbelieve me. Tuesday night I went to the Harlem harlot, "Camille" of Miss Harned, for Wed, Thurs, Friday I was at the German Theatre for the joint appearance of Bonn & Christians. Wed. I went to Lüchow's in the entr'acte to see Lüchow about a waiter I recommended him. I wrote my copy corner 26th & Broadway as I write all my copy but went home with Mrs. Huneker. I felt badly ditto. Friday after the show, after my copy was in, after my Sunday stuff

was handed in I went to L. with a small party and enjoyed an hour. As I told you old man I can't stay out in the middle of the week and attend to my work. My sporting days are over. But Friday or Sat. are different. There is no "to-morrow." Then of course I understand that Matt had no other day in the week. I was secretly flattered and openly pleased at your invitation. As I wrote to Spanuth, though I'm far from being a sentimental "cuss," I know who my friends are. I've made no new ties during the past 2 years for my heart is in the highlands—of music and not in this beastly miasma of the theatre. Fate shoved me there, perhaps fate may shove me back again. So while I doubtless take Walters' remark too seriously yet I confess nothing would wound me more than the loss of your affection or respect. I gave you my word last week. I give it again—it was impossible for me to be present at that dinner, and now let's drop the matter, which may seem silly to you. I'm a stranger in a strange land Harry, and I find more and more every day that a position in a daily is a dangerous thing; your scalp is ever sought by the pushing throng. Some day my nerves will rebel and I'll go back to piano teaching; (I play 2 hours daily) lovely, cooling profession where bad actors and cross editors are not in evidence. I hope you will have a nice time in Cincinnati.

As Ever

JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

The Carrollton

June 4–1904

DEAR HARRY

Here is the first copy off the press of the Shaw book.* I got it for Brentano's, hence their gratitude. I received a copy of the English edition last Fall and reviewed the

* "Man and Superman."

play at length in The Sun, in return for which I got a red hot letter from Shaw. I "roasted" the play *qua* play, and pointed out the obligation of the author to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche—especially Nietzsche—W. S. Gilbert, Voltaire, Swift, Vauvenargues and other French epigrammatists. Yet the preface is good reading and the scene in hell with Don Juan and the Devil will keep you laughing in a hot day [though I lighted on a similar situation in Grabbe's drama "Dai Juan and Faust" in which by the way the phrase übermensch occurs, borrowed I suppose from "Faust" Zweiter theil]. Nothing new under the Sun.

Mrs. Huneker was very sorry to hear that you were invited the other night—which sounds dubious but merely means that she regrets having missed you. She was not well enough to sit up for a couple of hours in a chair you understand! We go to Phila. Tuesday so I shan't see you until the late Fall. Aug. 6th we sail for Hamburg returning Oct. 15 or thereabouts. My new book is nearly ready and with the "local color" of a few visits to certain persons I hope to see it in print next February. My new ideal is now sanity. I'm doing the heavy ponderous sane act, Harry. I know it spells dullness but I loathe being called "clever" and "brilliant." I'm neither —I work too seriously for the one and I'm too old for the other. However my dear boy this is not the time or place—Or the Weather—to define horizons literary or musical. I do hope Mrs. Krehbiel is better and that with die Schöne Helena you will all have a quiet, long, happy summer. I will not. My affairs are again as you have heard, in an upset condition—I see my ideal time coming—no more daily journalism! Heaven send it soon: I'm sick of music and the theatres. Next Fall I

hope to welcome you in other and commodious apartments if we can get them. Good bye. God bless you old chap and don't forget that I think of you often.

JIM

*To Elizabeth Jordan*

This letter relates to the series of articles on "The Eternal Woman," referred to above, which Mr. Huneker was writing for Harper's Bazaar.

The Carrollton, July 15, 1904

DEAR MISS JORDAN:

Enclosed are three articles as ordered, with one exception as to subject:—I did not write a "Richard Strauss and the Eternal Woman" because there is no "woman" in his music; and also because I tacked on the "Eternal &c" to the Maeterlinck story which has just appeared in the Bazaar. So I included the consideration of R. Strauss in the article entitled "Feminism in Modern Music" (herewith enclosed). The third article is the one on Chopin's "Lost Loves" which I thought a better title than "The Unknown Loves &c of &c." The second article I recommend to your editorial consideration. As I wrote of the maidens in the Maeterlinck dramas the idea occurred to me that a companion article on "The Ibsen Girls"—or maidens, just as you prefer. I have done so. The Ibsen women are all will, just as Maeterlinck's are will-less. As I intend publishing 50,000 words about Ibsen in my next book on the modern drama, the subject was uppermost in my mind; though the enclosed essay is absolutely fresh, written last Tuesday and will *not* be included in my longer study. I sincerely hope you will like it. The idea is novel; the treatment careful—I could not risk any discussion of social problems, so just stuck to the personality of each of his girl characters culled

from 25 plays. If you think the word "girls" is too undignified or colloquial, how will "The Maidens of Ibsen's Plays" do as a title? However, I leave this in your always prudent hands. Also—may I suggest that the Ibsen story appear first in order as it will then supplement the Maeterlinck just published. Also—if you send me proofs of 3 stories before August 1st I shall read and correct them, thus—possibly—saving you some trouble. Also—I promise that if you allow me to call and say good-bye to you the week of Aug. 1st some afternoon, I shall not talk so much as I have done in this letter. I feel quite hoarse! Also—and this is the last—I have taken particular pains with these 3 stories as I wish you to like them and order some more after Jan. 1st, 1905.

And now *auf wiedersehen!* Pardon my many superfluous explanations.

Sincerely As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

The Carrollton

July 24, 1904

DEAR HARRY.

You will pardon my delay in answering your kind and interesting letter when I tell you that I can hardly hold a pen. I've been writing 5000 words a day, even more, and this for the past two months. I'm fagged out and ready to cry aloud at my own shadow. If this is to be the pace, I'll be damned glad to get back at the old leisurely newspaper grind—which after all is normal and more rhythmic. However I suppose it is the result—my fatigue, I mean—of pitching in at the end of the regular dramatic season. My new book I think you will like—it's *steady*, the tone is of a oneness, and even if you will

disagree with my premises, you may admit that I have a firm grip on their development.

No, I haven't been able to get hold of The Tribune of the 14th July. Is that the date? You see I only read the paper on Sundays and Mondays—your days. I saw the obliquity of your remark this morning. *I* don't like N. Codé; *I* haven't heard the "Domestica"; so my withers are unwrung, lieber Heinrich! Besides I dislike symphonic works of over 30 or 40 minutes. They might as well be operas—as you insinuate. The Spectator I herewith return. I had seen. Thanks for courtesy—*who is "C. L. G."* Is it Graves? I never even knew the name of the regular Spectator man. And it's hard on ———, sabres him neatly by merely printing the names of the composers he doesn't admire. Well, old man, our divergent tastes in art matters will never sever our friendship. Damn the silliness and smallness that can't stand criticism. You have praised my work, you have a perfect right to pound it, anyhow I learn something—though you will not shake my belief in the power of R. S. (Richard Strauss) no matter the smallness of the man. Your position is more logical than Finck's.* You have never raved over Berlioz or Liszt—and Strauss is the inevitable outcome of that worthy pair of instrumental stylists, who have much to say in color but let music go hang. Of the two I like Liszt the better. He has *guts* and he has grandiose moments—a great actor in tone, like his more gifted son-in-law. R. W. However no use in telling you! How are you? How is your beloved Missus? How is Miss Helen? How are the three flower-pots. Give them our regards. Give yourself our regards. Remember me to the Kneisels. We sail on the 6th—höchste zeit.

As Ever

JIM

*Henry T. Finck, music critic of The New York Evening Post.

### *To Charles J. Rosebault*

Mr. Rosebault, fellow newspaper man and author, was an early associate of Mr. Huneker, and one of his most intimate correspondents throughout his career.

The Carrollton
Aug. 3, 1904

DEAR KARL:

Just my luck to miss you! I went in to-day with the faint hope that you might be there;—but the brand new office,* all a-glitter and brave with polished woods was an empty cage. The bird was in Pelham listening to music! For fear that you will think I'm at the *Pilsner Urquell* before the ship goes I hasten to add that Mr. Laffan was amiable enough to give me some 15 minutes of his time and we had a pleasant talk—without any after taste! We spoke of pictures and Paris. If I knew as much of paintings as William Laffan, Esq., I would get a job as critic on The Sun. But I don't;—so I didn't ask for it.

But my dear boy if I can't be *on* The Sun, the next best thing is being *in* it—and as I've written just 35,000 words for magazines (all paid for by this time; though it is easier to write than collect!) I hope to be quoted occasionally. We sail Saturday at noon—"Pennsylvania," Hamburg-American line, Hoboken. We return November 1st on "Moltke." Address permanent is Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall, London, W., until October 18th anyhow. Good-bye Charles! Say good-bye to Mrs. Rosebault for both of us. I hope you both will have a nice vacation in Canada.

As ever
JIM

I'll send a postal from Pilsen!

Have I made a ten-strike! Oh my! Boodle to burn—$2000 in 6 weeks. Get-ap! Charlie you are a prophet!

* The Sun.

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

The Carrollton
Aug. 3rd 1904

DEAR HARRY

Just a line before I leave to say that the criticism was sent me as you requested. For which thanks. You did me proud and yourself proud for it is one of the best written, closest in logic, cogent, luminous criticisms you ever wrote—and, of course, hopelessly wrong because you start from false premises. How about the Pastoral Symphony? How about all the Wagner music dramas —Rossini music would according to you fit the libretto of Wagner, because there is no such thing as characteristic music! However lieber Heinrich it's no use talking æsthetic in August. R. Strauss Esq. is a damned big man, judging from the dust he has raised. Enclosed may interest you. Regards to the mispocach! and don't forget yourself! I'll write from Weimar.

With Love, as Ever

JIM

Music *must* progress or—rot!

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Weimar,
September 24, 1904.

LIEBER HARRY

I thought of you this week more than once as I went through this ever charming town. Everything is as it stood last year; Europe does not change its physiognomy as does America. Whether this be a good or a bad sign I leave to social philosophers. One thing is certain—Weimar is a spot for weary souls, nervous souls; persons who will insist on going to Marienbad for a month to lose flesh only to put it on again a few months later.

We had a cold *Kur* at Marienbad this summer. Four weeks of chilly, raw or bitter cold weather is not conducive to *schurtzerei*. So after 6 or 8 hours a day hill climbing, starvation, hunger and thirst—above all thirst—I only took off 12 lbs. and by the Lord Harry I am putting them on again as fast as my throat can swallow good, old Pilsner and comforting Thuringian cooking!

We overdid the walking here so in consequence we are both laid up at this hotel with bad colds and sore legs. We walked to Jena—5 hours. I wanted to see if the plum-trees were so plentiful as the time when Heine walked over here from Jena to visit the god-like Goethe. They are—and so are the stones. A dusty walk. To Tiefurt proved prettier, also the ascent to Schloss Belvidere in Ober-Weimar. We went over to Eisenach for the day, saw *die theure Hall*, and rode like sensible folk in a railroad car to Erfurt the same. I've seen everybody on the Liszt matter; had a dozen introductions here from Burmeister and others. The Stahr sisters, Baronin V. Meysenderf and others still live. Most of all I enjoyed an afternoon with Frau Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche up at her beautiful villa—Nietzsche Archiv. There I revelled in the pictures, books, busts and correspondence. At last I got at the Wagner affair. This sister is a woman of wonderful energy. She loves her brother's memory to veneration point. She drew for me a different portrait of the man. She regrets the Wagner incident and spoke with tenderness and respect of Richard and Cosima. As usual Harry, mutual friends fomented bad blood between the men.

I enclose programme [of "Fidelio"] as it might interest you. The performance was sound, straightforward rather than brilliant. But it did my dusty old soul good

to hear the tremendous second act. Bad as is the book; ridiculous as are the situations—I mean theatrically—there is music in this act that makes the stars sing. What a duet! The *Leonora* was Thila Plaschinger *als Gast.* She is a big woman of the Valkyr type with a voice that at times recalls the steel-blue tones of the only Lilli Lehmann. But there the likeness ends as her tone production is very Teutonic. A superb actress nevertheless and so the "Abscheulicher" had meaning, eloquence, rage and pathos. Stunning too, was the acting in Act II. Pizarro was excellent—a visitor from Hanover. The rest not bad. The chorus good—every man acted and sang. The conductor Kryzanowski—I wonder is he any relative to the Chopin maternal branch?—deserves a better band. Its material is mediocre, especially the wood; as is the case in Germany. Only 6 first fiddles; about 38 men. But they whizzed through the Leonora No. 3 which opened the evening. No other overture was given, the second act beginning with the usual introductory measures.

I hear Mahler in Vienna has made some sweeping changes in the staging of "Fidelio"—Frl. Mildenberg wears an Andalusian costume; swaggers like a youth, avoids feminine postures and really looks masculine. He plays the Leonora No. 3 between the Zwischen akt—or while the stage is being set for the last scene, using the E major Fidelio at the start [isn't it E?] It seems to me Seidl did something of the sort and did it years ago. We also saw the "Goetz von Berlichingen" the night of its 100th anniversary and a heavy work it is. Goethe was miles behind Schiller in his sense of dramatic form. Best of all was the "Freischütz" which is quite within the capabilities of the company, the stage manager and

the band. They attempt big things in this historic little house—"Meistersinger" is announced, so is "Tannhäuser." And now old man I must stop boring you. I hope, across an oaken table, to tell you the gossip I picked up. We return in November. Future movements—Berlin next week for a cycle of Ibsen and Hauptmann plays; opera and concerts. Ansorge is a frequent visitor here, so is Von Wildenbruch, R. Dehmel, R. Strauss, d'Albert and the poet Detlev v. Liliencron. Vogrich is a great figure since his "Buddha" was sung. It is to be given soon in Paris. He lives here. They speak now in the newspapers of "The new Weimar"—but I fancy it will not be remembered as long as the old of Goethe or even as the middle-aged Weimar of Liszt. I hope you are well and escaped Worcester! Mrs. Huneker joins me in regards to the family.

With Love from JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

DEAR CHARLES: Weimar, Germany, den 25th Sep., 1904.

It's more than probable that we will go to London via Paris for a few days. If I do I shall call on Mr. Blumenfeld; also on the Chamberlains. I am sorry I gave you the impression that I am a chronic "Kicker" in my letters. My "wail" was for good weather more than anything else. Cold days are bad for the sweat-lovers who train in the hills of Marienbad. Despite 4 hard weeks I only reduced 12 lbs. and I am putting them on as fast as my thirst machinery will work. (So far it is working overtime.) Damn Europe for one thing—cold, damp rooms in early Autumn. They are all alike no

matter what hotel you patronize. Notwithstanding bad colds we are still in the ring and diving into Liszt treasures. I've secured the picture of the old Hausfrau who made Liszt's bed for 30 years. There's journalism for you! I also spent a charming afternoon with Frau Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, the devoted sister of the great, dead philosopher. So I'm loaded for bear when I go home—not to mention other people I've met. This town is simply a harbor for memories of Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Liszt and his cohorts and now Nietzsche—who died here in 1900. His sister lives in a noble villa wherein are the Nietzsche archives. Can't you see me moving around like a nervous nightmare among the books, letters, pictures, busts and all the treasures of this artistic home! I found to my surprise my "Chopin" and "Mezzotints" and "Overtones" on the table, upon which reposes a forest of books dealing with the Nietzschean philosophy. Nothing published escapes the eagle eye of this remarkably intellectual and attractive woman. She is a wonder.

We go to Berlin next week and as soon as I find out Strindberg's address northward we make our way. Daddy Ibsen I do not expect to see. If the cold endures —it is freezing every dawn—no Scandinavia for Willy but good old London town with its tea and muffins. I hope, if luck endures, to drift in on you some noon in November and take you to luncheon—also read, if you so desire, the part or parts of this screed you cannot decipher. (That, Charles, was the unkindest cut of all—the allusion to a type machine!) Mrs. Huneker wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Rosebault and to Mr. Rosebault. So do I.

With regards as ever from

JIM

## 1905

### *To E. E. Ziegler*

The Carrollton
Feb. 17 1905

DEAR NED

For heaven's sake don't take me too literally! I meant to let the gang alone—it never pays (and it makes certain people more important). Rather than have you change your style—if such a thing were possible—I would lose your friendship. As it is your copy this week is to chortle over. Ripping good! Don't write with grave pauses, profound smirks and all the pompous, silly, amatory mean little reservations, attenuations, periphrases and involutions of your contemporaries. Far better an honest staccato phrase than a wilderness of sostenutos. And now I have done trying to play the schoolmaster—a sad rôle for me to essay. I hope you are not offended! I see by The Herald this morning that "The Circus" was a success. Alas! Such rot! All right in a small theatre but you can't spread a genre picture over the canvas of a historic, or epic, etc. Smear is the result. If "The Bat" is given at a Matinee the Missus will be too happy to swipe the tickets. Why the reference to other "men's nerves" in your copy? Naughty, naughty? A little vulture has been whispering things in my ear. Again—naughty. Are you free Feb. 26th —Sunday at 1.30. Dinner—no fish. Try to make it. You will have little to do that last Sunday of Feb. and the opera. I have little to tell you of the 19th Rhapsody. These German biographers who do not biograph!

Composed in 1884 (published in 1886) begins with the usual Lassan (Lento) and what follows is an adaptation (nach) c. Abranyis "Czárdás Noble." Lina Romann who avoids details whenever she can—though she schwärms by the yard over some unimportant event in Liszt's life—says of this Rhapsody and the other four nos. 16–20 (the latter is M. S. S.) "Die andern fünf Rhapsodien von ihm in den 1880er Jahren, componirt, sind *mehr Nachklänge* einzelner Momente aus jenen und verfolgten andere Zwecke, obwohl auch sie nationale Huldigungen sind. Einfach ohne ausseren Schmuck, bleibt die Art der Durchführung der Ungarischen Tonleiter besonders beachtens werth." I have underscored the only two words worth while. I hope you can stretch the above sparse information to some length. It only proves to you the formidable task I have ahead—with all the silly, piddling little monographs and the big, loose Life by Romann there are no reference works, no detailed study of the compositions—beyond dates and vague references to style. What a job! The Scribner announcement I sent you was an uncorrected proof; hence the missing word.

I may see you at the Boston S. [Symphony] tomorrow. I heard d'Albert play another concert of his many years ago here and would like to hear the E. major from his fingers. The work I know—Brahms & Liszt feature, themes and passages—with thanks to you and Fred. I have an order—but I won't be positive. Answer this at leisure. Wed. & Thursday I stayed indoors—8000 words? A Shaw story for Harpers; and a story of 5000 words! a terror? "The Third Kingdom." Wait till you see it.

As Ever JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

The Carrollton
March 10th, 1905

DEAR HARRY

I only read your letter late last evening on my arrival from Phila. I got back at 1.30 in the afternoon and went at once from the train to the Knickerbocker Theatre to see Ibsen's latest play, thence to dinner out—at midnight I opened your note and was distressed to see that it bore such an early date. Please absolve me from any suspicion of rudeness or neglect.

Unfortunately we go to Atlantic City Monday or Tuesday. I must finish 20000 words apportioned among four short stories (fiction) in as many days, I have the titles, even the themes—but they are in my head, not on paper. I can't dictate; I can't type: the copy is promised by the 20th inst. It must be typed (my schrift is bad) and there you are! I assure you old man I would be glad to lend you a hand, but it's a case of worry with me to get my living. First to write stories, secondly to sell them. Thirdly—and most difficult—to collect your cash. I'm doing well, but no one works so hard as for himself. I have found this out. I had intended writing you earlier in the week about my new book—for ever since the night we argued so desperately 10 years ago and more at Shanley's on 6th Ave. & 23rd Str—I made up my mind to confute you—i. e. confute myself; no apologist is fiercer, more sectarian than the man who doubts. However happily I am convinced—I can give a good account of my "Ibsen"—the first complete and elaborate study in English. (Archer, Boyesen, Jaeger &c. even Brandes, are only partial; I cover the entire field of Ibsen's activities—of course, dramatically; his life I have

not touched as Gosse and Jaeger have written several.) I fancy you will not be converted, but I hope that you will admit that I put up a good fight; above all nothing overheated, no hysteria. The book—which will be mailed to you Monday—is as closely knitted as I could make it. I do hope you will find some critical Samaritan to save you returning from Pittsburg. Perhaps it is better, after all, for me not to dabble in the old game. O. F.* in Courier some years ago (?) reviewed the Strauss setting of the "Uhland Ballad." He said that it was sane music. I don't like Strauss when he is sane—no composer has any right to be sane, except *Kapellmeister musikindcherei!* There Harry—I'll stop! you will, I know understand that I am not churlishly inclined in the matter. I hope to get to the last Philharmonic. Good luck and a safe journey.

With regards as ever JIM

*To Walter Prichard Eaton*

Confidential

The Carrollton,
March 29th, 1905.

DEAR EATON

I thank you for your kind letter, which I enjoyed for itself, apart from the pleasant things in it to tickle vanity. I thank you—this is a W. Whitman catalogue; or it sounds like Jimmy Mannering answering a curtain call for The Tribune notice. You wrote it I am sure, at least it sounds the way you speak—cadence and rhythm. And then it "riled" Staten Island,† I am certain.

What you write of bibliography is partially true—you may not remember the 6 page bibliography in my "Chopin." It cost me much labor. And it was "swiped" in

* Old Fogy, a pseudonym of Mr. Huneker's.
† Staten Island is William Winter.

its entirety without credit by an English "gent" for a *pianola* edition of "Chopin." Bibliographies are vain things. Thirty pages I prepared for "Iconoclasts"—you know I possess a capital reference library—but, with 30,000 words (the Pinero essay of 10,000 words included) it was cut out of the plan. "Iconoclasts" is a deceptive volume. It contains over 110,000 words; the paper is thin and the page a full-set one. Therefore I had to sacrifice Pinero, Yeats, Echegaray and other moderns, together with a corking bibliography—you may imagine what I can do when I start in to scoop names!

I don't see why you so persistently sport the monocle of pessimism, Eaton. You are young, gifted and your style is personal. I am today just past 45: 10 years ago, that is in 1895, I was scooping beats for the dramatic columns of The Recorder. From 1891 to 1897 I wrote a daily column—the Prompter—said to be, by prominent critical authorities in the Tenderloin slums, the best of its kind. Alan Dale was doing the same on The Evening World. Someone got the credit of my work for at least 5 years—that and all the cash. I received a dog's annuity. Then I grew proud. I cut loose and ran things to hell on The Morning Advertiser for 2 years. I was a lofty failure. So you see that *ego in Arcady*. I was a dramatic *hobo*-e. To-day I am a literary *cocotte*. Cheer up Wallie! Look at Thomas—never the doubting, ever the serene Thomas!* He is to pattern after. And do you turn in copy on musical subjects for *Jupiter Tonans!* † In ten years you will be reprinting essays and buying me a condescending drink—who knows. Pardon please Williewinterisms—I mean reminiscences and forecasts. Later I hope to show you

* A. E. Thomas, playwright, and then Mr. Eaton's roommate.
† H. E. Krehbiel, music critic of The Tribune, whom Mr. Eaton then assisted.

something in the Ibsen line that will knock sky high my tentative "Iconoclasts." Ibsen, mark my words, is about due in this land of hysteria, humbug and hayseeds. (Carriages will meet the Staten Island Ferry boats at 10 A. M. No flowers. No actors. Please.) Regards to Thomas.

As ever JAMES HUNEKER

Mr. Walter P. Eaton

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

DEAR CHARLES: April 5, 1905

I thank you for your kind words, though being on a newspaper has made no difference in my notices. As a matter of fact The Mail wrote a stunning column review of "Overtones" last Spring, and The Sun gave me a better notice than last week's. But I'm not complaining. I'm getting them by the column from Boston—and surely such a charming notice as the one in The Evening Sun would make anyone feel proud. But I'm not, Charles, I'm only thirsty. I've finished 10 short stories in four weeks and I mean to run down some day for you at midday to take you out to a bathtub (a bird's bathtub of course) of beer and some rape-seed on the side for an appetizer.

I hear from Scribners that "Iconoclasts" has gone off with a rush—Ibsen will soon be a hero (he comes here next season) and I may go to Europe after all. Corbin* is doing excellent work—don't you think so? Charlie—I tried to *like* "Adrea"†; but I couldn't do it. Too melodramatic; too much red-fire and hell for me.

Regards to Mrs. Rosebault.

As Ever JIM

* John Corbin, critic and author and now of the editorial staff of The New York Times.

† The play by John Luther Long and David Belasco.

### *To Edward C. Marsh*

Mr. Edward Clark Marsh, journalist, author, and editor, a close friend of Mr. Huneker's throughout the greater part of his career, was perhaps as much in his confidence as any man in respect to Mr. Huneker's literary plans and interests. This letter relates to a story which was put before the editors of The Smart Set through Mr. Marsh and on his suggestion.

The Carrollton
April 21, 1905

DEAR MARSH:

I am very glad to read your kind letter but it is a pity you were bothered to write such a long one, busy man that you are. The S. S. [Smart Set] people aided by you are certainly very amiable in the matter of letting me down easily. I am sorry that Aholibah has knocked in vain at the portals. It is such a serious study—I mean removed as far as I could contrive from the usual factitious cocotte tale. It is pure invention—naturally supplemented by observation &c. on the Left Bank. I used the poem for the poetic tag—and the tag I put in her dying lips at the close. I'd been reading Swinburne and a modern Aholibah occurred to me—the waiter motive was only the old one of the cat may look at the queen—also that of the antique—the slave's Saturnalia. "All these things in a short story!" you will say. I don't blame you. I've finished a study of Mrs. Piper, the medium, that cost me infinite pains. I have also a stunner, "The Sentimental Rebellion," a story of Emma Goldman and East Side anarchy with the millionaire sentimentalist *à la* settlement workers and mésalliance brought in. It is the real anarch—not the Easter egg of the Gelett Burgess fabrication. I mean to fetch it down Tuesday or Wed. for S. S. I think you will like it—and, after all one of those lovely Marsh letters so flattering

to the unfortunate author! Do send me a galley proof of "Pan" as you so kindly suggested. I need it for my book—which is to be finished next week.

As Ever,
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To William Marion Reedy*

Mr. William Marion Reedy, who had a national reputation as editor and owner of Reedy's Mirror, published in St. Louis, a magazine of independent and brilliant comment upon art, literature, politics, and society in general, was an admirer of Mr. Huneker's writings and a warm feeling of mutual regard subsisted between them.

The Carrollton
DEAR MR. REEDY Aug. 3rd, 1905

No, I never ask managers favors; in Mr. *F's* [Charles Frohman] case I couldn't if I wished to—I never saw him in my life. Besides he is as unapproachable as an Oriental potentate. Indeed, for a man who has been in theatricals here for 20 years my acquaintance with actors and managers is lamentably small. I go not in their purlieus; and I am thus enabled to steer clear of alliances that might prove hampering. Nowadays, I'm not doing much dramatic criticism—I resigned from The Sun for a freer hand and once out of it your dearest "theatrical" friends look another way when they meet you. Your young friend—whose brilliantly written critique made me blush—may not take my advice but I'll tender it all the same; tell her—don't! It's a hell, morally and physically (mentality is an absent quantity). She uses her pen like a veteran. Write novels but—the stage, never! However, I suppose, literature is too impersonal for the female soul; the drama does make the appeal rapid. I'm sorry, exceedingly, that I am as innocent as a newborn

babe in such matters; but I have always understood that youth and beauty are the most efficient aids in climbing the dramatic Parnassus. How are you? I sail Aug. 10th for Italy—Rome. I'm finishing my Liszt book. I produce a new book of fiction Oct. 14th next. I have still two unsold stories—sane and decent. Can't I send them to you for your inspection before I go? They are moderate in tone and price, and I'm in no hurry for that price. The only thing is that they would have to appear by Oct. 14th. What do you say!

As ever with thanks for your courtesy

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To E. Ziegler*

Germany
Berlin, N. W. Sep. 15, 1905

DEAR BILL.

You will see by the enclosed that we have had a close shave with death. The Berlin despatches are meagre because news from Holland is official. i. e. The Dutch Government owns the railways and accidents of the sort are numerous and seldom get into print. We left Amsterdam Sunday morning happy to escape the dampness —for Little Holland is wet!—and exactly 1¼ hours later our train left the track, rolled us over into a sand ditch, smashed the 3rd class carriage ahead of us into kindling wood, broke legs, arms, backs of the poor devils in it, and the crash of wood, iron, broken glass, and the settling down of our coach and the tilting over scared us into stupid silence. The "Missus" never lost her nerve and followed me through a door that looked like the letter S. Outside I realized the hideous horror that we escaped—the locomotive stood on the rails ahead, safe. If it had gone off—phew! No Willie writing today in

this hotel where we tumbled in 5 hours later than we expected. Sunday night from 7.15 A. M. to 11.15 P. M. is a long day and with a derailment is no joke. The Missus is in bed today sick, bad cold, bad nerves. The grass out in the Dutch meadows was water-soaked. I suppose the spongy soil caused the rails at the switch to spread. I went over the entire scene and found a fish-plate with the bolt heads off—sheer, rascally carelessness. The locomotive and baggage car ran up the regular rails, our section—and we were in the 2nd car, a heavy vestibule one—ran up the switch but did not stay on the rails as the baggage car on the main track had broken loose from the engine and stood at right angles across the rails. Hence the terrifying crash, the amputated toes, feet, hands and legs in the car ahead of us. Poor devils! Poor sufferers! It was a horrible vision on the sun-lit meadows; dotted with couching cattle and peaceful windmills to see these human beings cut out of the car with axes and groaning as they were carried down on the ladders! I'll never forget it. I crawled back for our baggage, cut my hand, barked my shins and cursed the Dutch. Our conductor was quite at ease. "*Schöne überlaufen*"—he said in Dutch-German. Instead of doing anything for us they seemed to think we ought to be glad to escape alive. And to tell the truth, Ned, we were. When the first grinding of the wheels began, for about 10 seconds Death seemed shudderingly near. After I found the engine safe and no danger from steam or fire I became suddenly brave and lighted a cigar; but my "guts" shook for hours. As a "nach Kur," such an experience is not helpful. We both fear the ocean trip—nerves again. I'll be glad to see New York, glad to see your familiar "mug." But we saw all the Rembrandts!

So much for Art. The entire 5 months trip has been disquieting and unlucky. I managed to see, hear lots of plays and operas and meet lots of people—not half have I written of them. Tomorrow I go to see "Dalibor" by Smetana at the Theater des Westens. It is said to contain excellent music. And only once abroad did I hear the names of Paderewski and the de Reszkes—Conried mentioned them casually in Vienna. They are not so well known in Europe as in America. Thanks for newspapers—Hope to see you about Sat. Oct. 3rd. With regards from both As Ever

JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Fisher's Park Hotel,
Rome, October 9, 1905.

DEAR HARRY

Just a few lines by way of greeting after some exciting experiences in the earthquake country—Calabria, Messina (Sicily). We spent a few weeks swimming at Sorrento and came here for a month. I've been over the entire Liszt ground—at Villa d'Este, Tivoli; slept at his old hotel Elibert (kept by the Fischer of this hostelry) and also at St. Francesco Kloster. The old fellow is still remembered. Fancy, though, coming to Rome for the Gregorian music at St. Peter's and only hearing a mass by Milozzi fairly well sung by male choir (only one male soprano with a voice like a flute) over emphasis in the accents—operatic you would say—and no *spoor* of Gregorian. Mr. Lewis, your friend from New York—he formerly lived on East 16th St.—was at St. Peter's the morning we were and spoke to the leader of the choir, who told him that poverty was the reason the Pope's plans for musical reforms were not carried out.

Another disappointment was the singing of the French

nuns at Trinità—Mendelssohn wrote special music for this community. If Frank Damrosch's Musical Art Society should sing in such a mediocre manner we would all raise a howl, and in Rome! We were at an audience given by the Pope Pius X in the Vatican last Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5, and, Harry—photographed in a group with his Holiness! Fancy such mundane proceedings in the grand old Vatican. I'm no better Catholic than I was. How can one believe in the pagan city! Even the mass takes on a pagan tone. Why even Conried's "Parsifal" circus developed a more pious atmosphere.

But the glories of the two vanished civilizations, the gardens, palaces, the statuary, pictures and churches! It is an education and a joy to live here for a day. The Vatican library is maddening. You pass from one masterpiece to a million more—black letter works on music, first editions of Dante, manuscripts before Christ. Indeed Christ and Apollo are mixed up here. How I wish you were here. But music—I've heard better at the Madeleine, Paris; above all heard the true Gregorian chant at the Benedictine Monastery, Solesmes, before the expulsion. Hope to see you next month some time. We go from here to Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa—and then home. Regards from both (if Mrs. H. stays much longer the Pope will baptize her; I am hurrying her away else a convent looms in her future!)

As ever your Old Boy JIM

I hope you had a pleasant summer and the Beethoven will be ready soon.

### *To Edwin W. Morse*

It is a publisher's custom to send the author a certain number of copies of his book upon publication. Mr. Huneker had recently received these copies of his "Visionaries" when he wrote this note.

The Carrollton
Nov. 11, 1905

DEAR MR. MORSE:

Merely a line to acknowledge the receipt of the volumes—for which I am obliged. The book makes a better appearance—notwithstanding its sanguinary tone—than "Melomaniacs." I think it is a better book. But better or not it's the last I'll ever write on fantastic, exotic, erotic, esoteric, idiotic themes. I'm done. Three months with Italian paintings and Greek marbles have worked the cure—a permanent one. I have locked the doors of what The Tribune calls the "half way house" and chucked the key down the mossy well. To hell with dark tarns of Auber—or Chopin—and for me, glorious conventionalities. All of which may not interest you but may make for greater sales!

Yours commercially,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edwin W. Morse*

The Carrollton,
November 17, 1905.

DEAR MR. MORSE:

The day you gave me Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth"—Tuesday, I think—I began reading it at 7:30 P. M. and ended at 1:30 A. M. It is a big book, big because she has dared to let style go to the devil and stick to characterization—a renunciation, I fancy, for one of her temperament. Who is going to dramatize the novel? It contains strong scenes in abundance—an embarrass-

ment of dramatic, even theatric, situations. Much of Lily Bart would evaporate in the hard, dry atmosphere of the theatre but that Jew Rosedale—he would loom up magnificently. I am not sure but that he would be the central figure in the play. He is wonderful. Studied from life and yet a summing up of racial traits and tribal ambitions. He is much more vital and convincing than Selden who, at the close, is a pale prig. However I am not writing a review—only a word of thanks for the pleasure the book has given me. And I am for personal reasons, curious about Mrs. Wharton's plans for a drama. I could knock the novel into an acting play in 3 months; though I fancy she will make her own version.

With best wishes and thanks for the trouble, I am,

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER.

*To E. E. Ziegler*

DEAR NED Nov. 23rd, 1905

Next week some day will do. I'm free, thus far, except Tuesday, when I lunch with Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") and then go to the dentist. Did you see Sunday's Times? The interview with Mrs. Craigie? She has "Iconoclasts" with her to club people into submission. It's very curious. Did you save that Sep. 17 clipping of The Herald? The Nietzsche story, I mean. If so, send it me like a good boy—when you have leisure. Is the new woman, Rappold, such a "find" and did "Heinie" teach her to act! God help her histrionism, then. Thanks for the rehearsal invitation. But I'm through with opera—I couldn't sit through Humperdinck as much as I admire his score—a score in which siege guns slaughter tom-tits. If you wish for genuine "Kin-

der szenen" quality—Hauptmann's "Hannele" contains more than all the pseudo-Wagnerism of H's pretty, but quite sophisticated score. How Goldmark must have amused and interested you. Golden shofars blowing through Eastern mists. Wonderful coloring—almost racial at times eh!

I am as Ever

JIM

*To Edward C. Marsh*

The review in The Bookman which called forth this letter was one of "Visionaries" which expressed a great admiration for Mr. Huneker's writings, his short stories in particular, but suggested a lack of the Frenchman's "skill in indicating the development of a motive." "To adapt a phrase of the day," wrote Mr. Marsh, "his is the 'static' short story."

Tales was the name of a magazine of foreign fiction, later entitled Trans-Atlantic Tales, in which Mr. Marsh was interested.

The Carrollton
981 Madison Ave.
Dec. 6, 1905

MY DEAR MARSH:

I saw The Bookman last night. I am more than flattered. When I see you next week—I'm still in the clutches of dentist and tailor—I'll tell you what I think of your kindness. In the interim let me thank you for the *first* sensitive, sympathetic and fair review. You dealt with the book, not as if its themes were paramount, but measuring the performance by the themes. The "static" was admirable. And you were quite right in leaving the question an open one. I can handle running narrative if I choose—and I've not done so. However, it's the last of my attempts in the fantastic. It has done me good—the publication, I mean (and also the incidental—critical clubbing). And I'll swear that there are not

a half dozen men in the country writing criticism today who knew what I was after. *You* did. That's all I care about. The Tales came and was heartily enjoyed. "Children" is something Dickens—if he had had more art—would have been proud to sign. It is as full of Tolstoy as Tchekoff—and not a little of Dostoievsky (Have you read "Les Précoces"?) We must meet next week.

Sincerely As Ever
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme Frida Ashforth*

The Carrollton Dec. 21st, 1905

DEAR MRS. ASHFORTH

What a dear you always are! The photograph is one I've longed for many years and I was glad, too, to get an autographed book from the original of Lenbach's lovely painting. Accept our thanks for the calendar and our hearty wishes for a pleasant Christmas and many of them. I've not had the time to call because we are not settled yet and in Mrs. Huneker's family there is—as there was this time last year—serious sickness though, thus far, luckily, death has not put in its unwelcome appearance. How are you! I am venturing to send my new book—short, hellish stories—to you. It has been a success. I'm crazy with work in my life of Liszt. I wish it were finished. Then I could attend to my duties as a social man and see my friends oftener.

With regards as ever
JIM HUNEKER

*To E. E. Ziegler*

Wednesday Evening

DEAR NED

I'm glad to see your fist, I hope it means convalescence. Don't go out unless you are better, or unless you wish to make a widow Ziegler! Please don't say anything about The Sun job to your painter friends—Loeb or Henri &c. I want to get a good grip with my toenails in the sandy soil of American art before I sign or splurge. Mr. L. (the Boss—Blessed be his name, Amen!) wishes anonymity for the present. But, my son, if any one asks you who wrote the "Whistler" last Sunday please say that I did not. I'm an admirer of that marvelous genius. Besides if I had written the story (a very clever ironical one) I should not have said that the "Cremorne Garden-Nocturne" was the subject of the Ruskin-Whistler law-suit for it was the Nocturne noir et d'or—"Falling Rockets with laburnum sparks" (owned by S. P. Untermyer) that happened to be the particular "pot of paint" flung in the face of the public. I go carefully and I have a reference library, and I know my Whistler better. Week after next, luncheon. I've worked off my Academy story—such rotten painting. Am at work on an engraving & mezzotint study. Regards to Mrs. Ziegler.

As Ever,

JIM

## 1906

### *To H. E. Krehbiel*

The Carrollton
Feb. 22nd 1906

DEAR HARRY

It is good of you each year to recall a missing sheep of your flock and I would only be too glad to accept your invitation with Mrs. Huneker but for two things; we go to Philadelphia late Saturday evening or early Sunday so as to be there by Monday. It is a case of business; signatures &c in a small real estate transaction. And Mrs. Huneker is in mourning and can go nowhere. She has had the misfortune to lose twice in succession her 2 sisters. The last was a shock for she died under peculiarly racking circumstances (no use to tell you and harrow your memory). Besides we have an invalid dear to us in Philadelphia—my brother's wife recovering from a severe illness. Altogether your word reached us at the most unpropitious time. Tell Mrs. Krehbiel, won't you, how the matter stands. I should have gone anyhow for I am out and about but Monday forbids. I can't get over in time for a ghastly early hour at a lawyer's office. So it is. Now—you owed me a letter for I wrote you from Rome. I've been to no music this season, nor have I gone junketing to the house of friends. I've been working, but I had made up my mind to call on you after the Opera season was over to drag you forth to luncheon, there to pester your ears with 11,000 stories; also to ask you whether, setting aside the Liszt-Goethe story in "Music and Manners" you had contributed to the Liszt literature—far more swollen than it deserves to be!

I'm reading I confess with shame for the first time the "Souvenirs" of Daniel Stern (Countess d'Agoult) and find them to my surprise excellent diversion. A brilliant woman with a clever pen! Dam sight better reading (especially her novel "Nélida") than the lucubrations, dreary and mystic, of the old lady Countess Sayn Wittgenstein. I know now where the vicious bastard prose of Liszt came from. D'Agoult is a model of clarity, precision and propriety in her writing. But stop!—you must not be assailed at dawn with turgid reminiscences. *Enfin.* I'm sorry I can't be with you Sunday. Yet will I be with you one day before the season ends. Our regards to Mrs. Krehbiel and Miss Krehbiel—not forgetting Jupiter Tonans.

As Ever

JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
May 23rd, 1906

DEAR KARL:

I forgot to tell you when I saw you the other day that I had just received a long and very interesting letter from Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler,* who as you may not know, was the first friend I had in America after my return 25 years ago from Paris. She is quite recovered from her nervous trouble. I expect to meet them—her husband and children—at Marienbad in August (if we go). I fancied Mrs. Rosebault would be glad to hear that Fannie is herself again. To you I confide the painful tidings that at the time she was attacked by her neurasthenia she had been reading my "Visionaries"!! I have asked Scribner's to give it a new ad, á la Castoria. "Lunatics cry for it, nervous folk yearn for it." Horri-

* Well known as a pianist throughout this country and Europe since the early eighties.

ble warning isn't it! Sigmund Zeisler told me this pleasant, blood curdling news. Yet you need not fear. You look strong physically and your mentality I vouch for. Do read "The Third Kingdom" in the volume. There is nothing weird about it, only the true story of the Meschiach! Also "The Iron Fan."

Cordially,

JIM

## *To Dr. Edward J. Nolan*

Dr. Edward J. Nolan was one of the friends of Mr. Huneker's youth in Philadelphia with whom he kept in close touch throughout his life.

The Carrollton
May 29th, 1906

DEAR NED:

With moans of joy indicating our need of escaping from your horrid, jubilant city, Mrs. Huneker, [Frederick James] Gregg and myself fled Philadelphia last Sunday night. It had been too much. We are not accustomed to such revelry over here. So I write asking pardon for my non-appearance yesterday. Ah! but it was good to sit in the window of my 10th story studio and watch the brave upright rain flooding Gotham and thanking Jupiter Pluvius that I had escaped from a den of roysterers. Either one of two things: either *you* go out once in 10 years or you are out every night. Nothing else can account for your hellish freshness and bland wickedness. How do you do it Edward? I'm not in the ring. My nerve hath fled. And Gregg who is the youngest of the three threw up his hands in wonderment. You profoundly impressed him. I told him that 20 years ago you were merely promising; but in 20 years you might be ex-

pected to come to a perfect flowering. Anyhow God bless you—it did me a power of good to see the man who built me up in my callow youth, so brilliant in ideation, so fecund in wit. As Gregg said, after many inarticulate motions of his mouth, "It must be the Irish."

"The Irish" I solemnly replied. And we drank to your health on upper Sixth Avenue.

As ever, JIM

*To E. E. Ziegler*

Seabright, New Jersey
Friday July 6, 10.05

LIEBER BILL—

We have just returned from W. W. (Woeful Waste) on the 9.51. We went over to see you on the 8.42. We found a dark station, fireflies, gloom, charming air and two cottages—at the end of a mile walk in the dark, sticking to a board walk and a paved way. We got down so late this afternoon that we thought we would give you a surprise—but we had the surprise; even an adventure! Not a soul to direct us. I whistled "Walküre" in front of a house; but the man shut the blinds! A Wagnerhasser! Can we see you tomorrow—Saturday night? or can we see you Sunday night? We go to Long Branch all day Saturday. Don't bother coming over for we shall not be here; but wire in the morning, any time —or send a postcard here.

Gruss from both

HUNEKER.

*To Richard Aldrich*

Franconia, N. H.
Aug. 22, 1906

DEAR DICK

Thanks for your prompt letter. I've been to Bar Harbor. 48 hours satisfied me—a loathesome town without a yacht. But the harbor—glorious! What I asked E. D. and what I now wish to learn from you is this. I promised George Moore that I wouldn't write about his Memoirs until the Appletons had put forth their American edition. Won't you please find out for me that date; also send me a copy of the American edition as the Appletons may have deleted, diluted and otherwise rinsed clean the awful things in the Heinemann London edition. I'll write the review but I'll hold it until I hear from you; then you can, if you are still in office, jam the story in and have a mild "beat" on the other newspapers. (Damned important isn't it??) I couldn't see H. E. K. [Henry E. Krehbiel]. I had the hay-fever horribly at Bar Harbor and my Missus was a wreck from the rapid jumps—New York to Bar Harbor; Newport to New York; through the Berkshires to Coney Island. Es war zu viel. I'll write the old man all about it when I catch my breath up here. I've had to read proof since I arrived, of my study of Anatole France in The North American Review; also for the preface to the Shaw dramatic criticisms (2 vols). and for numerous magazine articles. I'm making money—but hell! Where's the pleasure? Richard, I solemnly promise you an article, a careful study of modern French music—up to date; every one in—for your review. But I must have a little leisure; and you people must pay me my price. Scribners gave me $200 for my Ibsen study in Scribner's for September—6000 words. So Novellos can afford at least

$50—and I'll not put any limit on the words. I'll write the story "for what it's worth." As for The Times review—that work I do for glory; for The Herald I'm exacting a stern, large toll—and they are paying it! Two months hard travel among muckers and idiots and eleven articles—the last appears Sep. 9th—should be compensated grandly, as Mr. Dooley would say. How are you old man! and did you ever get that copy of "Visionaries" Scribners were told to send you?

As Ever

JIM

*To E. E. Ziegler*

DEAR NED

Dec. 26/1906

The tickets were thankfully received. We'll use them, we, ourselves. I read your notice in company with all the others. The Post was perfect. The Press* was a trifle lagging behind, but at times, I was almost certain it would overtake Finck. Glorious! Hey? I was very glad to see Phil above all to see Irene Hale. *She* is a dear, Dolly and Phil spoke most sympathetically of you.

Yes, *papa* made me proud of *him*. It was a noble study, over-tinged by the ethical note—as a matter of fact *Salomé* could sing to an empty tomato can with the same ecstasy! It's the music that speaks not that wretched mediocrity Wilde.

I swear our friends have more imagination than I. They read miracles of filth into the score. Truffle hunters all; searchers after the diseased carrion. I took the music as it came. But!—oh Edward—But—! I left the music in The Sun in 1904—too much Strauss for them. But!! Don't rub it in—*We win* and with melodrama that does not contain half of the real Strauss—the Strauss

* The New York Press, a daily newspaper no longer published.

of "Also" and "Don Quixote" and "Heldenleben." A little bit of tinsel—one strong situation—and the enemy capitulated. We must take a *lone* drink on it soon. I'm all a-grin. Will you be down Saturday?

I should like to thank you for the seats personally. Also—don't wince; it's coming and you know it is—to ask you if out of the 3 forthcoming performances of "Salomé" I can't have one—either of the two evenings: doubtless you will have to cover the second performance: but how about Tuesday Feb. 5th? If you can—if you can't why I'll tackle the abused Weil.* But see that work once more I must and will. So be prepared! It's mean to thank a man with one hand and hold another —but Strauss, Ned!

As Ever

Jim

* Otto Weil of the staff of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

## 1907

### *To Edward P. Mitchell*

This and other letters to Mr. E. P. Mitchell, the veteran editor of The New York Sun, now The Herald, relate to articles and editorials by Mr. Huneker published in The Sun in 1907 and 1908.

The Carrollton
Jan. 7, 1907

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

Don't be alarmed by the caption of this proposed editorial; the story is neither an apologia, nor yet is it a polemic. Nietzsche is in the air; he is quoted by the reporter, by the sporting editor. He has become an uncanny nightmare in the public mind. As the first Nietzschian to write of him in this country (which means that I was but am not now) I have attempted in plain language without metaphysical quiddities to tell a few facts about him and his ideas. Naturally it is all terribly foreshortened—only about a column. But the main argument, that he was not a man of barbarous instincts, instead a poetic, even religious temperament, I hope I have maintained. If it meets with your approval I shall be gratified.

Sincerely
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
April 8th, 1907

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

The Munich booklet was very interesting; but more welcome was your letter which I truly appreciate. As to Piranesi. Little has been written of him. His memoirs

were destroyed before they were published—what a loss! My father collected many of his large plates and also owned the inimitable "Carceri" (16 plates) feverish visions that so affected me as a youth that I found myself writing in my "Chopin; the man and his Music" (1900) this sentence; (I am speaking of Chopin's first Etude). "The irregular, black, ascending and descending staircases of notes strike the neophyte with terror. Like Piranesi's marvellous aerial architectural dreams, these dizzy acclivities and descents of Chopin exercise a charm, hypnotic if you will, for eye as well as ear." I enclose a little study by Russell Sturgis which you very likely have seen. If not keep it—it is "on tap" at Keppels. There is one plate from the "Carceri" in Bryan's Dictionary on "Piranesi." I think your Brobdignagian must be applied to the Angelo bridge. P. was accused during his life time of wilfully or ignorantly exaggerating his scales, and in one instance, he actually botched a big building upon which he was employed as an architect. I only wish I had the time to study all the plates. The "Carceri" appeal to me—they are as modern romantic as if devised by Poe or Baudelaire. As to the Martin—didn't you think when it achieved type that it read too black; I might have mingled white to advantage. I fear there is no genius in the procedure, only a key sense, a memory of my strenuous musical days. I like unity of tone and color. Above all I believe in onomatopoeia—delightful word, almost as lovable as Mespotamia!

Sincerely JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edwin W. Morse*

The letter referred to was from a publisher requesting the opportunity to bring out a collection of Mr. Huneker's writings. At this time he wrote an article on art each week for The New York Sunday Sun. The "little book" referred to, composed largely of these articles, was published under the title "Promenades of an Impressionist."

The Carrollton
April 10, 1907

DEAR MR. MORSE

After reading please return enclosed to me. I do not send you such letters to show you how my life is made miserable by publishers, but merely to ask you to write me that you prefer I do not publish elsewhere. And for fear you may think that I am setting a dainty trap for S. S. a simple, "No" will answer my question. I do not propose showing your letter or anything of that sort, but I do wish to say definitely, officially—if you will—that I cannot publish elsewhere, only with your house. That won't commit you, and it lets me out of a lot of importuning by word of mouth and by letter-writing. Not only is the unfinished Liszt for you, but also my new book on Individualism, the apple of my eye, it is to be, upon which I'm laying on my best licks. A book about pictures is in the remote future; though I may confess to you that I have refused since Jan. 1st at least 10 offers from magazines to write on art subjects; two of said offers being respectively The International Studio and The Century. I also refused to write in the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin on the Vanderbilt loans—an honor difficult to refuse, because none but experts are ever invited. I did all this my dear Mr. Morse, not only because The Sun has the sole right to my work in this field, but because I fear for so many irons in the fire. Another

thing: that little book Promenades when it is published several seasons hence will have my picture stuff in it. (Sun.) I'm glad you asked me to hold it back. It can follow the Liszt and the book about French Individualists. Did you see the "John Martin" story in last Sunday's Sun? It has made no end of a hit and the 5th Avenue dealers are planning a Martin mezzotint revival. Just as my Monticelli article sent up the price of Monticellis 50 per cent—(unluckily for me I was after one). Excuse the length and the obviousness of certain statements; but answer me all the same.

As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward C. Marsh*

The Carrollton
April 30, 1907

DEAR MARSH:

I hope it is O. K. for tomorrow—Saturday—rain or shine. Suppose you meet me at 1:30 at the S.W. corner 29th & Madison Ave., *Hotel Seville*, downstairs in the Café, a snug, homelike place I've been patronizing for 2 years, with a good chef and nice people. The reason I ask this is, if I go to your office we may not make up our mind at once—and time is capital; which means I want to see as much of you as your time will permit. The Seville has drawn the magazine editors—always good gobblers—and other persons of taste!!! So do come. I'll go earlier and secure a table. Don't bother answering this. I'll expect you.

As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
May 3rd, 1907

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

Naturally I'm glad you liked the Rodin story; for me it was too long—that is for a daily newspaper. But it was written for The Sun and I was happy to see it in The Sun. As for its being read—why I get 50 letters to 5 after a story in The Sun, as compared with a magazine. So I'm in your debt; to have printed the little study without cuts was very flattering. Rhetorically speaking the effect I sought of marble and whiteness did not come off. All the better, as there was more matter and less manner. I have a stunning idea for an editorial which I'll submit in a few weeks. I'm working on a long Stendhal essay for Scribners. The amount of material I've collected in 20 years on this amusing and amazing Beyle is enormous. My contributions to The Sun this past week began April 27 (Sat.) "Museum & Lenox Library," April 28, "Rodin" and May 2nd "Black and White"; in all 5 cols. and 6 inches. (Hunekerian measure!) I hope my dear Mr. Mitchell, you won't run off to Europe without letting me know. I have a faint hope that you will be able to give me one hour some time up here, to look at the Martins etc. an hour after luncheon when the light is strong.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

The Carrollton
May 9, 1907

DEAR FRIDA

Your letter was welcome though it put me into bad humor. It has not been neglect of my old friend that

has kept me silent—and I'm not the sort of man to forget our old ties of friendship. I've had sickness here all the Spring. Mrs. H. has not been well a day and I'm working 18 hours out of the 24 to keep my little bark afloat. I had to go back to The Sun last Dec. so as to make a living. Books and magazines are well enough but a daily newspaper keeps me going. "Prosperity"! I don't call anyone "prosperous" who works like a dog as I do—seeing no one, going nowheres, ink and paper before him every night, no pleasure, no companionship. I was a jolly chap 10 years ago; I'm an old crank today. I'm writing 3 books all at once. And I'm suffering from an ulcerated tooth, hence my bad temper. I hope my dear Frida you will have a nice summer—I only wish I could get away—impossible! The Liszt book stares at me reproachfully, half finished. I write about pictures and do editorial work in Sun; that gives me my nights free—free to toil. It's a hard world. You ought to know. And you are braver than I. Good bye from both. Write a line

As Ever

JIM

*To Edward C. Marsh*

Mr. Marsh had just published an article in The Forum called "James Huneker: Individualist," which was based upon all of Mr. Huneker's writings that had appeared up to that time.

The Carrollton
June 21, 1907

DEAR MARSH:

You are certainly a most reticent, not to say modest man. Why didn't you tell me when we lunched together last week about that Forum article! You must have thought me rude or ungrateful; yet I never saw the story

until Saturday last when a clipping from the Chicago E. Post came with all the plumes taken out. Of course, I had to get that first. When I read the original I was quite flabbergasted. As our French friends put it:—so much noise over an omelette. Rather, let us say, an unimportant critic. I'm sure I'm deeply grateful to you and confess, apart from my personal interest, that I enjoyed the brilliant way you analyzed the books and their author. Nor can I say that I disagree with your judgments. They are sound. In a word a critique that will do the subject thereof much good. It's all well enough to talk of temperamental bias, but a critic must observe a few of the rules of the game, or else not play fair. Of course you saw through the elbow grease-versatility paragraph. All the work in the world won't produce versatility—and I'm sorry to add that versatility too often spells superficiality. But I'm not going into detail. The study was bully. I can't say any more.

With regards,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
July 4th, 1907

LIEBER KARL:

I owe you an apology for not writing before, but we have just emerged from—to us—a shocking experience. Six weeks ago Mrs. Huneker, who has been complaining all winter (she was sick the night you honored us) fell mortally ill. After a week she was forced to go to the Hahnemann Hospital there to submit to a terrible operation. What women endure! She has lost 30 pounds and is white as this paper, but is fairly on the road to recov-

ery. Four weeks in a hospital—it gives one the horrors to think of it, and surgeon's steel and operating tables. I was nearly crazy. I could do no work. Now I must work to pay bills. We have had our Paris—up on Park Avenue! No Europe this year. Mrs. Huneker can't travel for six months; indeed, she can't walk. But I have her home. How are you? And how is Mrs. Rosebault? Write a fellow what you are seeing in Europe. Make my poor old Pilsner-thirsty mouth water! I'm up to my eyes in work. This month (July) I am in four magazines—Century, Smart Set and Bookman—also N. A. [North American] Review. I've sold Scribners, N. A. Review, and the Atlantic Monthly three stories; "Huysmans," "Stendhal" & "Barrès"—studies. My Sun work has been neglected. I hadn't the heart or the hand to look at or describe pictures. I saw that one picture—a white faced woman on a hospital bed. I'm through with horrors in art. Life is too terrible. But she is home again Charles, and I'm happy.

Regards to both

As Ever

JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

July 29, 1907
The Carrollton

DEAR CARL:

Your sympathetic and interesting letter reached us this morning. It found Mrs. Huneker out of her convalescence and loudly bewailing the fact that the doctor has forbidden her Turkish baths until the Autumn. Her recovery was rapid; in fact, the case was "classic" as the medical phrase goes. We can't go abroad—for various reasons. A surgeon's bill of $1000 is one; the other is because of Mrs. Huneker's inability to endure travel and

its attendant trunk packing (when *I* pack the trunks hell hath no further horrors—the scorned husband dodges the whisk-broom). Therefore—&c, darum! We are here and stay until we go to the seashore. In the fall, Canada for my hay fever. Nothing new. All quiet & O. K. at The Sun office. I have heard at least 57 varieties of explanations why you went away, the predominating one being that you are rich enough to retire. Do you wish a better reason?

Yes, I know Pierrefonds very well. Your letter recalled pleasant days there at Enghien, Montmorency, Chantilly, (with its picture gallery) Compiègne &c. In 1880 I lived for 9 months at Villiers-le-Bel on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, near Ecouen &c. So I got about the country. Yes, I think you are right: Amboise is beautiful but Pierrefonds more stately. Don't miss *Chartres* Cathedral (described in Huysmans' "La Cathédrale"). It is near Paris and is the Gothic in its finest flowering (Rouen Cathedral alone excepted). If you ever go to Rouen—a few hours from Paris—take the little steamer at the Quai Boïeldieu (near the bridge and statue of that name—composer of "La Dame Blanche"—Oh! echo of my spotless childhood for 4 hands piano and half a pedal) and go down the Seine to *Croisset* (½ hour) where the little atelier of Gustave Flaubert is still shown; the room where he composed "Madame Bovary."

Huysmans, by the way, died May 12. I have a study in the North American Review for this week. I wish you would see the July Century; my story "The Magic Lantern" may please you as the scene opens in Paris. I've been lucky of late, as many as 4 stories in one month's magazines. This August I can count 3—"Maurice Barrès" in August Atlantic, the "Huysmans"

in N. American and an awful essay on American girls in Everybody's which latter I wrote under pressure (6 hours was given me—also a big cheque) for Ridgeway, on the beauty contest in The World and Chicago Herald. I *had* to do it. It has been voted a success—and it's the sharpest arraignment of our gum-chewing, silly wiggle-wagging, Yankee speaking girls that was ever written (and yet it's damnably polite). How is Mrs. Rosebault enjoying the climate? You won't stand Paris in Dec. or January. Nice or San Remo for *yours!*

As Ever with regards,

JIM

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
Aug. 1st, 1907

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

I am glad to know about the Piranesis and Blakes. I haven't been down among the picture people for weeks. Thank you for letting me know. I fear I have appeared perfunctory in my work, but, apart from Mrs. Huneker's illness—now happily a fast disappearing black cloud in our wake—I labored under the delusion that my copy was not of much value after June 1st, an idea that probably arose from my connection with The Sun as music and dramatic critic when the season ends at a given point. I am only too glad that I can turn in material all the year round—of course, I won't—as I always stay in the city late, going to Europe when my hay fever period sets in; circa Aug. 25. I am at work now on a careful little study of Joris Karl Huysmans as art critic and for The Sun some Sunday. Next week I'll do a Piranesi story, and gladly. I want to see you Mr. Mitchell, before you go away. I am so sorry that my scheme to get

you up here failed; but the fates were against it. Perhaps in the late Autumn you may see your way to get up here (though I think I'll sell my "Thomas Sully" before then). May I ask you, if you have the time and inclination to look at a study of Maurice Barrès I have in the Atlantic Monthly for August. His individualism is not so repellent as Stirner's. Mrs. Huneker asks me to thank you for your kind wishes. She is progressing with seven league boots.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

N. Y. City
Aug. 28, 1907

DEAR CHARLES:

I should say Paul de Kock is your author best suited to describe the charming collection of Triangles you wrote about in today's letter. Don't think I'm a glutton in letter writing. I write in answer to yours because we go away tomorrow—and to Cape May! (Oh clam shells, soft shell crabs, niggers, razors, snobs, gloom, sand and oh hell!) But Mrs. Huneker can't travel and she must go away. Cape May is near and I've engaged a little suite of 3 rooms—for her sister who accompanies us—that will keep us to ourselves for 3 weeks. Besides my hay fever, better cured in the mountains, is at hand. I must, perforce, content myself with sea-bathing and New Jersey beer. Alas!

News is scarce. Today for the first time in many months I went to the Sun office. I saw, *imprimis*, Quinn (with his grin). He asked after you. Then Mr. Lord * came in. He has been in Maine fishing. I never saw him look so stalwart—in such health. I saw Mr.

* Chester S. Lord, formerly managing editor of The Sun.

W. M. L. [Wm. M. Laffan] and had a very pleasant interview. I'll tell you some day the nice things he said to me. Mr. Mitchell, as usual, was lively and sympathetic. Henderson,* just back from Italy, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, is very chipper. He saw a lot in a few months. Gregg begs to be remembered by Mrs. Rosebault as well as C. R. McCloy† is looking fit as a fiddle—indeed, the whole establishment is buzzing with prosperity. Vance Thompson was over for ten days. He returns to Paris to-day. He tells me he saw you for a moment in Paris. He has a good Hague-Peace Conference story in Everybody's for Sept. My American Girl story in July Everybody's made a hit. From Romeike I got a 100 slips; and only a few for a careful study of Maurice Barrès in the August Atlantic Monthly. Moral: Write silly stuff about silly fluffy ruffles and you can go to Europe yearly. Enclosed is the proof. Chuck them to the pigs when you read them. I envy you both—Mrs. Rosebault with her music, you with your leisure for quiet work and abundant observation. Why not make a tart little etching in prose of the situation as you set it forth for my delectation? Only bring your skeins together; make the noble lord fall in love with the "proprietoress" and so let loose the devils of jealousy in the bosom of the "manageress" and the husband of the "proprietoress." As it seems to be a four voice fugue why not develop it and bring it to a harmonious *coda?*

Mrs. Huneker asks to be remembered. Don't forget me. We stay at the *Windsor* until Sep. 20. Then—here again. Maybe I'll give you a shock in Oct. I won't say just what—but something. Do you read The Sun?

* William J. Henderson, the music critic.
† W. C. McCloy, managing editor of The Evening Sun.

It shines for all. Laurence Reamer is in Italy. Certainly flush times reign in Park Row. Mallon* has been in Canada and Bendelari is fatter. Hurrah for Roosevelt! He is running the railroads but he can't touch The Sun.

Au revoir

JIM

*To E. E. Ziegler*

The Carrollton
Oct. 22, 1907
Liszt's Birthday!!!

DEAR EDWARD

Of course I congratulate you! Why shouldn't I? No matter the weighty technical opinion of other papers The Herald had always been and always will carry the public. This is a fact. And it has had some awful music critics—even within your memory. In a word it is more "influential," with the mass of the public. It makes or unmakes—and that you can't predicate of any other single newspaper in the city. Enfin—it's The Herald. So you have bigger latitude, more scope, power, also more responsibility. Now sit up William and look at your Uncle Dudley while he lectures you in the fashion of Polonius. Each word will count in The Herald. And it is all easily found. I shall read it with more pleasure now that I know you are its music-critic. (Did you write "The Merry Widow" this morning?) Make friends on the staff! Bow the knee to White. He is grand Panjandrum. Look up Kelley, the Commander Kelley, who writes yachting & steamship eds. A great authority on matters maritime. One of Henderson's oldest friends. See G. M. Payne. Shake the news editor by the hand, Donnelly. There's a lot of good fellows there, though I

* George B. Mallon, city editor of The Sun.

fancy you will miss your friends on The World. I don't know how you got the job but you got it. It was greatly coveted 10 years ago even if the boodle is not large—and no matter what the Pilgrim Fathers may say, its readers are not the musical elect like those of The Sun, Tribune, Times & Post but it remains with you to make them read you. If you see it in The Herald it's read!

I congratulate you. You have luck. Remember in 1899 you only began. It is only 1907! Don't kick. Be amiable. Take The World (and The Herald) as you find it. Make friends. It's the best in the end. And who knows—per Herald ad Sun! (for there are no stars).

Yes, we are here and will remain until next July. We bought tickets for Gibraltar from Steamship Meyer for the Hamburg sailing to Naples Sep. 24. We were in the list published as sailing. I felt the spray of the dear old ocean in my face as I read the announcement that we had sailed. It was a beautiful illusion. And we didn't go at the 12th hour. Mrs. Huneker was forbidden by Dr. Roberts. And glad we are for Spain, western Spain is under water, storms, floods and railways stopped. This is not sour grapes. We were at Cape May, N. J. for 3 lovely weeks. Such a beach! such niggers! such clams, oysters, crabs, water millions, and such a narrow escape from drowning for your uncle! Went under once —rescued. Bad temper for 9 minutes. Met Lem. Don't laugh! He kept the hotel. His last name is—don't laugh! Lemuel H. Lightcap. Isn't that a wonder. Mrs. Huneker is not very well. The trip did her good; but—she's not the same old girl she was. I hope for improvement as soon as she begins her Turkish baths. How is the gang? I'm going to Boston this week to look at Mrs. Jack's (Mrs. Jack Gardner) pictures. Stay a few

days and hope to hear the band. How is Suzanne? And did you pay off the roast beef bill I incurred for you! Did you ever see such a glutton! I had a bandwurm. Remember us both to Mrs. Ziegler and tell the angel child I'm going to take her to the circus to see Buhlig and Pohlig play Gee-gee. Keep up your spirits—the game is ridiculous but we must all pretend that it is something important.

As Ever

JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
Oct. 28, 1907

DEAR CHARLES:

Pardon my delay in answering your letter. I'm busy —which is not a polite excuse—but I'm also so distracted by a dozen things that I couldn't sit down to answer any correspondence. The little surprise I wrote about was that we were booked to sail—tickets bought &c.—Sep. 24th (the same day as Mr. Mitchell) on the *Hamburg* for Gibraltar. It was Mr. W. M. L.'s [Wm. M. Laffan] suggestion that I go to Madrid to see the Velasquezes at the Prado. Alas! at the 12th hour the Missus was forbidden to stir from the city. I'm glad we followed the doctor's advice. It would have been foolhardy. She is far from well—can't endure fatigue. And the floods and storms in Spain and Southern France would have caught us when we landed. But we are both in the dumps. We expected to leave Spain, go through lower France and reach Paris about Nov. 1st and give you a surprise. The "Liszt," my boy will not appear until a more appropriate time—as near 1911 as possible (the 100th anniversary of

his birth is to be hugely observed in Europe). My other book on French thinkers will appear next year. I've published several magazine stories lately—nothing of interest. Did you see "The Magic Lantern" in the July Century? How is Mrs. Rosebault? Has she composed lately? And is your novel ready? Or is there a play? There is no news—I've not been down town for 6 weeks. Gregg is back from Canada. McCloy is in England, so is Mr. Mitchell. Reggie de Koven is reappointed music critic of The World and Ziegler has gone to The Herald—a much more sympathetic job for him. Meltzer left Conried and is music critic of The Journal. Ralph Edmunds has his old job at the Metropolitan with Conried. Conried can't walk without two men helping; his legs are gone. Yet he persists· marvellous is his will power.

I envy you both. Excuse my brevity. I'm just back from Boston where I went to look for some pictures for the *Boss*.* Sometime I'll tell you how lovely he is treating me—he can't do enough, so it seems. (Thanks to you, old chap, for the same favors.) Regards to you both and from Mrs. Huneker also.

As Ever

Jim

Spanuth now owns and edits the Signale für die Musikalische Welt of Leipzig. He has his chance at *last*. Josef Hofmann here last Sat. created a tremendous sensation at his recital.

* Wm. M. Laffan.

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

This letter bears upon an arrangement with The Sun by which that paper was to have for a time the exclusive right to publish Mr. Huneker's writings.

The Carrollton
Dec. 3rd 1907

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

The arrangement is admirable and I thank you heartily for making all the rough ways smooth. I shall call in a day or so and renew my thanks in person. I shall write for no other daily paper but The Sun here or in any other city on any subjects. Nor shall I write for any magazine on the theme of painting etc. But other themes such as fiction or music, or general critical articles, in the monthly magazines I shall continue to contribute. I believe you understand this; indeed, I have a lot of stuff forthcoming in the Spring and Summer on literature etc. But not a line about painting, or the plastic arts. This suits me very well. As to the editorials—I shall overcome my feelings of dismay and timidity (it is genuine stage fright, Mr. Mitchell) and contribute one every week, beginning next week. I suppose the theme may be almost anything except music or the stage, or—politics!

I looked up that letter from the Armenian poet, I spoke of. He wrote from Freikah, Mt. Lebanon. I have the letter, also the olive wood cigar holder. I shall send them to you. He writes idiomatic English. Enclosed is current exhibition copy and all there is for the current week with what I saved from the Boston story. It reads sanely now. I made the mistake of tacking together too absolutely disparate stories. I hope never again to send down anything "not available."

Sincerely yours
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
Dec. 25, 1907

DEAR KARL:

A Merry Christmas (You'll get this 10 days later, but accept the will) and a Happy New Year to both of you! The thermometer is 60 degrees in the sun, in the shade 50 degrees—a warm, lovely day with Grippe hovering in the damp background. I've just written to W. M. L. [William M. Laffan] about our pictures—there is a Gilbert Stuart here now, from my father's estate (that tremendously insignificant estate!)—thanking him for his advice. He is a trump. We—the missus and I—enjoyed your letters ever so much. I read that portion of yours which alluded to your English friend's experiences to Gregg. Yes, you are right, bathtubs, not Bohemia now-a-days for me. I loathe Paris to live in—unless one has steam heat and running water. I am become materialistic. I wouldn't live in the Latin Quarter with its dirt, genius, squalor and gayety for the price of a house. Once, when you are very young—then is Paris a fairy dream in its settings. But don't peep behind the scenes. The Café I note, Guerbois, may have recently changed its name, but it was there in 1905, just at the corner where the Boulevard des Batignolles becomes Clichy, right hand side. However, even if it is there it is only peopled by ghosts. Germany is more gemütlich than France, Charles. I strongly advise you not to stay too long in one spot. The Riviera for Winter, Florence and Rome for the Spring, and Norway or Sweden for midsummer. Stockholm beats Copenhagen—it is a fine place to live in. Comfort also! (Alas! where is the Bohemianism of yester-year!) I am surprised to hear from

Mrs. Rosebault—and I'm extremely pleased to get one from her—that she purposes entering the Conservatoire. First I didn't think they would let any one in after 16 (and I know she is only 17¼) if a foreigner. Does she wish to study composition? Then why go to those whose theories belong to the Stone Age (10,000,000 years before the Goyem Mescheoch?) There's Debussy who is modern. Mrs. Rosebault is already well grounded—why not study with the men who are making musical history! If she wishes to pursue her piano technique to its remotest lair, there is my friend Isidore Phillip, a marvel as a *techniker*, pianist and teacher. He is at the Conservatoire but has private pupils. However, you are on the ground and know what you wish.

Yes, the Autumn Salon must have blistered your eyeballs. Nevertheless Cézanne is a great painter—purely as a painter, one who seizes and expresses *actuality*. This same actuality is always terrifyingly ugly (fancy waking up at night and discovering one of his females on the pillow next to you!) There is the ugly in life as well as the pretty, my dear boy, and for artistic purposes it is often more significant and characteristic. But—ugly is Cézanne. He could paint a bad breath. I don't doubt you have a big card up your sleeve. Don't work too hard. Thank Mrs. Rosebault for her kind letter. Tell her that Francois Planté, in his day was a masterly Mozart and Mendelssohn player. Hummel was never exceeded in beauty of touch and style as a Mozart interpreter; Mendelssohn would have been jealous to have heard him play the G minor Conservatory Concerto. Don't smile —Planté had a phenomenal finger technique. But his tone, like the tone of all French pianists was pale moonlight. Kisler is better, so is Pugno—who has only a

pounding *forte*. The French are not pianists (unless like my old master Mathias, or Theodore Ritter they happen to have had oriental blood in their finger tips.) Nor is Paris a true musical city, like Berlin, or Munich (oh my dear old thirst!) I paid 20 francs to hear Saint-Saëns at the Salle Pleyel. The affair was ⅔rds *chic* and bustle one third antiquated music making. Calonne and—what's the other fellow's name, Lamoureux's son-in-law? —concerts on Sunday are worthwhile. The opera is simply rotten. The Comique a trifle better. No, Paris has good cooking (if you pay for it) and pictures, a heavenly landscape that's all. But Charles, do not forget when you are homesick in Paris that, on your return to New York, you will be homesick *for* Paris—or Europe.

Yours

JIM

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
Dec. 30, 1907.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

The Rops Story enclosed is the first to appear—as far as I know—in English. Bryan* gives him a stickful; and columns to many British mediocrities. Rops was a master etcher; but his frankly pornographic themes had kept him on the back shelves of collectors. Naturally I have handled the theme with gloves, neither preaching nor yet making one of those "passionate pleas" for justice which young men are so fond of; I was, at least. Rops, except his masterpieces, is simply impossible. I've described the pictures that are not in the least offensive. And I pride myself in not having used the abominable word "erotic" once! Enclosed also a note from The

* "Dictionary of Painters."

Tribune, which, of course takes the silly spinster view of Balzac for which Miss Wormley is to blame. Balzac denaturalized. However, The Sun did not commit itself to the Gigoux story; but in the main the facts were as stated.

Sincerely JAMES HUNEKER

## 1908

### *To E. E. Ziegler*

The Carrollton
Jan. 19, 1908

DEAR NED

It was good of Mrs. Ziegler to come to the box; why didn't she make a sign! Louis told us. What a performance! Mahler is a painter. When I asked you in the lobby about that Herald notice I meant to add that it was exceedingly tactful and sensible! I feared you misunderstood me. I liked it. Naturally on The Herald you can't expect space enough for the psychology of voice production, The Herald won't stand for elaborate criticism. But they did let you have your own way, and that's gratifying, when the town was wide open shouting over T. the female flute. Can't you take luncheon some day this week either at the Savoy or the Grand Union? Make it Saturday, say, if you happen to have to be over at Carnegie Hall, later. However, let me know. Friday is Philharmonic, isn't it? And it's a poor day for me. Sunday stuff. Make it Sat. at 12.30 or 12.45 or 1 o'clock, and give me at least an hour or more! I hope you understand about the "Isolde" tickets. You said the house was sold out—and so it was. Therefore I didn't care to trouble Weil or you and I went for Olive, who was amiable. Both you and Weil are so hearty in your invitations that I often feel ashamed that I do not respond oftener. I had expected to see you after "Tristan"; saw Willie Chase and the Moodys and Gregg—but the latter had a dinner engagement, and

aufgeregt as we were, the Missus and I, we were forced to go home, our nerves taut, my mouth a dusty cavern and head humming with that marvellous music. Oh je! I cursed pictures and longed for a bath of tone. To-day I rejoice that I do not have to hear music. It is eminently immoral to transform the porches of your ears into voluptuous tonal cages (help!) If you should happen to read my "Baudelaire" to-day please read for "humorist" near end of 1st col. *humanist* (in speaking of Baudelaire's salons) also, in middle of 2nd col. end of par. I wrote of "the *antics* of the Baudelarians" being comical. The typesetter made me say "critics"! ! ! Hellish! But it was ever so. Saw Pulvermacher. Is it true as The Times said this morning that Herbert, Van der Stucken and Walter Damrosch were in the house yesterday afternoon? I saw Herz, whom I like exceedingly—a clever thinker and one who thinks a lot about music (we did *not* discuss Mahler!) But the other boys I missed. What a job you had all day! I'm out of breath. Regards to Madame from both.

As Ever JIM

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
Jan. 31st, 1908

But good heavens My dear Mr. Mitchell. I had no idea of intruding my personal pecuniary woe upon your busy map! I deeply appreciate your friendly advance and will repay it as soon as I can—a question of a few weeks. Yet that does not lighten the burden of obligation to you. You must begin to suspect that I am an improvident fellow; and, as Mrs. Huneker rather sarcastically remarked to me today, (oh! Woman in our

hours of ease!) that as it is my 48th birthday, this very day, I ought to feel happy that I am not in debt! To be sure we had no money until the arrival of your cheque, but we owe no one a penny—except the inevitable landlord Tomorrow. It is beyond my comprehension, how, even with the two bank smash-ups (one representing almost every penny I have received from The Sun since December) we were not better belted to meet the sudden storm. It was my worriment to meet a note held by my brother, about which I wrote you, that cleaned me out. Fraternal pride met a fall! I look for the Sun cheque you speak of, in the morning. I, naturally feel brighter this evening, and it's something more than the money involved, Mr. Mitchell; it's the quick response of your friendly spirit. I assure you I appreciate it.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton

DEAR MR. MITCHELL Feb. 16, 1908

When your letter with its pleasant words about my too crowded and heavy Stendhal study reached me it found me at work on the enclosed. It is not a resumé or a triple distilled condensation of the Scribner article. It is a little light thrown on the art loving side of S. especially his writings on Italian art. He was a plagiarist, yet he said a whole lot for himself. I have stuck to my text and there is nothing of my other study save the repetition of the dates of birth and death and also allusions to his Consulship at Cività Vecchia. In addition there are several new anecdotes, culled no later than last week in Paris monthlies—*Stendhaliana* increases yearly!

I had a thought of an editorial, but dismissed the notion at once as being impracticable; besides, this present article is a perfectly fresh discussion of Stendhal's views on art—principally the art pictorial. John Lafarge wrote some months ago that back in the 70s in Paris he and "Harry" James discussed S. with totally opposite opinions. I had intended to send this stuff to you last Friday, with an eye on Sunday, but my courage failed me. I have so often "hogged" the best columns of the Sunday page that I thought it might be a good idea to give its editor and readers a rest (Oh! miraculous humility in a penman). But I fear now the story is too bulky for use during the week, not to mention its subject, so I suppose, if you like it, it will be slated for next Sunday or Monday. If so I may then ask the favor of galley proofs, though I fancy the copy is clearer than my custom. However I hope to call on you personally next Tuesday morning before midday, on another matter, and you may be able to let me know then.

Sincerely with apologies for such a long letter

I am as ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edwin W. Morse*

The Carrollton
Feb. 21, 1908

DEAR MR. MORSE

I took that cheque seriously. It meant after 9 years that I at last owed Chas. Scribner's Sons nothing—a feat not achieved often in these days of millionaire publishers and beggar authors. I told you that the Liszt would reach you—a bulky mss.—in due time. Again, has "Pelleas & Mélisande" proved to me the timeliness of books about music or the drama. In "Overtones" years

ago I wrote of this music-drama of Debussy, for the first time in English. All the gang, all the young fellows used my word. Ibsen is another case. The best "seller" (hollow mockery!) which I have turned out is "Iconoclasts"—it was revolutionary. Print a big life of Liszt now when his name is eclipsed by Debussy & R. Strauss! I fancy not. But in 1911 when all musical Europe is to organize fetes & festivals in honor of his 100th birthday anniversary—that's the time. Then my Liszt will appear opportunely, but too late for a lot of pirates to turn out handy monographs and pilfer the results of my labors. Both Finck and, in Berlin, Richard Burmeister (a Liszt pupil) have agreed with me on this point. *Voyez vous, mon cher Edouard?* Besides, in 1909, I'll give you a good, solid volume of essays—I'm still writing them. A book that will hang together, from title to index. The Sun only gets a few hours of my time a week. I see pictures; the exercise is healthy. And the money comes in handy. I need it. On my last birthday, my 48th Jan. 31st, my bank, the Mechanics & Traders closed its doors (59th & Madison Ave. Branch). Every cent is locked up that I own—at least, in New York. Mrs. Huneker's all is in the Knickerbocker. A free-lunch route for us this summer. Two bad jabs in the financial ribs in one season! Is it any wonder I'm turning out copy for the magazines and on the water wagon (for economy's, not temperance sake).

Yours uncomplainingly and with thanks for the cheque (I bought a dollar book yesterday at your house; so I have only 24 cts. left).

I am Sincerely
JAMES HUNEKER

P. S. Whether you believe it or no, you will have the Liszt out in 1911. I will need the money for a yachting

trip then. But it will be hard cash down, over the counter, in advance, on receipt of manuscript. No more decades of weary royalties for Willy!

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
Feb. 27, 1908

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

Unluckily your hint about the figures in the Boston editorial came too late. I had written the article. But I don't think there is too much statistics. Naturally, I do not excel in this style, yet I wish to practice it as often as possible. Writing isn't all beer and art and skittles. Enclosed the editorial; also the letter for Mr. Laffan. Enclosed also some copy for Sunday or Monday, which I send down with certain misgivings as to its reception by you. It is an attempt (not to be repeated too soon) to break away from my cut and dried stuff. I am preparing a little étude on Goya; but it will not be ready until the Saint-Gaudens affair is over next week. The copy within that I refer to is a series of 6 or 7 little portraits after the manner—a long way after!—of La Bruyère or Vauvenargues. They have sub-heads and they deal with several well-known artistic types that you know, that the world knows. I bother you with this explanation, though it really is not necessary. I have, my dear Mr. Mitchell been suffering during the past 10 days from what the Irish happily call, "The Gloom." An incipient cold may be at its base. Ten years ago I would have put it away, with copious beers; but, Alas! I'm gouty and full of uric acid and my head is no longer strong. Consider me as relaxing from my usual dull critical gravity in these vignettes. I've poured out my spleen upon paper. For over a year in The Sun I've been amiable,

optimistic, for one Sunday I wish to be pessimistic and sarcastic (though my irony may not hit the mark). I've entitled the story "Sour Notes," with appropriate subheads. I do hope you will approve, I think there will be some fun in the story and much guessing—though I've absolutely avoided any unpleasant personalities. I've sought for odd types—the old dilettante; the art auctioneer; the woman without taste in pictures; the painter's hat of Hammerstein; M. Victor Maurel's collar modelled after Hyacinthe Rigaud; the cane of Herr Roosevelt—these are the general subjects. I had included one other, "Crito the Critic," but I feared it was too subjective. The rest I have sought for objectivity—odious word—for a dramatization of my spleen.

Sincerely yours

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Benjamin De Casseres*

Between Mr. Huneker and Mr. Benjamin De Casseres there was a strong bond of intellectual sympathy. The younger journalist, critic, and author shared many of Mr. Huneker's views and enthusiasms and the two constantly discussed matters, chiefly literary, in person or by letter.

The Carrollton,
May 7, 1908

DEAR DE CASSERES

Instead of lecturing you on your pessimistic view of life and your metaphysical nihilism, I calmly consider your case as brilliantly hopeless. Not having the schoolmaster temperament I have no need to swing over *your* head the metaphorical birch. Besides it wouldn't mend matters. You are in the clutches of the most divine illusion that was ever fabricated by the brain of man: i.e. that reality has no existence; the very fact man in-

vented the *eris realissimus* proves it exists. However, go your winding way. Personally I prefer you and Schopenhauer to the new Pragmatism. You have a big future but you are letting it cobweb with your clogging spiders. To hell with spiders! *You* for the boodle prizes: chuck books to the gutter. One moment of real life is worth a ton of platitudes (like the one I've just written). Two courses are open to you. Go to work as a reporter on The World or Journal, burrow into the very mire of life; or else, marry a rich confiding girl (and suspect advice from fat amateurs of illusions, like myself). I enjoyed the "Pal." Print it somewhere simply to make someone mad. *That's* a sweet joy, too.

Cordial greetings from
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Arthur B. Davies*

Arthur B. Davies received many letters from James Huneker. Unfortunately the package was put away so carefully that, when the artist moved into his present studio, some time ago, it could not be found. The following letter was discovered by Mr. Davies in a copy of "Egoists" just in time for inclusion in the present volume.

The Carrollton
Madison Avenue cor 76th St.,
May 27, 1908

DEAR MR. DAVIES:—

Enclosed is the little Botticelli story I spoke of. When you have read it may I trouble you to return it—it happens to be the only copy I own? I have asked my publishers, the Scribners, to send you my books—the ones you haven't read. Don't be overwhelmed by the avalanche. You don't have to read them all. Only I shall feel that in your hands a few of them will be understood

and their shortcomings (for they are tentative sketches, after all) covered by the mantle of charity.

If you will read the "Visionaries" first—it is not a didactic or critical work though fiction hardly conceals its purpose! I am anxious that you read "The Third Kingdom" or "The Spiral Road" or "Rebels of the Moon" before the other tales.

For Arthur Davies, mystic as well as artist, they were written.

Sincerely, As ever

JAMES HUNEKER.

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
May 29, 1908

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

The El Greco was received with pleasure. I'll read it & write something for Sunday a week—June 7. I couldn't prepare anything sooner; nor do you want it sooner, I fancy. I have been endeavoring to see Mr. Laffan since last I saw you, but was unlucky enough to find him occupied or else not in the City. I'll try early in the week for I should like to speak with him on the book.

Enclosed is a story that should have been written a year ago. Davies is the most poetic and original painter in America, much more so than Ryder. I have taken time and pains with the story for I know that Davies is about the only young artist in this country for whom Mr. Laffan entertains any liking. I wish you could see those strange echoes from Florence, yet indescribably modern in spirit. They demonstrate the vitality, the eternal youth of the old principles. The story is about two columns. If it could be smuggled in anywhere on

your page next Sunday it would give me joy. The writing is fairly legible so I shan't have to read proofs; unless you so desire it.

Sincerely JAMES HUNEKER

### *To W. C. Brownell*

Mr. Huneker usually took up with Mr. Brownell, of the Editorial Department of Charles Scribner's Sons, all questions connected with the publication of his books, consulting him with regard to their contents, and upon various points connected with the text as they might arise in the reading of copy and proof.

The Carrollton,
October 9, 1908.

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

We are equally right and wrong. The article on "Baudelaire et le Baudelaireisme," may be found in Vol. VIII of Scherer's "Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine" (Paris 1863–1889. Nine volumes). This would argue that it appeared in the '80's. It did. It was caused by a review of Bourget's "Essais" (1882) when—about—did you see it and in what revue? Possibly the Deux Mondes. James' book (1st edition) appeared 1878. The study must have been written a year or two previous. He gives no dates. Subsequent editions of his volume appeared 1884, and 1893. (Lord! isn't it lovely to be able to write 1884 again; 1908 is so chilly, so dreary to me.) Scherer was an ex-Protestant (Calvinistic) clergyman. His mother an Englishwoman. Little wonder he couldn't savor Baudelaire. Besides, he was bad-tempered when contradicted. And he hated Carlyle, Molière, Diderot; so Baudelaire is in good company. Will you take it as an impertinence if I beg of you to revise, be it ever so slightly, your belief that Poe was a greater poet than Baudelaire! While Poe was far from being

Emerson's jingle-man, he never struck the profounder chords of passion so marvellously sounded by the wretched Baudelaire. Take down "Fleurs du Mal" from the shelf and read the tiny masterpiece again. There is all the horror we find in Poe; but also humanity, pathos, sex.

Another thing, before Baudelaire ever heard of Poe he had written the greater number of his poems of Spleen and Ideal. This was *before* 1846 or 1847, when he first read the Poe *tales*—not the verse. Anyhow the color and contact of the "Fleurs du Mal" reveal the enormous difference. I admit that in the "Poems in Prose," Baudelaire was affected by Poe. All this I set forth with many amplifications in the "Baudelaire Legend," which Mr. Burlingame* was considerate enough to accept. It is not, my dear Mr. Brownell, that I wish our estimates to accord—that would indeed be presumptuous on my part—but, that, since the spring of 1908 I came into possession of the newly published life, the Diary ("Mon Cœur mis a nu") the posthumous words and the Letters. Therein I saw that while Baudelaire raved all over Paris about Poe, he was fundamentally Baudelaire from first to last. Naturally, this will not affect your Poe study; but it may throw, as the newspaper critics say, a new light on the Frenchman. I "go" for Stedman and Bayard Taylor, who, while abusing Poe for his thirst (what a sublime thirst it was!) nevertheless pitch patriotically into Baudelaire, claiming that *he* imitated Poe. Rubbish! He was the victim of an accursed and beautiful temperament—one all his own. Documentary evidence I have by the yard as you will see later. I hope I don't bother you with this chatter. You are one of the elect, *mon cher maître*. I owe much to you. (Though this does not

*E. L. Burlingame, then editor of Scribner's Magazine.

seem a grateful way of repaying one's obligation does it?)

In Henry James' "French Poets and Novelists" (1893 edition) page 60 occurs the following sentence: "Nevertheless, Poe was much the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the *greater genius*." I can't agree. Poe was more versatile than Baudelaire and that's saying much. Baudelaire had critical gifts for art. *There*, Poe was shallow; at least not well grounded. If Poe could only have lived in Paris! What absinthe duettos, with Baudelaire singing bass!

Sincerely yours,

JAMES HUNEKER.

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
Nov. 27, 1908

DEAR CHARLES:

Thanks for the picture. I had seen a reproduction but nothing so satisfactory as this. I'll hang it where I can see it often.

Enclosed letter to Lorimer, also card to send in with yours. He is a fine chap, Lorimer.

Arch Street, near 6th is, I think, the address. Hope to see you next month. I'm smeared with glue, black with ink, on my lips are blasphemies—I never knew until I re-read my old copy how rotten it was—*is!* I'm building a book! God help the house! Mrs. H. is out all day in despair. Talk about obstetrics and births &c. when a man gives birth to a book it is the mountain in labor with a mouse (and such a little mouse!) Regards.

JIM

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

The Carrollton
Dec. 23rd, 1908.

DEAR FRIDA ASHFORTH

You are certainly an angel of kindness and courtesy to the rude Hunekers. Your witty remembrance pleased us greatly. Thank you and a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you! This past year has for us been one of anxiety and many tribulations. Bank failures and nobody buying magazine articles or books. After a long hot dull Summer I finished my two new books one of which is to appear March 1st. You will get the first copy from the press. I'm reading proofs now and trying to earn a living—neither pleasant jobs. But I'm coming in to see you next week to ask you up if for only an hour or so. Much water—musical and otherwise—has flowed under the bridge since we met. Mrs. Huneker varies; is well one week, ill the next. It will take several years before she is her old robust self. I hope you are well. I know you are busy. *A bientôt!*

Best wishes from

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1909

### *To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
Jan. 21, 1909

DEAR CHARLES:

I am the camel of all burdens so I write to you in behalf of Mrs. Huneker and to you I write in behalf of myself. We can't go to dinner either of the dates Mrs. Rosebault so kindly suggests. My nights are not my own. But next Saturday a week—you see I'm looking ahead for a free date for you both—that is to say, Jan. 30th, can't Mrs. Rosebault and you come up here during the afternoon, say, not later than 4 o'clock, pay us a visit, see my new pictures and books, and then, when the spirit moves us all, go to dinner with us wherever you suggest. But no evening dress, or other begad nonsense, as old Joey Bagstock says? After dinner we can go to the German theatre; I can get seats or a box from Otto Weil, who will be glad to see us. Thence a few feet away is Lüchows and Pilsner!! Let's enjoy a true Bohemian afternoon and evening. Joseffy will be at Lüchow's at 11 P. M. He is always a joy to meet and listen to; truly a superman. I will celebrate my 49th birthday at 12 o'clock when the 31st Jan. is ushered in. What do you both say! Does it go for the 30th?

Regards As Ever

JIM

### *To Dr. E. J. Nolan*

The Carrollton
Jan. 23, 1909

DEAR NED:

I'll be over some time this Spring. I'm reading proofs on my new book—and, just plain hell. Enclosed clip-

ping from Sun Gregg wrote after witnessing Eugene Walters new play "The Easiest Way" which is the limit in realism. If "Mrs. Warren's Profession" had been one quarter as coarse (I mean by implication) the police would have had some warrant in stopping the show. The inconsistency of our moral censors drew from Gregg this scathing, ironical dialogue.* I thought it so neat that I sent it to G. B. S. in London.

Greetings,

JIM

P. S. By the way if ever you wish to make some girl a present of Chopin music, get from Ditson's either one of my edited selections (the music). There are two albums. The new one is called "The Greater Chopin." He is *the* only pianoforte composer that will last in company with Bach Fugues and Beethoven Sonatas. (Excuse my youthful enthusiasm.)

J. H.

*To Edward C. Marsh*

The Carrollton
March 19, 1909

DEAR MARSH:

You are always a brick! Your name is on my personal list for a book. Whether you like the inside, the contents, you will I hope acknowledge that it is a book which holds together, i.e. one theme. I took 3 years to write and build it. How are you? I called one day at 1 o'clock last summer but you were at luncheon. I'm going to risk it again after this month has passed with its acres of paint—mostly bad—and my increasing editorial work; not to mention book reviews on the Sunday page. I've seen Ziegler just two times in a year. Where has the old crowd flitted! Alas! for the feeds of yesteryear.

* The Evening Sun, Jan. 21, 1909.

I believe "Egoists" (Beastly title, my original was "The Ivory Tower" but it wasn't of "commercial" value, too much like a romance) will appear about April 1st (not I hope on that precise date.)

With kindest regards

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER,

*To Edward C. Marsh*

The Carrollton
April 5, 1909

DEAR MARSH:

You are indeed kind to take all this bother. Enclosed find corrected stuff. It made me a year older and it made me see Balzac—who was 10 years dead before I was born. Otherwise I can't deny I am grandson of the once famous Fenian, James Gibbons, who tried to capture London, *via* Canada, in the sixties with an army of 5000 men. A dozen English constables drove the army across the border, and as my father—a kindly cynic—remarked years after the conflict: "They are still running." This for your private ear. Every family has its hidden joke. Don't spare me or my book. You will admit its unity—it deals with one definite group of thinkers, and, while it isn't polemical, it is *contra* Socialism. I feel a mighty relief in printing it. My clogged system is forever purified of the decadent crowd. I'm done. Me for sunshine and health foods. My Liszt is already under way. It is billed to appear Oct. 1911—his 100th anniversary.

I am As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

## *To Royal Cortissoz*

Mr. Cortissoz, in his review of "Egoists: a Book of Supermen," had taxed Mr. Huneker with giving too little attention to "general ideas" which he distrusted, Mr. Cortissoz suggests, in this comment: "I think he felt that interest in 'general ideas,' in 'classical standards,' led to the danger lying in crystallized formulas."

The Carrollton
April 5, 1909

That was a very 'swell' criticism, my dear Royal, you honored me and my little seven months brat of a book with. Mrs. Huneker and I looked important for several hours afterward—that is if a large fat man, who runs his life on a greased trolley, can look ever so. Seriously, I'm extremely grateful. To be frank—*entre nous*—I hardly think the book worth such a ripping review. Nor shall I quarrel with you *in re* the remarks over my critical viewpoint. For me "Egoists" is an immense deliverance. Understand me—I love several of the men in it; but I'm dead sick of the decadents; dead sick of the entire crew of "modernity" yowlers. The good I shall always stick up for, but my early idols—how many of them?—have fallen into the void, and will vanish in the embraces of the mother of dead dogs. To rid yourself of a burden, drop it! That's why I printed the book; but it's hard on Scribners, it's hard on the readers, and it's cruel to my friend Cortissoz, who wrote about it, such a brilliant article. I'll say more when I see you. Just now let me thank you.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Richard Aldrich*

The Carrollton
April 7, 1909

DEAR DICK

I'm not sure whether the book* will please Mrs. Aldrich for it is not a series of essays strung together for the purpose of verbal pyrotechnics, etc.; but it is a mild protest against Socialism, and all submergence of the individual by that encroaching monster, The State. Individualism, the individualism of Goethe and Emerson is the keynote. And now for fear you may think I'm doing the serious highbrow act let me add that I had lots of fun writing the wretched little brat of a book. Thanks for your nice words and thank Mrs. Aldrich for me. I have started in on a 2 years campaign. Muss es sein? Es muss sein! The "Liszt." It is to be delivered May 1911, and about 800 pages. Herr Jessas! Why Richard, why did you ever put the bug of biography into my belfry? You did it, you with your little "Chopin." I owe you one!

As Ever

JIM HUNEKER

*To Edwin W. Morse*

The Carrollton
April 8th, 1909.

DEAR MR. MORSE

Enclosed postcard is from Mr. Michael Monahan, the very clever editor of Papyrus, East Orange, N. J. His name was on that editorial list I gave you. He hasn't "Egoists," evidently; if it has gone astray will you please send him another copy or trace the first. Chuck postcard in your waste basket. The letter from More† I

* "Egoists: A Book of Supermen."

† Paul Elmer More, at this time editor of The New York Nation, whose reviews and criticisms appeared also in The New York Evening Post.

shall trouble you to return. I am desirous that you read it for several reasons. Of course, you saw the spread on the Post editorial page last Tuesday about "Egoists." I hope there will be no other notice. More is kind as well as modest. He knew enough to blow the book to hell. One more thing: You won't forget, will you, if sheets are sent to London to append my little request as to not giving the Saturday Review a review copy. "Max" * is itching to get a hack, so let him buy a copy. He gave the book a preliminary blast two weeks ago that showed his humor. Pardon the bother I am giving you. I mean well.

As Ever JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

Mr. John Quinn, Mr. Huneker's legal adviser, was also a very warm personal friend, a particular bond between them being their common interest in art, especially painting, of which Mr. Quinn is a connoisseur and collector.

The Carrollton
July 9, 1909

DEAR MR. QUINN:

I did not write sooner to thank you for the two heads —admirably reproduced, by the way—because I awaited your letter. Its contents were very pleasing. Of course I'll review the work, Yeats generally, in The Sun, but not at once. I'm full of stuff for a week or so. I can't promise over a column or 1½ cols. You know The Sun. I thank you for thinking of me and if you decide in my favor, I'll value the edition (part of which I saw at James Gregg's) very much. I fear that neither The Post nor Tribune are much for W. B. Y. I am, as you know.

When you see George Moore give him our regards

* Max Beerbohm.

(Mrs. Huneker's and mine). I've just had a book from him and to my amazement I went up in the air. It is "Sister Teresa" re-written, almost entirely. The psychology is vastly improved and George in his desert descriptions can give R. Hichens cards and spades for being a landscapist (verbal &c) He has a sense of verbal values. I'm delighted and reread at once the revised "Evelyn" and admit the scheme is much better than in the old version. I've written to say these things so don't bother remembering them. Moore has a soft place in my heart. With Conrad he is the big man today (Hardy being out of the field). His humorous bone is still inatrophied. Of course, if Arthur Symons is well enough, give him, please, our love, and to Rhoda also.

I wish you would, my dear Quinn, pile up my obligations to you still higher, by sending with the Yeats volumes (if I am to get them) that George Moore novel which I've never read, "A Mere Accident"; also the Aubrey Beardsley "Tannhäuser & Venus" (Under the Hill) which I caught a glimpse of. I wish to read the Moore from curiosity; the Beardsley may improve my moral temperature! I promise to take care of both and will return them in a week—if your apartment is to remain open. And where pray shall I send you the Yeats review; to your office, or to the publisher? Lucky man to get away and cross the seas!

Au revoir

As Ever Yours

James Huneker

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
Nov. 19th, 1909.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

In addition to thanking you for your charming letter of the 17th I wish to explain that by "pound of flesh" I meant to express through a common image my indubitable indebtedness to The Sun. I did not mean it in the sense of The Sun as a merciless *Shylock*, etc., extorting the last ounce from me. On the contrary I think the case was reversed. You responded to my wishes so willingly that I feel I can't write enough to make the balances even. When I rather peevishly—the other day—said to you that the trip was a failure, I was not altogether truthful or fair. It was not a pleasant one because of the swift pace, the awkward places to write in, etc; all the impedimenta travelers must expect; but it was, I hope a fruitful journey. I learned lots, even if my readers did not. I'm afraid, thus far to read the printed stories, I fear they were too hastily observed, too hastily written. But that's to be expected. At least they are—not always a saving clause, however,—sincere. The "Greco," I wrote and almost finished in Madrid; it will reach you next week. The "Velasquez," for which I took abundant notes, I'll write the week after in plenty of time to top off the series of 20. If I am still shy of the allotted space I'll fill it out. I have lots of stuff up my sleeve. Thanks again.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1910

### *To W. C. Brownell*

The Carrollton
Jan. 29/1910

Dear Mr. Brownell

Fancy my consternation on my return from Philadelphia today (where I had been looking at various explosions in paint in the Pennsylvania Academy) to find the page proofs of "Promenades" (two bags full) and to see that the printer quite without warrant had headed every other page, "Impressionists"! It should be "Promenades." The volume is not a book on Impressionists (Botticelli, and the rest are not impressionists) but the Promenades of an Impressionist! Quite a distinction. Please stop the make-up man from using the word "Impressionists." I've substituted "Promenades" on the pages thus far sent me. You will, of course, see the propriety of this change. Indeed, it is imperative, else the character of the volume is changed. Hundreds of painters are considered who are not impressionists. Excuse my indignation—which is more than academic. The reason is this. With the "Egoists" it was the same. When the galleys reached me headed "The Egoist" I remonstrated. But I was told it was only a catch line, or catch title, something purely technical. Nevertheless this Meredithan title got on the page proofs and crept into a preliminary announcement. In London I was made merry over because of my law of virginality. Furthermore, there are a 100 books entitled "Impressionists" etc. and only two called "Promenades"—Stendhal and de Gourmont's. The iteration every alternate page

will soon give "Promenades" the title of "Impressionists." I'm so annoyed that I have a mind to cut the original title to plain "Promenades." Will you please, lieber Freund, see to this. I'll be greatly obliged. It's quite a tempest in an inkwell. Yours in despair but able to sit up and take his food—

JAMES HUNEKER

## *To John Quinn*

The book by Arthur Symons referred to, entitled "London: A Book of Aspects," was privately published by Mr. Edmund Brooks of Minnesota.

The Carrollton
Feb. 14, 1910

DEAR MR. QUINN:

The book arrived with the card of Mr. Brooks. It was exceedingly kind of you to suggest sending it to me. As there is no address on the card please thank the publisher for me when you happen to write him. I read the essay; as you say one of Symons' best. It seems to have assembled in it his chief characteristics—plangency yet simplicity of style, sharpness of vision and a general atmosphere of beauty and, withal, a human quality. He must have written it some years ago. What puzzles me is—his health. Rhoda the black panther, writes in a hopeless way, nevertheless I hear that Arthur is much seen and is, apparently, improving. What is the truth in all these confusing appearances! How is Gregg! Like a voice from the grave, after many weeks the lad spoke to me on Friday. He has sedulously absented himself from my paths. Is he sick? Or married! Or reformed! Don't bother telling me. I'll run him to earth.

As Ever JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward C. Marsh*

At the time this letter was written Mr. Marsh was associated with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

The Carrollton
May 1st, 1910

DEAR MARSH:

Thanks for the Nietzsche books—for I fancy it is to you I owe the pleasure. (Naturally your house, too) Strangely enough coincident with their arrival came a letter from Dr. Oscar B. Levy* of London telling me of his scheme &c. He is a *bird!* Did you read his "Revival of Aristocracy" written some years ago? It out-Nietzsches Nietzsche. I dipped into several of the volumes. The Ludovici† is quite idiomatic. You remember that the earlier translations were frightfully botched: a language that was neither German nor English. Alas! poor Nietzsche—and his German is so swift and crystalline.

I'll write a special story of the edition, if not for The Sun (which is not likely as they are sick of N's name) at least for some magazine. But not at present. I'll wait until later volumes appear (a hint! a hint! hoping to get them).

I say, Marsh, I owe you a luncheon. Can't we meet some Saturday and go to the Lafayette? The afternoons are long now-a-days and the Pilsner ought to be at its amber best.

As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*Doctor Oscar Levy, editor of an English translation of Nietzsche's works, published by Foulis, London, and The Macmillan Company, New York.

† The translator of a number of Nietzsche's works.

### *To Edward C. Marsh*

Mr. Marsh had just sent G. Archdall Reid's work on "Heredity" to Mr. Huneker in the idea that if it interested him he would review it.

The Carrollton
June 17, 1910

DEAR MARSH:

Thanks for the "Heredity" volume. I peeped into it yesterday to the extent of several hundred pages and it tastes good. The metaphysics is sound, and I fancy the biology sounder.

My conscience reproached about Saturday, but selfish like, I enjoyed myself so much that I fancied you, too, must be in the same boat. I forgot that your nerves were suffering from the strain of travel, grief and anxieties. However, your letter relieved me. I'm glad you liked the Nietzsche review, though I confess abusing the "Nietzscheans" is hardly the way to make propaganda.

I hope to do the Heredity next week. Saw Ned [Ziegler] Monday. He is looking well and feeling so happy that he actually accused me of grouchiness in that series of sweet tempered pastels in prosiness!

Au revoir as ever
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edward C. Marsh*

*Confidential.*

The Carrollton
June 28, 1910

DEAR MARSH:

The books came, saw and conquered. I'll do them, with the "Heredity," * as soon as I can. But not the Pater. Strangely enough I had been thinking of your

* "Laws of Heredity," by Sir Archdall Reid.

new Pater edition* and literally lusting after it. I had made up my mind that as soon as that "Heredity" book was out of the way I should write you regarding a Pater story. Isn't one possible? Not so long, for example, as the review in last Sunday's issue of "The New Laokoön."† (Did you see it?) But something commensurate with the dignity and beauty of the theme. I've never been satisfied with my Ivory Tower Pater in "Egoists" and long to do a new one; in a word to reread him from top to bottom. (In the Macmillan edition) Is it feasible? It would make a fine spread. "The New Walter Pater" etc. What do you say? And did I have copy in last Sunday's paper? Touch wood with me!

As ever with thanks
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Edward C. Marsh*

The Carrollton
July 1, 1910

DEAR MARSH:

It is just 2:30 A. M., and a fine, breezy morning. (This sounds like Vance Thompson, but it's a fact.) My Sunday stuff is finished and I take my pen in hand to thank you for your cordial letter. Let me answer it categorically.

1st. I got no "Racowitza"‡ in English. Is there such a book, and was a copy sent me by you? I shouldn't have written that idiotic advice to "translate" the volume, otherwise.

2nd. No, I refuse to write *all* the paper.

* Large paper edition of Pater, published by The Macmillan Company, 1910.
† By Irving Babbitt.
‡ "Helene Von Racowitza."

3rd. Your *flair* did not fail you. The book,* etc., is æsthetic punk. The review is as dry as a herring bone and my contemporary throat. (Pause as the fat writer sips ambrosia from a bottle; $1.25 per case of 24, Milwaukee Pabst, blond.) English and American writers may be divided like Cæsar's Gaul in three divisions: piffle, punk and bull. The latter is Jack London's "note"; C—— hits the first, and the second is the most universal quality of the three. I've reached at various epochs all three stadia.

4th. I like the heat because I never go out unless to the Turkish bath or to get shaved.

5th. The original of that crazy paint sketch is alive and well known. If, for example, I had said "Albert P. Ryder," instead of "Arne Saknussemm" (see "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth" by Jules Verne) no one would have paid the slightest attention to the panegyric. I've had, rather The Sun has received, a hundred letters asking who in hell was A. S. and for his address. It is to smile.

6th and last. I'm *not* going away, that is until September, and then only—need I add!—if I have the price. Money is damnably tight this summer. I wish I were. The "Pilsner" *coda* to your note is interesting. I'm doing a Brahms volume—piano music—with Joseffy (he visits me this afternoon to arrange preliminaries) for the Ditsons (like my two Chopin, and one Brahms (Lyrics) albums). It must be written July 4th, about 5000 words, as I have no other day left. Think of me if the day is hot and noisy. When that job is off the books I'll drop you a note—say end of next week. Pilsner and

* A book then recently published, purporting to lay down the fundamental principles of the arts.

conversation (the lost art of H. Krans). How many "Paters" are actually out?* I needn't wait till the last volume. But don't bother. Reading this will suffice for a week of bother.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Benjamin De Casseres*

Friday, July 29/10
Hot Cross Bun Day (but no bun)

DEAR BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

Have made note of the new address. Glad it is further away from Jacks. Was there last Sunday morn; saw your old side partner of the foreign wires. Where were you? Joels? I read in hot weather only "Imitation of Christ," Bunyan and Roosevelt. I thus keep cool. Do ye the same. When is a—the—book (for you'll only write the one) to appear! I'm pegging away like a bourgeois cobbler. I hate the town in winter—but, Dio mio! in Summer it's the limit. Did you guess the list of artistic rum mills? The Uffizi is 3rd Ave. above 86th St., in English "The Office."

As Ever J. H.

*A new edition of the works of Walter Pater then in process of publication by The Macmillan Company.

## 1911

### *To Edward P. Mitchell*

The comments on the length of contributions in this letter were called forth by the fact that The Sun paid its contributors according to what is known as a "space rate"—so much a column.

The Carrollton,
Jan. 12, 1911.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

My contributions to The Sun during the past week were: Sunday, Jan. 8th, "Seen in the World of Art" (page 4, section 3) Thursday, Jan. 12th, "Around the Galleries" (editorial page) (almost 4 cols. lacking a fraction).

At the risk of becoming a nuisance I beg to call your attention to the measurements of enclosed copy—last week's. I received for the same a cheque of $125.00, which does not quite tally with the number of columns. I measure, with an ordinary ruler on the basis of 21 inches to the column, 4 inches over the 5 columns, and while it hardly amounts to more than $5.00, it might as well be rectified (unless I have made an error). I fancy the mistake arises in the measurement of that Sunday section 3, copy, which usually ends where the Art Notes begin.

I'll see the Laffan pictures Saturday and send down a column early in the week. I have my misgivings, Mr. Mitchell, as to the financial outcome of the sale—never has picture selling been at a lower ebb. To whisper in

your ear—the —— sale, so I learn from a good source, was nil; not a canvas was sold; all was bid in and returned to Philadelphia. I suspect, too, the —— collection—it is full of dealer's pictures. But I hope for the best in re the L. Collection. Again I apologize for troubling you in my picayune money matters.

Sincerely as ever
JAMES HUNEKER.

P. S. That Romney book, the review which I sent you last week, is the best of its kind that has thus far appeared.

### *To Theodore Presser*

Theodore Presser, president of the Theodore Presser Co., music publishers and importers of Philadelphia, was greatly interested in Mr. Huneker's writings, and published many of his essays, including those which compose his volume "Old Fogy," in The Etude.

The Carrollton
April 20, 1911

DEAR THEODORE:

Enclosed appeared on editorial page Sun last Sunday. I wrote it. It will appear in my "Liszt" book somewhere. (The infernal work will keep me in hot New York all Summer reading proofs.) I send it to you in case you would like to reprint it in The Etude—with my compliments—crediting it to The Sun and to me. The subject matter is free from objectionable insinuations; indeed, while I am not endeavoring to paint Liszt an angel, I don't believe that he was a glorified goat chasing, with horns lowered, every lady goat in Germany. There's been too much of that sort of thing in his biographies. Wagner was thrice as immoral. But Liszt has to bear

the brunt of the game. If you can't use the slip send it back in an envelope. I'll pay the postage freight when my ship comes home—some day!

I'm sorry I couldn't get in last February to see you, but hope that when I next go to Philadelphia I'll catch you. I had the Academy exhibition to "cover," and a show at my brother John's club, The Art Club. "The Old Fogy" is tempting, yet with my daily stint of work on The Sun's editorial page, my weekly department "Seen in the World of Art" not to mention this diabolical "Liszt,"—when could I have a minute for you? I'm sorry. Another point—I miss the stimmung. I go so seldom to concerts or opera. However, I'll talk it over with you, and as I hope to go to Germany about the middle of August—to study North German Art and to attend at least one Liszt Festival (Heidelberg, Oct. 22) I may be able to recapture the old fogy spirit.

With regards and best wishes,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

The Carrollton
April 30, 1911

DEAR MR. MITCHELL

The La Farge volume at hand, for which many thanks. I skimmed it last night; it is a work of *pietät* on the part of Cortissoz, and brilliant and interesting; yet I am not convinced that La Farge was a master! He was too theorized, talked too much—the amateur par excellence. However that will not enter into my review of the book; I'll send down Wednesday or Thursday a column, I don't think it warrants much more.

I hope you are well. I hope you will go away this

year—a new country makes new patterns in one's brain, and my dear Mr. Mitchell does anything endure! Those neurotic filaments which weave for humanity its picture of the external world—which may be something altogether different from our cerebral presentations—are as fickle as the wind. In my declining years, you see, I've become, not a skeptic, but a straddler on the fence of the Perhaps. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on you at the office as soon as I hand to my publishers some 150,000 words of a horrible manuscript concerned with the doings of one, Franz Liszt.

Sincerely As Ever
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward C. Marsh*

The Carrollton
May 14, 1911

DEAR MARSH:

First let me ask your pardon for not answering your letter, and secondly, let me thank you for the Fletcher "Book of Beauty." I haven't had time to read it and I was so upset getting my material ready for that damned Liszt introduction that I did nothing all week except potter at my notes and—incidentally because I had to—write 6 columns for today's Sun—leader in the book page, regular art department, and a column editorial. Yesterday after 6 hours of concentrated agony I finished 6000 words. Only 6000! But 25 years of work behind them. I'm not crying for sympathy but, really, Marsh you ought to buy me a drink for my courage. As the Germans have it—when I see the name of Liszt "it is to puke!" (es ist zum kutzen!) Now, did you say last Saturday or next for that triangular luncheon? I'm

your man for next Sat. at the Brevoort, or the Grand Union, or where you will, and if Ned Z. can be persuaded, all the jollier. Let me know if the date suits you. By the way, now since the incubus is off my chest I'm going at that Pater story for June, sometime, I have 9 out of the 10 volumes, the one I didn't get is "Miscellaneous Studies." But if you can't arrange it let the matter drop.

As Ever JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

The Carrollton
June 1st, 1911

DEAR JOHN:

I am glad to hear from you. And the John criticism of Picasso was very aware—as they say in London æsthetic circles. I've been nowhere, written no one of late—not even James Gregg—as I am on the anxious bench with my *Liszt* book. It was settled yesterday that the first chapter—rather, introduction—is to appear in Scribner's Magazine for Oct. or Nov.; but the chief thing hasn't been pulled-off. I mean my deal with the firm as regards royalties, advance cash &c. I'm hoping if all goes my way we shall be able to go to Germany in August. But here must I remain until I read proofs and that means at least as late as August 15th. Not a pleasing prospect —*quoi?* I write these details (which are burrowing maggot-like in my skull) because I hope to be clear of them all within a week or 10 days and then by Jupiter Tonans I'll be glad to say "yes" to that dinner invitation. So will Mrs. Huneker. I want to look over the Quinn pictures again, anyhow. How does the Manet last? I still crave the "Au Café" (which is in storage here) or that superb Greco, upstairs at Durand-Ruels. Did you buy

the Dowson letters, or that 1st edition of Wilde's Poems —with his dedication to his mother in his handwriting? I told Harzof on 59th St. to send both to you. I'll write next week. And I'm going to hunt J. Gregg up.

As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

My brother, John Huneker, of Philadelphia sailed this morning on the "Cleveland" and I confess I felt homesick for Europe—for good old German beer and cheer.

### *To Frederick James Gregg*

The following essay on Beer, one of the most characteristic things that James Huneker ever wrote, was the result of a visit which he paid, with Frederick James Gregg, to the establishment which is commemorated. It was enclosed as part of a letter to Mr. Gregg who was then one of the editors of The Evening Sun. He asked Huneker for permission to print it as "a letter to the Editor" and it was prepared for that purpose by the writer.

New York,
June 19, 1911.

SIR:

While the political heathen is raging mightily throughout the land let us heed the still small voice of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has dared to say and in a city where lives "Mike the Mouquineer"! that for him the domestic brew is as naught; only in Germany does he sip with joy the amber. Now isn't this a bit arbitrary! I do not speak in defence of American beer, I never drink it, simply because I don't like it; also because it is kept so barbarously cold. Beer is not alone a beverage, beer is food. It must be digested. Fancy taking into your stomach ice-cold soup! Yet that is what the American nation practically does every day and night—it swallows, gulps, absorbs its

beer ice-cold. And in few resorts where imported beer is sold is the stuff kept as it should be. Luckily good (but not old) Dr. Knirim is practicing here the gentle art of serving Pilsner without spoiling the coat of one's stomach. His Pilsner Sanatorium (not many miles away from the cotton and coffee exchanges) boasts a distinguished number of patients, who daily drink at a moderate temperature and also tempo—the Doctor is strict as to tempo, for him always andante—Pilsner that must come from Walhalla, so velvety and mellow and soothing is it. Without a license from the County medical association does this worthy German-American practice the art of curing; indeed, it would do the aforesaid association good to drop in at the "Doctor's" and follow his advice: "don't take pills, take Pilsner." The people with sick nerves, sick stomachs and hob-nail livers are ordered to go on a Pilsner regime. Rheumatic and gouty persons are forbidden wine and spirits, but allowed, in moderation, Pilsner. I remember at Marienbad even the fat man is given his fixed quantity of Pilsner per diem. Eat slowly, drink slowly—Pilsner—and don't cut your throat to spite your thirst! We recommend to Dr. Abbott a *kur* at the famous Pilsner Sanatorium—where the cheese is as wonderful as the beer.

JIM THE PENMAN.

*To W. C. Brownell*

The Carrollton
981 Madison Ave.
July 28, 1911

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

Please don't think that I am so fatuously selfish—all book producers are said to be so—that I can't appreciate your torture during such a summer reading proof. I

have groaned at the picture of you and the numerous pages about Liszt—stupid, hifalutin, inutile. Musical books are always horrible. And the enthusiasms of the 50s—it is appalling. You will, I hope, enjoy your vacation. You deserve it. I only regret that I can't see you before you go, but I suppose you won't be at the 'shop' on Monday and today from 12 to 5 P. M. Therefore I am about to inflict upon you a letter. 1st I didn't know there was to be an index. I loathe indexes. They're for "Iconoclasts." However, if you think it a necessity it "goes." As to the dates: I have finally decided to go, if not the 19th of August, then the 26th. The book is of more importance than my ease. And those pictures! What a job! The cover question is easy in comparison. Therefore I shan't think of the flight into the blue until the last page proof, the pictures, &c are passed upon; indeed, I'll wait a week later for fear of just such questions arising as in the enclosed proof. There was no necessity to change the sentence: "impersonated a part" is assuredly tautological, nevertheless a favorite cliché in dramatic "criticism." I made the change to "assumed the rôle"; and also changed into French, the clumsy German: "le concert c'est moi." It is, at least, more euphonious. Naturally, I'm sorry you're going away, but I'll be content with lesser lights. You've done a lot for the amorphous monster of a book. Oh! while I think of it, I suspected an underestimate. I counted about 140,000 words, though I was by no means sure. If the book is too long why not drop that last chapter, "*Mosaic*"!! It would save a few thousand words. However, that is not much. Another thing, to whom am I to apply for advice &c. when you leave?

For my sins I had to review a new book about Liszt in

this morning's Sun. They are beginning! As for the advance notices of my machine—I get them daily in my press-clippings from over the country.

Yes, Géricault still exists. I saw the *Raft* in 1909, rather a cadaverous affair, but what stolidity! What fougue! I'm only marking time in the art department this summer. Hence the biographical form of the copy. I hope, my dear Mr. Brownell, to see you early December, perhaps late November, in your old accustomed form. I shall write—or discourse, or gossip—about German Art (horrid stuff for the most part) from Cologne to Frankfort, thence to Dresden, Munich, Prague, Vienna, Budapest—at the latter jewel of a city I hope to attend the Liszt Festival Oct. 22nd, 1911—*Eljen!* And write all these things for the suffering Sun. Pray for me; rather *ora pro nobis!*

Sincerely as ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

W. C. Brownell, Esq.

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

Cassel, Germany, den Sep. 27, 1911

DEAR CHARLIE:

We are here since a week because I'm ill and cannot move very well. I'm writing a line—and rotten writing it is—to tell you our plans are all a-sea since I fell and hurt my side in Cöln 10 days ago. We arrived from Bruges at midnight and you know the Cologne station is not well lighted. Then the usual idiotic *Träger* placed carefully a bunch of hand baggage precisely where the passengers alighted from the train, and luckily I was first out and not Mrs. Huneker. A tumble for her might have proved tragic. As it was I had a terrific fall, smashing my ribs against the hasps, locks, knobs, spikes and

other protuberances of the hideous small trunks the damned economical Germans carry into the railway carriages here. I was picked up, a collapsed balloon, the wind knocked clear out of me, and my side—the left stove in, as I thought. I told Jozia afterwards that it was the first time I broke my heart since I met her. At the hotel—a bully one, new, the Excelsior, I was put in a hot bath, then in bed and a doctor sent for.

He was a sensible German and gave me a thorough overhauling. Not a rib broken, no fractures and we hope, *Kein innere verletzung;* but a bad lot of contusions, a nerve lesion, and a bad nervous shock. I couldn't draw a full breath for a week and my left arm is out of business. With difficulty we came down here, the loveliest Summer city in Germany, the air balmy as in Italy and not so noisy as Cologne. The picture gallery is rare. But my plans are off. I can't go to Munich, while Vienna or Budapest are out of the question. I'll go on to Frankfort, stop there a week, then up to Dresden, stopping there, finally Berlin, Hamburg and home. I sleep badly, can't eat and the doctor has forbidden coffee, about the only thing I craved. For once old Pilsner (damn the luck I can't spell it right!*) is not trump of thirst. Good old Doc Ibsen—such is his name—ordered Pilsner. Ordinarily I would have fallen on his neck and embraced him gratefully. But nothing matters, my trip is spoiled, poor Jozia is worn out with anxiety and my wretched irritability—I'm a poor invalid, as you know, and may the devil take the hindmost. However, as these black-blue devils won't last forever, I hope to be in trim when we meet in Berlin next month some time. I think I told you Von Sachs decided that as Budapest was nearer

* The original letter showed several false starts on the word.

Vienna than was Heidelberg he would cover the Lisztfest there Oct. 22nd next for the Sun leaving the latter affair for me. I doubt if after reaching Berlin I can travel down so far again; travel has been very irksome to us this trip. The disappointment of finding Belgium hotter, noisier and with more mosquitoes than New York was climaxed by my stupid mishap. I don't feel well, Karl, and there's no denying I got a rough tumble. The doctor said it would have killed a less burly bull than myself. All's well that end's well. I'm alive and athirst and I'll be more cheerful when I see you both. I reread your letter with pleasure. You could write veritable reminiscences of the old and great days on The Sun when Dana was Lord of the Machine. Why don't you? Regards from the Missus to Mrs. Rosebault.

As Ever JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

Elite-Hotel
(your bill works while you sleep)
Berlin N. W.
Monday Oct. 9, 1911

LIEBER KARL:

I'm very sorry I distressed you both, rather alarmed you; but being a large, fat selfish person hitherto immune from pain—as I fancied—I, naturally, after the manner of such, howled when hurt. But your letters were revelations of kindly feeling and literally consoled me for my pain. I'm deeply obliged for your offer and I am glad you did not come up to Cassel which, lovely as it is—and I can conceive of no finer Summer city—would have been a poor substitute for Vienna (which I don't mind confessing beats Berlin for beauty, comfort and gemüthlichkeit, hands down). We went down to Frankfort and

fell in love with the place—but not the hotel prices. But Darmstadt is only 28 minutes distant and we were lucky enough to see the Holbein Madonna (the so-called Meyer-Holbein) in the Archducal Schloss—the owners being absent. After 10 days we came here and are in this newly renovated hotel (25 mks a day for room & bath!) How long we may stay I can't say for the simple reason that we can't get a steamer just now; every thing loaded to the gunwale. As soon as I can get a cabin off we go—two disappointed folk. I'm at last arrived at my ribs. To hell with them! They are not even fractured. I had a well known authority tell me the truth yesterday —that's why I didn't write at once. He said a contusion was twice as painful as a fracture, and the pain will last for weeks. He ordered cold compresses, without—and within (quite superfluous the latter!) And I'm still suffering in an irritable humor, but able to sit up and take nourishment 3 times 3 daily. I feel better walking so our legs are weary from the trotting over the cold stones of Berlin (what a chilly place it is). I miss Budapest and Heidelberg. Spanuth has just phoned that he goes to the Budapest affair as all the old Liszt pupils will be there. Regarding the "Liszt"—a volume is to reach you this month; but try to get Scribners Magazine for October. I got it here. It contains the introductory chapter and the beautiful head by my Missus. Spanuth has translated the chapter for his Signale. I'll mail it to you. I'm sending this to your hotel as being the quickest. Write me above address for at least a week—say Oct. 17th. We are pleasantly situated in the noisiest part of Berlin. How I regret the alteration of my plans, but what's the use of going to Vienna or Budapest if I can't write, and I can't write, I can't stoop over for more

than a few minutes. Dr. Cohn says it's quite natural; there's some sort of intercostal bruise. But superficial. I'm all right except I had a grouch against Germany in general and that *Träger* in particular. The Missus will tell you of the rich round English oaths that rang out in the midnight of the Kölner bahnhof. And, then, quite inconsistently, I tipped the stupid brute to double what he asked. The Yankees are easy marks. Give my regards to Mrs. Rosebault and thank her for her sympathy. I don't deserve it. Let me know your plans and don't alter your schedule for us. Vienna is pleasanter than Berlin. But if you are coming say when and where.

As Ever JIM

I'll write later if we make any change.

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

Berlin, N. W.
Am Bahnhof Friedrichstr.
Oct. 15, 1911

DEAR CHARLIE

Yours arrived this morning to cheer us and the Tristan and Isolde of Mrs. Rosebault almost made me laugh (I was afraid to let go!) Sorrowful to relate we sail next Sat. Oct. 21st on the "President Lincoln" from Hamburg-Cuxhaven, and glad to get cabins (2 singles). We are homesick and blue, and as I can't write what's the use of staying over, spending money. (I've spent $1200. hard cash since Sept. 26—too much for a poor but honest newspaper man.) Therefore—oh hell, what's the use! It's luck, that's all, and I must grin and bear it. Dr. Cohn at once bandaged me; if it had been done at once I should be well to-day. The Cologne idiot didn't know I was suffering with a bone lesion, and for 3 weeks I went

around taking risks of a compound fracture. I'm mending fast, so fast that we went to London last week and returned in 2 days. *Business*, a *picture*. I didn't get it but I was on the job. Some day I'll tell you *his* name. I'm fagged out and nervous. The doctor says I'll feel the shock for months. My chagrin, the rage of Jozia, are both aggravated by the idea that we can't meet Mrs. Rosebault and you. *Du Glückpilz!* Vienna, a thousand times more genial than this bleak, grey, city of rude Prussians. Phew! I'll be glad to escape. Sore side and all I contrived to see some great pictures (Cassel, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, etc.). I'll write about them when I get better and on my own desk at the Carrollton. Thanks for your generous offer to take my dictation. What a hell you have escaped! I can't dictate. Now, you are to be envied. Budapest, Sofie Menter, Arthur Friedheim and other Liszt pupils and a real Liszt festival. Spanuth says it is to be *the* affair, and not the Heidelberg one.

Charlie, your letters and the letter of Mrs. Rosebault I'll save. They were the only ray of light in a dull month. Thanks again. Regards from both to the Missus. And excuse this scrawl.

As ever

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Dr. C. U. Arieus Kappers*

Dr. Kappers is the head of a famous brain institute of Amsterdam.

The Carrollton
Nov. 13, 1911

DEAR DOCTOR KAPPERS:

On September 20th we were in Köln, Germany, en route for Budapest (the Liszt feier, Oct. 21st) and from

Bruges—where we stopped from Sept. 6th to 21st. And that is as near—5 hours or so—as we were to *you*. But fate in the shape of a nobly stupid Träger intervened, who placed the hand luggage at precisely the spot where I would stumble over it on alighting from the train. I did not fail to do so: ergo: two fractured ribs, three weeks enforced inactivity in Köln, and, naturally, much loud lamenting over my luck, on my part. Mrs. Huneker was, as usual, beautifully patient. Nevertheless, our plans were upset, and we returned here last week after a hard week or so on the stormy ocean. Even there my luck deserted me—it took us 13 days on the big "President Lincoln" (Hamburg-American line, 18000 tons) to reach home. We both regret we didn't go over to the Hague or Amsterdam where I could have taken a *nachkur* among the Rembrandts. Instead we went to charming Cassel (where there are 22 lovely Rembrandts) and so lieber Herr Doktor, that is the history of a painful experience rendered doubly so after the terrific heat of a dry summer. Your books came safely and I thank you for them. As soon as I get back into harness I'll study them. If I can handle any one of the problems *journalistically*—that is, superficially enough to make reading of them for the general public I'll do so, and send you the result (but be merciful to the amateur!) Never again Europe for us *without Holland*. There's no flavor or savor left in the big cities for New Yorkers. We love Holland. Mrs. Huneker joins me in regards.

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

The Carrollton
Nov. 15 1911

DEAR FRIDA

We are just back from Germany and got all your communications, card included. Before we sailed to Antwerp we received your card from Homburg V. H. which I answered at Bruges. Did you get the card I sent from that town? I didn't send any more for the reason that I had a nasty accident in Cöln which laid me up for a month, cut short my trip by 6 weeks and caused me no end of suffering. I stumbled over some hand luggage in the banhof which a fool *Träger* left exactly in front of the train door—we had just arrived from Bruges; I crushed two ribs and lost all further interest in Budapest and Liszt festivals—all of which were in my scheme of travel. We finally got to Cassel and Frankfurt—where we rested; then Berlin, Hamburg, home—after a terribly stormy trip—and here we are sick, sore & sorry—the house in a hell of a condition and the missus busy trying to right matters. I'm better. I ought to be for I had to keep still for 4 long weeks—the first quiet month of my life since I left my mother's lap. How are you? Next month when we are quite settled you must come up. We can fix the date. Thanks for the comical "Rosencavalier" card which I sent to Krehbiel—who may publish it. I can't. I heard the opera twice—?? Not carried away.

As Ever JIM

Mrs. Huneker sends regards.
I hope you like the "Liszt." I don't!

J. H.

### *To Royal Cortissoz*

This note refers to Mr. Cortissoz's review in The New York Tribune of Mr. Huneker's "Franz Liszt."

The Carrollton
Nov. 26, 1911

DEAR ROYAL:

When I read that notice of yesterday it was like looking in a looking glass—I saw my face as it must have appeared the day last August when I read the last page proof!! (Neither guilty nor yet jocular, but a blend of both expressions, with the instinctive bowing of the head of a man who is dodging brickbats from both camps—the *Lisztianer* and the non-*Lisztians*.) Oh wow! God forgive me! I'm obliged for a truthful and sympathetic criticism. You're a brick—as usual!

And now to get into harness again. Hell and Hominy! But I hate work after 3 months loafing (and my ribs in a sling). Hope to see you soon.

As Ever

JIM HUNEKER

## 1912

### *To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
981 Madison Ave. New York City
Feb. 15, 1912

LIEBER KARL:

Mr. Lord wrote me yesterday that as Mr. Carrol had left The Sun there was no one to cover the two big sales at the American Art Galleries and the Fischer sale at the New Anderson Gallery (40th & Madison Ave.) but myself. What to do? I had to write my Sunday copy yesterday (new rule—Thursday now for art stuff) and so today spent patrolling the two shows. Very exhausting. Enormous catalogues, both. Therefore I'm sorry to say that it's a case of business before pleasure, and won't you postpone tomorrow's engagement till a week later—say; because I know you are not free Saturday; and I'm not, as I hope to see Simone at the matinee in "The Return from Jerusalem" at the Hudson, with the Missus. It is not the best, nevertheless a strong Donnay play and with a strong racial theme. How is Mrs. Bright-eyes. You'll see some one down to see her Monday next. I know you'll understand my fit, Charlie! I've kept the C. S. L. letter as a proof that I'm up against it for tomorrow. Just now I'm sawing wood like the rest of the boys downtown. Let me hear from you later.

As Ever, JIM

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

Park-Hotel
Charlottenburg, Berlin Germany Mch. 11 1912

LIEBER KARL:

Thanks for your letter, thanks for the clippings, which came last week. We are here since yesterday after two weeks at the Kaiserhof—the picture of which I enclose as a warning to American millionaires abroad. The present hotel faces the Zoological Garden, in the prettiest, airiest part of town—frei aussicht. We are sick of little, stuffy hotel rooms and now own on the 1st floor a big room with 5 windows, on 3 sides of a square, light, heat, private bath, (and I'm getting a Bechstein *flügel* next week) for about the same price we paid for a little room and bath (4th floor) at the Kaiserhof (really the latter is a 1st class but expensive hotel). I can now pitch in and work hard. I mean to stay, unless something happens, all winter, for Berlin climate is better than London, as changeable as it is. And the music, the plays, the pictures (at the Friedrich-Wilhelm Museum), the new and significant literature—why Berlin has London and Paris skinned to death. But I like Vienna better; for me the Austrian over the Prussian every time. Food is not dear, but the Pilsner is better in Prague and Vienna. Oh dear old Prague! That town took my affections. Wait till you see the Prague article in a certain monthly magazine. My article on the Italian Futurists will appear in the January (1913) Metropolitan Magazine. But my dear boy don't bother sending it to me. I can get a copy here. The trouble with the Krantz, Charlie, was simply this: *poor service*, an overworked waiter, no one in the house, as it was out of season. They charged us 20 kro-

nen for a room, 1st floor (excellent bath room) away at the other end of the house and in the daytime almost dark by reason of a very high building on a side street, and then as they didn't give a damn when I complained about the service we simply got out. The Bristol charged us 20 kr. for a big room on the Ring (3rd floor), cheerful, well lighted and plenty of service. The fashionable tea-swilling and fol-de-rol, of course cut no ice with us. We ate at Meisel and Schadens, at Hartmans, at the Stadt-park restaurant, at Sachers (not *every* day!). The very best meal we had was superbly cooked (*à la francaise*) at the Bristol; but it cost our host 200 mks. for four. The wines were a wonder. And the next best—now don't laugh—was the result of a mistake I made when I crossed the Donau attracted by a big sign across the bridge, "Tonello's Restauration." I supposed, naturally enough, a macaroni-spaghetti-Chianti blow-out, and my old jaws watered. We went upstairs, found an absolutely clean place, with no more Jews (*geschmat*) than you meet in any other Vienna restaurant, and I at once and quite briskly ordered two big portions of spaghetti. The waiter, a melancholy man, evidently a lineal descendant of one of the Jews who hung near Jesus on the cross, replied: "Sir, Pardon. This is a Kosher restaurant." Well, we couldn't leave and I'm glad we didn't for I never in my life tasted such roast goose and knockerl. The secret was not the Hebraic chef but the tiny flavoring of garlic in the sauce—garlic, which is the C major of all flavoring, if people but knew it.

We are homesick. We envy you. You are right, Europe in winter is depressing. But I can't go back till fall. I've all my plans laid and now that my "Chopin" is to appear in March (Georg Müller Verlag, München) I

must stay here and oversee the translation of Frau Lola Lorme, (Schriftstellerin aus Wien.) She is a wonder, as I told you. Of course, we shall meet in London in April or May. I must read proofs of my new Scribner book (March 1913) here—altogether, while New York beckons, Berlin commands. (Mann denkt, der Kutscher lenkt'.) (I'm getting Dutcher every hour.) But Berlin has no such Pilsner as I found in the celebrated old hovel "Reichinberger-Geisel" near the old Greek Church, Vienna. That spot is historic. It's sheer amber delight that Pilsner, a sort of chaste dream!

As ever, JIM

*To Theodore Presser*

At this time Mr. Huneker was contributing to The Etude, a magazine published by Mr. Presser, the series of papers entitled "Old Fogy"—"Old Fogy" being a fictitious individual whose musical observations and reflections and promenades enabled Mr. Huneker to do some of his most amusing and effective satirical writing.

April 22nd 1912
The Carrollton

DEAR THEODORE

Thank you for remembering me, but I fear it will be impossible to accept your kind invitation to the banquet. Apart from the fact that I never made a speech in my life—that is, on my hind legs—I'm too busy at work on my new book, which is due Spring 1913, but must be in publisher's hands before Aug. 1st as I sail then for Europe, to be gone a long time. In the meantime I'm breaking up my household, attending to business and wondering why in hell with all my insectivorous activity I'm such a poor man.

But—I'll be over about end of May and intend bothering you to the extent of a luncheon (with me!) and a

conversation strictly business. How does this proposition appeal: "Old Fogy" goes to Europe after many years' absence; he notes the terrible dissonance of the years when he heard Dussek play (he was a Dussek pupil I believe. Konsult Krehbiel!) and the present appalling condition of keyboard smashing. That and many things, topics (always musical) &c. might be lightly touched for I mean to be in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, London &c. Keep the news of my trip *entre nous*. I'll write later in time to warn you of my visit to Phila. Don't flee!

As ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Lawrence Gilman*

The Carrollton
May 21, 1912

DEAR GILMAN

Here are the proofs; not bad considering. I'm glad to get them now for I go away Friday till Tuesday for a rest—or a Pilsner bath. My nerves are in rags. I'm getting a book ready for Spring 1913, and in it is an article on the very subject [Wagner's love-affair with Mathilde Wesendonck]. First: Erome isn't quite responsible; Ellis is. Both are imbeciles over Wagnerism. Simply quote "Richard Wagner in Zürich" by Hans Bélart. (I have the pamphlet, but in a library of 3000 books, music, periodicals, dust and hell, I can't lay my hands on it just now; but if later I run across [it] you shall have it. It is in German. You can't get the facts in the Wagner-Wesendonck letters. *Cosima* took care of that. Here they are: The day (morning) of August 11th 1858 Minna Wagner went to the Wesendonck Villa and told Otto—the original of *King Marke*, and no doubt as big a bore

—the true state of affairs. What happened later in the day no one can tell, but R. W. left that night for Italy after borrowing money from Jacob Sulzer. Wesendonck when asked why told his intimates that he had asked R. to go. The scandal was all the greater because a musicale had been planned for the Villa, and Liszt being invited arrived on the 20th and to his amazement found his friend not in the vicinity. Mathilde W. wrote in 1859 that Richard had left "voluntarily"! A barber who used to shave me at the Gilsey House 25 years ago was never happier than when retailing the small talk of the time. He had shaved the mighty Richard at Zürich, and knew of the interrupted love affair. He called Wagner a "little bandy legged fresh Jew" ("*frech*" he meant); the "Krummebeine" is an old anecdote; Wagner, so they say, always wore a long cloak to conceal his convex legs. But my dear Gilman, chuck Bélart at their head. He gives chapter & verse, which I can't, though I'm quoting from my story which appeared in The Bookman (?) or Metropolitan, 10 or 12 years ago. It is called "Richard Wagner's Greatest Romance." I'll really have to look up Bélart. But what I write is the gist of the matter.

As Ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Charles J. Rosebault*

The Carrollton
June 16, 1912

DEAR CHARLIE:

Glad to hear from you (could you say that Welsh hotel's name?) and glad to know that you are so jolly well settled (how's that for English idiom?) for the Summer. I envy you. New York is cold, nasty, a British east wind, rare for this time of the year. But I can't get

away, principally on account of my book (all done, but proofs to be read! Hell & damnation!!) and the trouble of tearing everything up from the roots—books to sell, pictures to sell, furniture to give away (it's so old and rotten) &c. But out of here we sail Aug. 17—or 20, surely; that is if the gods permit. Going through my letters I found 2 you gave me, in 1903, one to Harry Chamberlain, the other to Blumenfeld. I suppose if I dilly-dally long enough R. B. will die too; but, really I'm going to see him when I reach London, though, naturally I can't and don't expect to "strike oil" the first year. Besides, for a year I'm not going to kill myself. I want to write a real book, not damnable criticism. Tell Mrs. Brighteyes I was given a pleasant shock by seeing an excellent photograph of her own true self in the Welte-Mignon Co. window on 5th Ave. in company with Fan Bloomfield, Paderewski, Leschetiszky, and other celebrities! Nothing new—Fritz Laffan is back, and The Evening Sun is simply humming with business. The political situation is rank. Uncle Joe Cannon says the difference between Taft and Roosevelt is the difference between a boil and a carbuncle. Take your choice. Jim Gordon Bennett, the "Commodore," is to be here all Summer as The Herald (the daily, not the weekly) needs mending badly. Down to 28,000 daily. Incredible! But I got it from headquarters. The Missus sends regards to both of you. So do I. My "Liszt" continues to "draw" in London. Excellent notices. *Warum?* I give it up.

As Ever

JIM HUNEKER

*To E. E. Ziegler*

Conrad Uhl's Hotel Bristol
Berlin U. D. Linden 5 u. 6 June 17–1912

DEAR NED

Your welcome letter reached me in London but, frankly I was up to my middle in Richard Strauss and his music and did not dare to stop—else sudden death. We are here a week—15 theatres and one *mal* opera. In Paris—11 theatres 2 mal music: London—God, I cannot count London in the 3 weeks. Often twice a day—theatres, music. I have seen and talked with and interviewed etc. etc.: Richard Strauss, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rodin; also Debussy, Huysmans, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, Hans Richter, George Bernard Shaw. Strauss music I heard from "Italia" to "Quixote" & "Heldenleben" — several numbers ("Heldenleben" & "Also Sprach," twice over). What's the use Bill!! What's the use of anything! We had a cosy chat and he has accepted the dedication of the "Liszt"—(This *entre nous*—he is bored to death with life.) In Paris, where I went to write, I accomplished the well-nigh crazy feat of writing 33,000 words from a Thursday night to a Sunday morning (i. e. Monday 3.30 A. M.) Several days I wrote 14 hours at a stretch. How's that for your fat papa! You see it was a case of saving up 3 weeks accumulated impressions, and then—fizz, phew, bang!!

The Missus has enjoyed herself betimes; it was no fun to race across the Channel to Paris for 2 weeks and then back for another week in London for the Strauss festival. Heard Elgar's "Gerontius" at Westminster Cathedral; composer conducted. Good! honest stuff; not original. Strauss has spoiled me. "Don Quixote"—!!! Was kann ich reden? R. S. has a dry wit. He was followed

about by the cockroach —— —I could not get in a word edgeways. Finally I kicked. Won't you have genug from Strauss in New York next Spring—cockroach!?" When we escaped this undertaker, Strauss turned to me and remarked: "Der Herr ——! Wissen was ist ein Wurzel?" "Ja Meister," ich hab replied: "Es ist ein sogennante 'you can't lose me Willy' in English," und wie er hat gelacht—mein Wort! Today Jozia had a distinct bow and salute from the Kaiser unter den Linden. He looks well—and wickedly. I tremble to think what would have been the result if die schöne Amanda had stood in my "rib's" place. Willy might have jumped his cab! Last night Kunzle's "Evangelimann" at the opera. What rot! We go to Vienna in a day; after that Pesth—then the Austrian Tyrol; Salzkammergut until Munich, August—I'm fagged out. I never worked harder in my life. I've sent postals to the boys. Weil was here but has gone. We met Thomas Tapper on the Flushing boat. In London at the second Strauss evening the following well known persons sat in the stalls: Mr. & Mrs. Marc A. Blumenburg, Mr. Otto Floersheim, Mr. Montague Chester, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Wolfsohn, Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Wetzlar, Mr. C. M. Loeffler, Mr. Otto Weil—Ternina—Milka—Fremstad, Olive—Fritz Kreisler and—Beadleston & Woerz, Pachmann, the two MacDowells—E. A. and Missus, Francis Neilson, The Hungrykeirs! etc. etc. The world is a tiny place—after all! As Ever

JIM

G. B. S. was very much pleased with the Sun story—I didn't send it to him. And only today Symons writes me here his pleasure with the story. But in Paris, my

Maeterlinck articles opened every theatre. We were guests at any place we chose to go. In London I am only known as a music critic; but in Paris, which is slightly in advance of the sooty metropolis, I won out on the Sun articles—in a word a man achieves fame and 30 francs a week in one critique only. Ask at Brentano's for the Weekly Critical Review of June 4th. It has 10,000 circulation—and a big list of contributors. Really Bless is getting along. He pays his people, too! Best of all and a joke forever on me he has been decorated by the Académie Française for his translation of my Chopin!! The dedication to Jules Claretie did the business. He is now Officier de l'Académie—wears a purple ribbon and expects next year the Légion d'Honneur! Fancy! What a farce—and I am eating sauerkraut on the banks of the river Spree and on the edge of a table—unknown, unheard, unsung and toujours thirsty. But no fun as yet my boy. There's no racketing over here. Life is mild and even. Again I wish you were—mit!

JIM

### *To Benjamin De Casseres*

Mr. De Casseres had just sent Mr. Huneker the manuscript of "an appreciation" of his work and influence.

The Carrollton
Aug. 1st/12

DEAR BEN

I'm sensible, naturally, of your kindness and all that but—phew! Too tall by half! You must really, my boy, cool off your verbal caloric. Mr. Brownell of Scribners, who admires your verbal virtuosity, thinks as I do —you work at too high pressure, too much rhapsody, and too little reality. Of course, for metaphysics in

poetic prose it's all very appropriate, such gorgeous verbal orchestration. Take pattern after such a thinker as Gaultier—who is much more original than Bergson, and for whom I quite share your admiration—and write more soberly, less fantastically. Coming from me this advice must seem funny, but it is precisely because I went through your period—perhaps not so brilliantly—that I dare venture this criticism. I'm not sure that my advice still fits my own case. But I'm certain you'll take it all in good faith, my impertinent intrusion (to hell with advice, anyhow). Technically my objection is that your treatment of a theme becomes monotonous simply because there are too many "high-lights," too much of the "ultra-violet." Art, like nature, demands shadow; relief from the too insistent sunshine of your personality. But you'll see salvation some day. I like the Strindberg (I had one in Harper's Weekly of last Saturday) and better still I like the story. It's a close study of a morbid conscience—though a little shrill. Now, do me a favor, tear up that "J. H." stuff; it will only make enemies for you and also create the suspicion that I'm using you as a press agent. By the way: I wrote a story in 1900, "The New Sin," which is morbid, decadent, devil-worshipping, hysterical, and if I publish it send me a letter full of hellish prudence and I'll laugh. You must work out your own cure. Be good, or virtuous and you will be bilious.

As Ever Jim

### *To Theodore Presser*

Mr. Huneker had just prepared the "Old Fogy" papers for book publication at the hands of the Theodore Presser Company of Philadelphia, publishers of The Etude. On the title-page of the volume Mr. Huneker's name appears, in furtherance of the satirical scheme, only as author of the introduction.

N. Y. City, Aug. 13, 1912
The Carrollton

DEAR PRESSER:

In another enclosure I'm sending you by registered mail the whole shooting-match of "Old Fogy": the letters in the chapter order I designate by Roman numerals, thus: I, II, III, IV, V, &c, &c. I think no dates will be necessary; and not always the residence need be insisted upon. I'm sending 17, all I could find that have thus far appeared in The Etude; perhaps you can dig out some more in the back files. I'm also sending the two extra ones set down in the bond, and a story of a venerable Centenarian Wonderchild which I wrote in 1888, and which was published during the Josef Hofmann furore. To my notion it will cap off the volume very appropriately—it's grotesque (I use the word as Berlioz did for a volume of his) and will make the chapters no. XX. The introduction is written in a dignified tone—any other would be ineffectual. It's a *blague*, as our French friends say, that will be understood at once. It's signed, of course. The reference to you and The Etude is necessary. The title page and dedicatory pages explain themselves. No tricks on travellers, Theodore! My name may appear as big as you please—but only as the author of the Introduction. Everyone will see through the hole in the millstone.

I don't want 25 free copies; half dozen (6) will suffice, and I hope you will send a review copy to every daily

newspaper in New York. Praise or abuse matters little —the mention of the book is the chief thing.

We sail Aug. 27th but leave this apartment Aug. 24— the Saturday previous. So just send along that $250 cheque here with the contract also as I wish to turn my available cash into a letter of credit. I think you will like the "College of Critics." I've supplied the key for *you*, not for your readers. I've not stepped too hard on any one's toes.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To E. E. Ziegler*

DEAR NED Paris 28 Sep. 1912

Only a line to say how dye do! We stayed in Holland for 10 days—saw all the wonderful Rembrandts, Vermeers, Halses! etc. at Haarlem, the Hague & Amsterdam. One Sat. night at Scheveningen we heard Mengelberg conduct the Lamoreux band; a good programme: Beethoven's 8th—which suited the Frenchmen to perfection; R. Strauss, Don Juan—splendidly read by Mengelberg—and Tschaikowsky's 5th symphony, E minor, my old favorite. Here the Paris players fell off—they did the Valse with a dainty touch but despite M's passion and authority they couldn't catch the dramatic Calmuck color. However Zeeland, Austern and Pilsner consoled me, and the Hague is only 20 minutes away. I adore Holland, but not when it is raining in Little Holland as it did for 10 days without a break. Brussels and Antwerp were better. We went to Bruges, Ghent, Anvers—pictures, burgundy, good Belgian food, rain, oaths and irritability. We were and still are homesick. We are both too old to travel—and money! Herrje!! It costs lots more than in America. Paris where we've been a

week has lost its glamour—with the exception of the Louvre and the beauty of the city. The people one comes in contact with are either bandits or beggars. We go to London next Tuesday; to Stuttgart Oct. 21st. Spanuth wrote where to apply for tickets & hotel etc. So, thanks to him, I've a card to the general Probe for "Ariadne in Naxos," Oct. 24th. I stay in S. 10 days (I've 3 separate stories to write of the great Festwoche) thence to Munich to interview Liebermann the painter, finally to Vienna & Prague (in one story). Where we shall winter can't say yet. But it won't be in foggy old London. We return to London in May—interviewed Henri Bergson and Henri Matisse here, and yesterday wrote 4000 words (lie down Towser! ounce! ounce!) for The Metropolitan Magazine for Dec. or Jan. on the Italian Futurists, whose show I was lucky enough to see at Amsterdam —of all places, Sep. 8th. I enclose a specimen of their "simultaneous states of soul" on one canvas. Look up the story if you will remember; also the Bergson in The Forum for Jan. 1913. I've put your name on the list for the March book (Scribners). Presser brings out the "Old Fogy" (only 50,000 words) but I don't know when. You may see the rot and if you don't you won't miss much. How is everybody? Are you all up from the seashore! Ned, how we envy you your comfortable home and comfortable apartment. These Europeans are uncivilized despite their art and their extravagant politeness (I loathe their jabbering and hat-lifting). We pay 25 frs. a day for a room in this excellent hotel—with private bath. But with all the gilt and marble there is a chill in the place the moment the sun goes behind a cloud. Germany is more comfortable. They shave you with strapped razors and keep the Pilsner O. K. Give

our regards to Suzanne and the girly-girly. We'll stick it for the winter—but home I think in Oct. 1913 (I must write a book Bill. Lie down quaint phrases!). I'll drop you a line from London. Oh, the Manet in the Louvre—that glorious Olympe. It consoles me for the absence of the incomparable "Mona Lisa" (which I hear is not stolen, but safe in the hands of the Louvre people); only it is not the real Da Vinci "Mona." That was stolen over 100 years ago, and for a century and more the world of art etc. has been feasting its eyes on a copy! Es ist zur Lachen! This is only one of a million stories; it's worth while repeating.

As Ever JIM

*To W. C. Brownell*

Hotel Louvois
Paris, Sept. 29, 1912

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

Just a line of greeting with the hope that your Maine trip "fixed" you up in proper fashion. We are here in the centre of old Paris facing the National Library, at the Louvre twice a day and boring ourselves generally with a noisy, dirty, vulgar, yet marvellously beautiful city. On the boulevard I curse this abode of bandits and beggars; in the Bois I bless it. I suppose after two weeks in Holland the change is too great. We loitered in rainy Rotterdam, Amsterdam, moss-grown Delft, La Haye and Haarlem. Again I threw up my hands in despair: Hals! Rembrandt! Vermeer!—and the last is not least. The two new Vermeers (collection "Mynheer Six") at the Rijks are something extraordinary; not the Vermeer of the hard, miniature-like finish, but bold, loose, and big & sonorous coloring—such blues and reds,—and

such human tenderness. Chardin at his best—and yesterday I again saw "La Pourvoyeuse," which is Vermeer in feeling—does not approach Vermeer. I'm going to do a study of the thirty-five known canvases. (The Morgan "Letter" at the Metropolitan Museum, and Widener's "Lady Weighing Pearls" in Philadelphia are *not* on the list, horrible to relate! And in Amsterdam I went—as last—to the Italian Futurist show, which is slowly making its way round the globe. I just finished 4000 words, with suitable illustrations (?) for The Metropolitan Magazine for December or January (1913). So I'll not waste your time telling of the crazy and dynamic stuff. Enclosed is a picture from the Dutch catalogue which is supposed to depict the sensations—optical and purely subjective—of the painter Carrà at a street row over the burial of the anarchist Galli—police and students are banging each other with canes and staves, and banners are whirling every way. It is full of primitive ferocity and enormous rhythmic energy; it is certainly the most striking picture in the gallery, as I think. The color ranges from an arsenical green to a stove pipe sooty black. But I've expatiated at length in the Metropolitan story and I think, I hope, I've been fair. There is talent in the five painters. But they are "literary" "musical" painters, not painters for the sake of pictorial loveliness. I need hardly tell you that the Flemish Primitives enthralled me as ever at Brussels and Antwerp. For me they are thrice as emotional as the Italians of the same period. We go to London next week (sick of travel already) thence to Stuttgart, Oct. 21st for 10 days, to the Richard Strauss festival, then to Munich—where I interview Liebermann and write a story of modern German art; Vienna for The Century, Prague for Scribners (I hope) Dresden—rest and

Pilsner beer, plans for a new book, God knows what else! I've interviewed Henri Bergson and Henri Matisse here and hope to catch Lloyd George (for The Times) by special arrangement, and Joseph Conrad (for Harpers). My quiver is full, Mr. Brownell, and when December comes I'll rejoice. Mrs. Huneker, strange to say, is homesick —the first time in her numerous trips to Europe. But I hope to stick it out for a year; besides there's that writing job awaiting me when I finally settle in London.

As ever sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To E. E. Ziegler*

London, E. C.
Sat. Oct. 19/12

DEAR NED

We've been here over 2 weeks and barring 3 or 4 days of black—literally—fog the weather has been entrancing. But the fog, and the dirty soft coal smoke! Phew! Your linen is Pittsburghed (excuse the verb) in 2 hours. As for the fog, we simply stayed indoors fearful of being lost around the corner. It's a fact. What a magnificent city, lovely parks &c. spoilt by the hellish climate. Winter is impossible—except to an Englishman, and the English are very British, don't you know! We skip for Stuttgart via Flushing—Cologne (lie down broken ribs!) Monday night—a 22 hour trip. Spanuth will be there 24th. A week of Strauss. I tremble, though the joyful anticipation of "Rosencavalier" is in me—the most beautiful of all "comic" operas. Busy is no name here. I spent a glorious day with Joseph Conrad out in his Kent country home. Also the new movement in art—all of interest. I saw Shaw (G. B. S.), Chesterton, Wells,

Arthur Symons—who is quite scarred—Galsworthy, and met a lot of the newspaper crowd, critics etc. They make big money over here—about 40 a week (shillings mind you). I wouldn't take a job here if it paid in pounds; in the end the climate is depressing and while it's cheap for the native the stranger is soaked. I'm at a German hotel, splendid service, rooms, cookery, Pilsener; but—$7 a day for room, bath, breakfast. New York is cheaper. I yearn for Germany where one calculates in marks, not guineas. I visited several of my publishers, Chapman & Hall (who printed Dickens' works, also The Fortnightly); Werner Laurie, Heinemann etc. and got some of the English editions. They are splendidly printed in comparison with the New York books, but the buildings of these publishers! Old, small, dingy, smelly! How do they manage to transact business. I haven't seen Chilton. Hope to next Spring. I sha'n't return here before May although Mr. McFadden expects to see me in Dec. Ned, if you see any story of mine in The Times (Sunday magazine) do be a nice boy and send it to me.

As Ever JIM

*To E. E. Ziegler*

Hello Bill! Stuttgart, Oct. 31, 1912.

A week of R. Strauss and still I crave more. New York has yet to hear authentic performances of "Salome" or "Electra"—not to mention "Feuersnot," "Rosencavalier" & "Ariadne." (The latter didn't pan out; *a mélange* of styles and a weak book.) But the "Electra" of Campanini was a farce as far as reading, though never have I read or seen the equal of Mazarin. Olive F. [Fremstad] sang "Salome" wonderfully, here

they act & dance it. Garden gave a perverted version —not in the least like the "Salome" here or elsewhere in Germany. Strauss conducted all his works save "Feuersnot" (Schillings did that—he can't hold a candle to Hertz) and at last I understood "Electra"—especially with Anna Mildenberg as *Clytemnestra*—a marvel, and what a totally different character from the idiotic *Doria* reading. We are fagged out—I with writing, the Missus from travel. On to Munich & Liebermann

As Ever JIM

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

DEAR MR. MITCHELL Wien, Austria, Nov. 17, 1912

Your very charming letter of Oct. 27, reached me here. Naturally we are both glad to hear from you and Mrs. Mitchell. Now I know why I couldn't see you before I sailed. I was informed "down stairs" that you were "out west." But "down stairs" is alike in all newspaper offices. I am undergoing and with decided ill effects another of those breathless scampers through Holland and Germany not unlike the experiences of 1903 and 1909 but with a difference; i. e. I'm not enjoying myself. I'm suffering from nervous indigestion. Mrs. Huneker is homesick and we are both played out. Some years ago you sounded for me a gentle note of warning in regard to European travel. Well the time has arrived with a vengeance. I'm not yet 53 but I am weary of the whole shooting match. Too many pictures, too much music, too much hustling, too many hotels, cities, railways and inhuman persons. If I were not under verbal contract I'd chuck my "further plan" and rush to American soil. But I'm in too deep now to stop. I've interviewed Lloyd

George (N. Y. World) Joseph Conrad (Times) Matisse (Times) the Futurists (Metropolitan Magazine) Richard Strauss (the same) also for The Times; and I must write specials on Vienna (Century Magazine) and Prague for Scribners; not to mention articles on Modern German art (which I abominate) and one on Vermeer (I've seen every Vermeer in existence—even the one down in Budapesth). And that new book Mr. Mitchell! Will I ever write it or shall I continue to paste up newspaper and magazine articles as heretofore. In March you will receive, I hope, one of the latter, and I also hope it may prove more amusing than my Liszt book. I "landed" in Munich last week my first German publisher, no less a celebrity (in his own country) than George Müller of Munich and Leipsic. In the Spring I'll see my "Chopin" in the German tongue (and wonderfully translated by a Vienna lady). What's more, the good man pays down hard cash 20 percent, for the sole rights in Germany. If the sale is good, the "Chopin" is to be followed by all of my books—coals to Newcastle in my opinion, for I owe much to German culture; therefore why translate me into German? However my translator thinks differently and at least 3 editions are expected for each book. I'll not grow rich though I confess I'm pleased. Anyhow the trip here is well worth while. Now my dear Mr. Mitchell let me stop all this self-trumpeting and tell you that before I left Mr. Reick was kind enough to tell me that he didn't consider me as "leaving The Sun, but only on a vacation." I then asked him if I could write some specials for The Sun and he told me to look up Luby in London. When I got to London I was informed at the Savage Club that Mr. Luby had returned to America to follow Mr. McCloy in the direction of the E. S. (Evening

Sun). So I only did what was right according to my own light, when I sold some interviews to The Times. (You may remember in 1906–7 I wrote for both The Sun & Times). I wish I could write some "side-editorials"—as they call them in London—for you, and at the new rates ($15 a col.) an extravagant price when compared to the rates in London. Oh! what a poor thing is journalism in London. Do you know the highest priced editor (I shan't tell his name) only gets 1500 pounds a year and he directs a big daily and a Sunday paper!! What do you think? Where I shall winter I can't say; possibly in a sanitarium for "nerves" if this travel continues, not to mention the increasing outgo of cash and the difficulty to persuade American editors of magazines that Europe is not as cheap as it was. Mrs. Huneker begs to be remembered to Mrs. Mitchell and to you. Please put my name in the pot! By the way, we met in London and now in Vienna a cousin of yours from Minneapolis who has just married James Bell, an old friend of my brother John: Mr. Bell as you may know is one of the two magnates of the flour world. Pillsbury being the other. He is a good man and Mrs. Bell is very sympathetic. She spoke of you often.

Sincerely as ever

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To W. C. Brownell*

When this was written Mr. Huneker was selecting, with the advice of Mr. Brownell, the material for his volume, "The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments."

Hotel Atlantic
Berlin, Dec. 12, 1912

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

Enclosed the newly renovated Chapter 6. You may note that I've added 2 new pages—a few thousand words

from my story in The Sunday Times of Nov. 14. The addition tops off the Matisse I think. I had hoped to add also a story of the Italian Futurists but as that is not to appear till Jan. in The Metropolitan Magazine I couldn't wait for it; as it is, I hope this isn't too late. To offset the newly added matter remove the last page 7 of the Matisse story dealing with Toulouse-Lautrec; or, better still, amputate entirely the section of the chapter "Certain American Painters" which concerns William M. Chase—that is if the inclusion of the new matter makes any serious addition to the size of the volume. But I'd prefer the Chase story to be expunged rather than leave out the more vital, not to say, fresher material of Matisse and the latest post-impressionists at the Grafton. And please Mr. Brownell, *do not* remove the chapter on the McFadden English masters, or the chapter on A. B. Davies. After seeing the new men my respect for Davies is augmented. Still here in gray Berlin where there are such wonderful pictures (old) in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. Two marvelous Vermeers—I'm quite Vermeer-mad and I think I've seen about 30 out of the authentic 34 (of course, there are about 40, but a jealous expert only allows 34). I'm writing a story on the theme, which may interest you when it appears some Sunday. Dresden was again an eye-refresher. Such a Rembrandt as the "Young Saskia" and two Vermeers—"La Liseuse"—and "La Courtisane"—oh! I haunted the gallery.

We may winter here or go to England. Joseph Conrad and Symons wish us to live out in Kent—Wells also (they are all hard by) but I've so much newspaper and magazine work to get through with that I'll finish it here. In January I hope to begin that infernal new book—and

I also hope you will like it. Only about 90,000 words, straight narrative and not a trace of mucilage in a single chapter. For 10 years I dreamed of it and now it seems thin, insipid, stale—like the fumes of a far off carouse. So go the dreams of a too heady youth. Are you feeling well my dear friend? *We* are not. Homesick! My address is as ever, B. S. & Co., London.

With regards,

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1913

### *To Charles J. Rosebault*

Park Hotel,
Charlottenburg, January 26, 1913.

DEAR CHARLES:

Last night Mrs. Huneker dreamed of Mrs. Rosebault. No use, I said, I owe her good man a letter, so here is its apology. As my inky volcano has been again in eruption, spouting slag, lava, scoriæ, mud and brickbats (see The Times) my writing is so much to the worse, especially as I had a grand piano here in our big room (what a charming hotel, just opposite the Zoo) and my old stiff fingers are beginning to relax with the aid of Bach and Tausig. Heard d'Albert play the other night—audience 2000, delirious. Such playing—a smear, a blur, 1000000 dropped notes, rotten rhythms &c. but the whole like something elemental, an earthquake, a tornado, a collision of planets, the sun in a conflagration. Since Rubinstein! I stood on my chair to yell with the rest (I was really standing on my head.) Piano playing pays here. America is not the only land of dollars. I paid 20 marks for 2 wretched seats at the Philharmonic. What a genius at the keyboard. His own music is a clever quilt of other men's ideas. *Oh d'Albert!!* Never shall I forget that dwarf-giant, that Kobold—demi-god!

As Ever JIM.

### *To John Quinn*

Charlottenburg, Germany, Feb. 18, 1913

DEAR JOHN:

Enclosed is a photo card of the Friesz nude, of which I wrote. It is half-life size and is on view in a Secession

show here in Berlin. It is evidently under the Cézanne influence and is ugly, powerfully modelled and from its title—a semi-ironical one I suspect—is the very veracious portrait of a professional model. I confess that I wouldn't give the lady house room—nevertheless the canvas is of a bulk, and vitality. The price asked is preposterous—2000 marks (just $500) but I was given to understand that after the exhibition closes March 31st it may be bought for much less. I'll begin by offering $100 (dollars); that's about what it is worth to me—and perhaps I may get it for $350 or $400; i. e. if I want it, and at present I don't. I haven't been to the Galleries since I wrote you and for all I know the picture may be sold but I have my doubts. Germans don't spend money recklessly. Friesz is a good man even if I don't admire him. This picture was shown in the Grand Palais last Sept. (I wrote of in The New York Times). By the way, how do you like the articles now; the Vermeer? In the early part of March I'll have a careful study of a remarkable playwright Frank Wedekind. Do look at it. Yes, James Gregg actually wrote me—10 lines. I was transported. You must make a brave showing at the big armory show. And I wonder if anyone remembers nowadays that I was the first man to write in America about Cézanne and Gauguin (The Sun 1907, and the article on C. reproduced 3 years later in "Promenades")?? It doesn't pay to play the part of a *premature* prophet in any country. I'm reading proofs here of my new book. I'll send you a copy.

With regards,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Benjamin de Casseres*

Charlottenburg, Berlin, den March, 8, 1913

LIEBER BEN—

Glad to hear things are moving with you. You are also in the "Pathos"* (the most personal book I've thus far attempted—wait for a horror in 1915). Haven't seen Metropolitan for March. The Futurists are fakers, Marinetti a megaphone—a bladder. Don't waste good grey matter, cortical cells on such charlatans. My Bergson is overdue in The Forum. But I'm so far from the Bowery! Read the Mirror Article with unusual interest. Why? Because it's sane, solid, not glancing, verbal rainbows. I'm for the sane life—sauerkraut and sleep.

JIM.

### *To Charles J. Rosebault*

Park-Hotel
Charlottenburg, Berlin Germany March 12, 1913

DEAR CARL:

Glad to hear you are contemplating a trip to Spain—try to get to Seville first, though you will be too late for the interesting Easter services, as the festival falls so early this year. But Seville and Cordova (not to mention the Alhambra) and Toledo are worthwhile. Don't miss *Toledo*—its the most original city in Europe with the sole exception of Prague. Madrid is mediocre—save the Prado gallery. Go to *Hotel Ingles* in Madrid. Otherwise, at the Ritz or Palace, you will have to pay by the nose. For 50 francs a day *for both* you get board as well as a big room. Eating out is not indulged in at Madrid as the hotel cooking is the better; besides cafés are not nice, not always clean and few waiters speak English. We found the *Ingles* excellent. W. M. Chase the painter

* "The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments."

always goes there. 50 pesetas (francs) is not too much, wine inclusive. If Signor Gomez is manager as he was in 1909 mention Chase's name; mine he has probably forgotten. Go to Paris via Hendaye on the *luxe* train—26 hours from Madrid to Paris. It's the only way and it's damnably dear; other trains are crawlers, dirty, smoky, station food rotten. (Look out for lice and bed bugs!) If you tell me you have been in Spain and missed Toledo I'll cut you dead. The Alhambra is all very well but it's gimcrack operatic compared with the rugged Toledo.

Now Charles, on receipt of this drop me a line, on a postal if you choose, to tell me where I shall send you my new book due to be published about the middle or end of April. It's called "The Pathos of Distance" (i. e. distance lends enchantment to the view) and is of course a phrase of Nietzsche's. The book is very personal. And various—mixed pickles. Don't write here again as we may go soon to Brussels; thence Ireland—a comparatively unexploited country from the newspaper point of view. I'm reading galley proofs of my book—4000 miles away from the printer—hardly a satisfactory thing. Also —my German "Chopin" (to appear May, Georg Müller Verlag, Munich & Leipsic) is bothering me. Proofs in German! They call them *Bogen*. Wow! But as Müller is one of the 'livest' publishers here I must be careful. The "Chopin" *may sell*—think of that. Keep the matter dark. I won't be certain till the book appears. The Saturday Review people wrote me to New York making an offer (thanks to the offices of Runciman the music critic) but I'll think it over seriously. I'm tired of newspapering. Your news column was very interesting. So Chester Lord has left The Sun. It's like "Hamlet" with-

out *Hamlet*. How does the paper look and read. Do you ever see my Times stuff? How is it liked by Dithmar and the office folks? No one to tell me over here except my press-clipping bureau and to judge by the numerous clippings the articles must be read, they are so frequently quoted. If they printed the Frank Wedekind story I do hope you read it. It cost me sweat. W. is a remarkable man and dramatist. "Frühlings Erwachen" is heart-rending and the other one-act pieces—bully! He is thrice as original as Sudermann. And witty. And devilish. A scandal breaker. We saw and heard and talked with Arthur Nikisch at the last Philharmonic concert. A great man indeed but his Berlin band is mediocre compared with the glorious Vienna Philharmonic. Opera poor here, much bad piano playing. We shall be glad to leave if only to escape the German cuisine—heavy, flavorless after Austria. Oh for a cup of Vienna coffee. I've written my Prague and Vienna stories (illustrated) but when they will appear I can't say. In The Metropolitan Magazine for March I pay my respects to the Italian Futurists (also illustrated). My Bergson article is due in the March or April Forum. Tell Ben we saw the new Herman Bahr play "Das Prinzip" with Elsa Lehmann as the cook. It's not a second "Concert" as it has only one act—the 2nd—that would go in America; but Lehmann! A woman who stabs your entrails with pity when she plays *Rose Bernd* (Hauptmann) and is so comical as a Viennese cook who adores waltzing—what versatility! The kitchen scene is a novel setting; otherwise I can't see the piece in English unless violently dislocated.

Pardon this rigmarole. I'm practising 2 hours daily on a fairly bad German "grand"—nothing but Handel

(the G Minor fuga) Schumann (The Toccata) and the C major study of Rubinstein. I'm seriously studying tone-production (spiel mit Gewicht is the war cry nowadays) and trying to shake off my Parisian staccato touch. Vergeblich! Regards to Mrs. Rosebault from both. When shall we 4 meet again—at Pagani's or Odone's? We will be in London from May 1st on.

As Ever,
JIM.

### *To John Quinn*

The picture referred to in the following letter was a painting by the French artist Auguste Chabaud, which was exhibited in London, entitled "Sheep Returning to Pasture After Rain," and which Mr. Quinn bought upon James Huneker's recommendation.

Park Hotel,
DEAR JOHN Charlottenburg, den Mar. 13 1913.

Enclosed catalogue I found in my things. It may show you that Chabaud is not altogether an unknown over here. One thing is certain—his work is bound to appreciate. He is, I hear, careless about money matters, but he will get over that. His pictures were too cheap. I'll hold to my word and if I have the money and if I return —it's not so damned certain that I will—I'll buy the sheep back from you. My business acumen as an amateur picture dealer has caused much subdued merriment within the bosom of the family. I am called at various times: "Old Chabaud," or worse. It is too much. However your letter relieved me because you were so generous in that other sale and I'm hoping that the stuff will be worth triple what you paid for it in a year or so.

As to the MSS., I suppose you are right. They must have cost a lot. Keep my little "Chopin" for sentiment's

sake, that is, unless you can get solid gold for it—and I have my doubts.*

I sent James Gregg the account of the show that appeared in the Paris Herald (copied from the N. Y. edition). I've yet to see his introduction to the catalogue. Thanks for the clipping from the E. Post. Spingarn has the socialism bug—why Morgan, why Widener!! How I regret you didn't go to Holland last Sept. Until you know the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam and see Frans Hals in all his glory at Haarlem you won't appreciate *modern* art. There are no painters today—all imitators. However as Wells says, "better plunder than paralysis." Do look at The Metropolitan Magazine for March. It has a little study (superficial and hastily written) of the "Italian Futurists." And my H. Bergson is due in The Forum for March and April. I've just finished the proof of my new book and I hope you will like it better than I do. One thing—it's very personal, too much "ego" in my carcass, and I've been told by so many reviewers that I should put more of "myself" in my work (as if that were possible) that I let her rip, so you will find cheek by jowl the account of a big spree I had in Paris in 1896 in company with some young fellows who are since become famous as poets, painters, musicians, architects, and studies of Synge and an attack on Bergson. *Olla podrida!* as they call a mixed stew of vegetables, brickbats, meat and horse dung, in Spain.

Won't you be coming over this summer? Wherever you elect we shall *this time* meet you. And Augustus John! What is his genuine address or is he only a myth? I want to "do" him and perhaps introduce him to some

*The catalogue to the International Exhibition of Modern Art, commonly called "The Armory Show."

"right" people, with boodle to spend in pictures. We go to Dublin in May. I'll hunt up Hugh Lane as I expect to write a Grafton Gallery story. "A. E." I'd like to meet.

I congratulate on the the various Puvises. The one man except Vermeer who will be as scarce in the future as honesty among politicians. You are certainly going it. Now pray don't bother writing in a hurry as much as *we* enjoy your letters. You must be horribly busy.

I'm going over to London now as I have a full-fledged law suit on my hands—a piffling case of violation of international copyright in a translation inadvertently used, and so my publishers in London, Chapman & Hall, have sent for me. I have my own solicitor—really John I'm getting on in life! It won't amount to much though its damned annoying. Don't mention it even to Gregg, for the present. I only wish it were New York. You would have made quick work of what is obviously a hold-up. Oh the stupid English! I wish you might see my English edition, nine volumes long, various publishers. It puts to shame American book-making because of its tasteful binding, light-weight paper and general solidity. I'm gradually collecting the entire set, all of them still in the market since 1899. (T. Werner Laurie has published 5 out of the 9.)

I'm glad you like the "Frank Wedekind." It cost me lots of bother, many evenings in theatres and a visit to Munich to see the extraordinary man (where by the way his publisher Georg Müller is to bring out my "Chopin" in German).

Drop me a line later. I use your letters to club the conscience of the recalcitrant Gregg. Let us meet in Holland or Belgium in Sep. Fetch James G. along. A

dose of Memlings and Van Eycks at Bruges might purge his vision of the horrible painting of today.

Mrs. Huneker sends her regards to you. So do I.

As ever

JIM

*To Edward C. Marsh*

"The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments" had just been published when this letter was written. "How Widor Played at St. Sulpice" is one of its papers and because of sheer excellence Mr. Brownell had urged its inclusion in the volume in spite of the point that Mr. Huneker makes.

"My Quarter of an Hour in Vienna" refers to a "Vortrags-Abend" (music and reading) at the Kleiner Beethoven-Saal in Vienna: Mr. Huneker's "Musik und Wort" was the subject of one number on the programme, and a reading was given by Lonta Harrel, an actress, of "Das Vaterunser in B Dur," a translation by Lola Lorme of Mr. Huneker's story, "The Lord's Prayer in B," which leads the short stories in "Melomaniacs."

C/o Brown, Shipley & Co.
123 Pall Mall
London, W.C. April 1913

DEAR MARSH:

I'm glad you like the title; it has aroused a lot of curiosity which I fear the inside of the machine will not allay. For example, what has that 1896 racket in Paris (see "How Widor played at St. Sulpice") to do with "pathos"? Yet Mr. Brownell was positively obstinate in his insistence that the story be retained—rather remarkable for such a purist as B. isn't it? It's the simple narrative of a simple "spree," and by the way the crowd all became well known later. We are here since weeks, bored to death with hotels, living in trunks and at the huge draw on my fast ebbing funds. We may go somewhere in Surrey and retrench or, *best of all*, we may return. Homesick!! Oh horribly so. I'm not only an

American, I'm a rabid Yankee, worse still I'm a born Philadelphian. I'm sick of noises, sick of foreign tongues, sick of strange faces, sick of cosmopolitanism—galling admission. I had rather be a fried oyster in Philadelphia than the Lord Mayor of London.

Yes, I've seen everybody save Masefield and only missed him at the Savage Club the other night. Wells is a decent chap, so is Chesterton. Any quantity of invitations—an offer to write on the *Saturday*—but what rates they pay! A $4 a col. reporter in N. Y. would turn up his nose at the prices paid crack newspaper writers. John Garvin editor of The Pall Mall is a strong man here, but take it by and large, Joseph Conrad is the most lovable of the lot. I simply admire him as man and artist. G. B. S. [George Bernard Shaw] is rich and waxes pompous. I've not run across him. You may see by the May Bookbuyer* that I've had my little quarter of an hour in Vienna. It is so. I've saved the programme as a souvenir. My "Chopin" appears soon in German. Drop me a line Edward Marsh when you have time (And excuse the rhyme). Mrs. Huneker asks to be remembered.

As Ever, JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

London E. C.
May 27, 1913.

DEAR FRIDA

On our arrival here from Belgium (I had to visit the Ghent Austellung) I found your welcome letter. Glad to know you are well. We are not. Six (6) months in Germany, heavy cuisine, bad singing, above all bad air in the concert rooms and theatres has used us up; and now London is sweltering at 85° and muggy at that. Really

* A literary magazine published at this time by Charles Scribner's Sons.

I long for Manhattan swept by ocean breezes! Melba & Caruso are packing Covent Garden. Yes, I take much interest in music. Evidently you haven't been reading the Sunday Times (N. Y.) since last November. For months I had a weekly page on music, art & literature in Germany, Vienna & elsewhere. (Strauss, "Ariadne in Naxos," &c.) I'm sorry you missed them. Also—I sent a copy of my new spring book to your new address. Did you get it? It may interest you, especially several chapters, as it is largely reminiscent. Send for it as it is surely at your home. Our plans are in the air. We are both sick of travel, the Missus tired of living in trunks and I long for my library (stored now in Brooklyn, alas!) We may go back soon, Europe for 3 months; not Europe to live in. The air is stuffy (except in Switzerland) and life is Slow (except in Berlin the Chicago of the continent) I'll send you a clipping soon of a Berlin music article of mine which will make you smile. Jozia sends regards and I send my love (Still the old love Frida!) Now *honestly* didn't *we* meet too late? Poor dear old Arthur Ashforth, peace to his ashes, I often think of him and you in 1888—so long ago, nevertheless dearer to my memory than yesterday.

With renewed love

JIM

*To Mrs. Emma Eames*

London, June 21st, 1913

MY DEAR MRS. EAMES:

I was very glad to read your kind and too flattering letter here this morning—forwarded by my publishers. The last time I saw you was a cold day in January 1912 in front of the Savoy Hotel, New York and you looked, so it seemed to me, extremely well. That superb stag-

like head and brilliant eyes were still there. I've thought of you since—and always with the regret of a man who has missed something infinitely sweet and precious, yet cannot exactly define it in precise words. Hélas! 1895 seems a long way off. And if you should ever take up a copy of Rossetti's poems you will find a little sonnet of his that frames my state of mind—it's called "Vain Virtues" I think, and it may suit a man as well as a woman. We have been in Europe for a year—in Berlin for six months; also Austria and France. I've been overlooking the German translation of my books beginning with "Chopin." Bored to death! I hate rereading my rubbish. Also—as the Germans say—I was given an evening in Vienna last Dec. for the public reading of some of my short stories (of all things in German). Thanks be to the gods I wasn't present. I can't get to Paris again for some time, so I shan't be able to see Emma Eames (I still refuse to change her name). I'm sure she is still the delightful woman and great *artiste* she ever was. Age will never stale her variety. But I'm aweary of Europe—I'm more of a Yankee than I believed. I like New York better than London and Dublin better than either; old, easy going Dublin down at the heels but happy.

Bonci for me! I've been writing since Nov. last for the Sunday Times (N. Y.) and even at the first performance of "Ariadne in Naxos" at Stuttgart, Oct. 24, 1912, the Strauss mélange. It's pretty weak; the famous coloratura aria, going to high F sharp, is a supreme parody of Rossini, Mozart and Meyerbeer, not to mention Gounod and A. Thomas. Indeed, the work sounds like a parody of Wagner and Strauss himself. Opera in Berlin —vile; in Vienna, old-fashioned, in London, impossible.

My steady address is C/o Brown Brothers, Bankers, 59 Wall Street, New York City, U. S. A. But I hope to be in N. Y. again some day and to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

As Ever Sincerely,
JAMES HUNEKER.

*To Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers*

Utrecht, Holland, Sept. 16, 1913

DEAR DR. KAPPERS:

It seemed strange to read your very interesting letter (what idiomatic and fluent English you write!) down here in Utrecht. We have been living over a year in Europe (I had to stay 6 months in Berlin last winter editing the German translation of my "Chopin," the first of the series that is to appear in Munich) and I am writing for The New York Times about the new books, new plays, music &c. in Europe. We were in New York last August for a few weeks but the heat and mosquitoes drove us to Holland where I had to attend the opening of the Vrederpaten at the Haag (that glorious humbug "*Peace!*") In Amsterdam where we stopped off to see the E. N. T. O. S. our lives were tormented by the very things that made New York impossible, i. e. the heat and the diabolical mosquitoes. Fearful pests! So after going to Zandvoort from Haarlem every afternoon for a week we came down here to sleep. We sleep. We rest. A lovely little town where I can work at peace.

Now, your letter was a surprise and I hasten to answer it but not in detail. I only want to ask one question. *When* and *where?* For we must all meet again and for an afternoon *and* an evening. Couldn't you come here

next Sunday for 1 o'clock luncheon, spend the afternoon walking and talking, take dinner at 7 or 7:30 and then talk and drink beer and you would still reach Vondelpark (and its million mosquitoes, Mücken!) before midnight. Or, if you can't come Sunday what day could you come? How about Saturday? And if you can't come why then *we* could easily go up to Amsterdam (we know Holland as we know home) and meet you—but *you* are to be *our* guest no matter whether in Utrecht, Amsterdam or—Broek. Do write me a line my dear friend and arrange a meeting. Mrs. Huneker wishes to renew her agreeable acquaintance and so do I. Anyhow arrange matters to suit your convenience as you are busy and I am not, i. e., I can always put off my work. Furthermore we stay for at least 2 weeks more but the sooner the better for our meeting. We might meet at the Hotel American on the Leidische plein, in the café—that is, if you can't come to Utrecht. I particularly want to speak to you about Sir Oliver Lodge's speech at the British Association, London on "materialism," and also of DeVries and Schopenhauer.

As ever with kindest regards

JAMES HUNEKER.

*To Doctor C. U. Ariens Kappers*

Utrecht, Holland, Sep 18, 1913

DEAR DOCTOR KAPPERS:

It's good news to know that you will be with us next Sunday, although we could just as easily come up to Amsterdam. But I promise you that we shall avail ourselves of your invitation to visit the Institute. A fast train leaves the Central Station, Amsterdam, at 12:25 P. M. reaching here at 1:15 P. M. That would make

luncheon 1:30. This train passes the Weespen-Poort station at 12:45 or thereabouts. It is the train that brought us here. I'll be at the station, here, to meet you, not because you might get lost (?) but for the pleasure of seeing you sooner. I didn't keep the English paper that contained Sir Oliver's retrogressive Birmingham speech but I remember not *only* the gist but even some sentences of it. I'm sorry I haven't the paper. I want to show you Prof. H. V. Buttel-Reepen's book (if you haven't seen it, but you must) with its reproduction of the Smith Woodward Peltdown Skull (Eoanthropus Dawsoni) and ask a few questions. Woman like, Mrs. Huneker suggests that there may be a Madame Kappers —we haven't met since 1909—and that's time enough to get a wife! If so couldn't you bring her with you? If there is, pardon my carelessness in not thinking of it before. If I don't hear from you to the contrary I'll be at the station here at 1:15 P. M. next Sunday to greet you.

Sincerely As Ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Doctor C. U. Ariens Kappers*

Utrecht, Holland, Oct. 2, 1913

DEAR DOCTOR KAPPERS:

Thanks for the pamphlet and picture and for your letter. We were disappointed to learn that you could not come over next Saturday till 5:30, but must be content with even such a short visit. Not knowing the train I'll not go over for you—unless the portier is able to make an approximate. In that case I'll be at the station. I've got through much of the De Vries pamphlet* but at the close there are several pages I'll have to trouble you

* A paper by Hugo de Vries on Mutation.

to interpret for me. He is a very modest man, always speaking more of Linnæus, Darwin and others than himself.

Again with thanks

I am sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

Mrs. Huneker wishes to be remembered.

*To Doctor C. U. Ariens Kappers*

Utrecht, Wed. Oct. 8, 1913

DEAR DR. KAPPERS:

We both thank you for your letter and hope to answer it in person in 1914. You certainly do write wonderful English (and no doubt German, French and Italian).

Thank you for your trouble *in re* the photograph,* the one, the reproduction I mean, will do I hope. Too bad you had all the bother for nothing. We go from here as soon as I finish that article, but I've been delayed by a depressing cold, the result of the weather. I expect to get done tomorrow, then off to Brussels. I find I must be in London not later than the 18th or 19th inst. and that will cut my visit to Belgium short. In this mail under another cover I'm sending you The Smart Set with that funny story of Eugenics; also an article by Mencken (an American critic living in Baltimore) on American *Freedom!* (I've marked the page.) In it you will learn some disagreeable truths about us.

When my two (2) volumes of short stories reach you—this month some time—read in the first volume "Melomaniacs" (the stories therein were written 20 years ago, the book appearing in 1902) the first story, "The Lord's Prayer in B." It is a study, the outcome of a neuralgic

* A photograph of Hugo de Vries.

attack in 1896, when I heard one tone, *B.* (middle of piano) and the idea that a person could be tortured to death came to me. This story is in French, German and Italian. In the volume called "Visionaries" the story "The Third Kingdom" will please you best I know. Pardon all this personalia, I wanted to save you the bother of reading all the fiction.

Mrs. Huneker sends regards as do I. With renewed thanks,

As Ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

Dekeyser's Royal Hotel, Ltd.
Victoria Embankment,
London, E. C.
Dec. 8, 1913.

DEAR JOHN:

Since I've been here I've seen everybody except G. Moore. Hugh Lane—at whose house I was last week—tells me he is going to New York soon and that he has an axe in pickle for you; i. e. you stole a march on the John panels! He is unhappy over it. He's a good fellow. Oscar Wilde's son (Mr. Holland) took us to 100 Cheyne Walk—meaning McFadden and me. I saw some fine pictures but learned to my disgust—damn the Irish!—that the Harcourt St. Gallery is to be closed, the collection dispersed and the two magnificent Manets to go—perhaps—to the National Gallery, London. Isn't that horrible news? And all on account of the Murphy—who failed Parnell. No wonder we all admire Jim Larkin. Enclosed may interest you. Pass it on to James Gregg—he would insist that I *must* write for the *Saturday;* while here in London nobody reads it or quotes it.

What's doing with *the* scheme? Nothing doing here!!

I can't manage the financial end. However, I don't care much. I'm reading Lever—after a big dose of Shaw, Galsworthy, &c., and I'm back to 1860. Went to the George Brandes banquet, and will go to meet Anatole France.

London is horrible—fog, gloom, bad cookery and for the most part uninteresting people. I hope to meet the Meynells—Wilfred and Everard, on Tuesday.

Rhoda Symons is in "Joseph and his Brethren" with Tree and Maxine Elliott (i. e. she is in the mob. Poor Arthur!)

You've read James Stephens, of course, "The Crock of Gold." But don't miss the first half of "Here Are Ladies." He is the real thing, like young Compton MacKenzie of "Carnival" and "Sinester Street" fame.

Otherwise, John, I'm aweary. Too many pictures—I've seen about 45 Johns (and he is *the* only thing in art here; Orpen is not in it with him) and plays. Shakespeare, as you say, is wearing; so are Beethoven and Wagner; worst of all Shaw. (Yet I cackled over "Great Catharine").

Write Brown Brothers, 59 Wall St. I'll get the letter just as swift.

As ever JAMES HUNEKER

The Missus is homesick—mutters in her sleep about turkey, stuffed with oysters. What shall I do? Let her go over alone for the holidays! Alas! we must stay for the present.

## 1914

### *To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

c/o Brown Brothers
59 Wall St. New York City
Feb. 19th, 1914

DEAR FRIDA ASHFORTH

Your very kind and characteristic letter followed us in Europe and finally was received by me here. We are returned a short time. Glad to get back although we have no home as yet and may be forced because of the outrageous rentals of apartments to go to the suburbs. Any place that is quiet and free from the crowd that jostles one in the streets. New York is no longer New York. It is no longer "Cosmopolis" but a filthy factory town haunted by the worst class of European muckers imaginable. I prefer London (which I don't like) or better still pretty, provincial Brussels; best of all Holland. How are you? You sounded in your letter as chipper as a four year old. I'm not. I must begin all over again—two years away from Broadway and you are a stranger here. I'll call as soon as we get a spot to place our few sticks. Mrs. Huneker begs to be remembered. So do I,

As Ever your old
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To John Quinn*

Westminster Court
March 2nd 1914

DEAR JOHN:

Thanks for the Epstein head which I send in this mail —with your stamped envelope readdressed—to the Sun-

day editor. It may hasten matters a bit. We, too, hugely enjoyed our evening, though I do wish James Gregg had returned. The party would then have been complete. We are both sorry not to be able to accept that invitation for Friday, but the fact is we are both under the weather, for what with the fatigues and excitement of the hegira and my own depressed condition—mental as well as physical—we haven't the strength or the spirit to summon up. (We saw the opera last Sep. at the Comique, Paris—poor, drab symbolism and sloppy music.) I'm glad you've got the Romilly John head. Jacob Epstein is right. The patina is fine. I like the girl's head very much.

We are in much quieter quarters, wonderful view—white today, green in summer—cool also, 5 stories high, and much larger than the other apartment (also higher in price); above all, no one over our heads. An ideal place to write, if pianolas don't start. Mrs. Huneker, who begs to be remembered and sends regrets as well as thanks for your invitation, told the agent of the other house, quite bluntly, that we wouldn't stay; the place was impossible etc. He said quite amiably "Oh, very well, I understand. Go by all means," and he interposed no objections when we moved out; indeed, told the colored help in the house to stir their stumps. But he still holds an uncancelled lease (signed only by Mrs. H.) with which he might make trouble. I hope he won't as my nerves, like my bank account, are shaky to a degree. Do what I will, John, I feel sad and isolated down here; yet I'm only 20 minutes from the city and in summer a lovely spot. It will wear off I hope—the melancholy.

As Ever JAMES

## *To John Quinn*

The reference to William Butler Yeats in this letter followed a long evening that James Huneker spent at Mr. Quinn's apartment in New York with Mr. Yeats, who was then on a lecture tour in the United States; and the reference to George Moore arose from some amusing stories that were told of George Moore at that meeting.

Westminster Court (also a Court, but not
on the majestic scale of the Georgian)
Brooklyn May 9, 1914

DEAR JOHN:

Only a belated line to answer your very interesting letter, with its budget of real news. *Entre nous*, I had fancied that Yeats disliked me—merely a nervous impression. I'm so busy and so worn out that I let my correspondence slide. You must pardon me. The "Joseph Conrad" (4000 words) is finished, Deo gratias! What a job—yet written from my heart. I love the man, I love the great artist, but to write something that wouldn't be in the banal key of "journalistic" praise (the fool's face of praise!) like the last pair of "stories" I read, was sheer labor. I'm not pleased with the result. Puck has trebled its circulation. Money is being spent, and liberally. The country is lovely. What joy to walk under green, to breathe real air and see the sky-line. I've a new Steinway grand and feel at home. Of course we must take that trip—Mrs. "Barkis is willin" and so is Barkis. On the water wagon—first time in my long and thirsty career. Don't even miss my beer—but dream of its color and density betimes. Gregg *must* be with us on the trip. I miss him more than he misses us! We did have such long discussions and so many, many long drinks at short intervals. You see I'm saving up a lovely thirst. Missus sends regards. So do I.

As Ever JIM

*To Rupert Hughes*

Westminster Court
May 15, 1914

DEAR RUPERT

The Puck magazine is under new management (owned by Nathan Straus, Jr) and I intend a weekly page (the Seven Arts) and expect to soon print a book review number—you, Shaw (G. B. S.), Galsworthy, Chambers, Strunsky and Owen Johnson—no more. Won't you, therefore, please send me to above address (I'm in the country since my return from Europe after 2 years' absence) your last novel, of which I hear nothing but good things. Not only will I write of it—not necessarily chocolate bon-bons!—but I'll send in return my "Pathos of Distance," i. e. if you care to have a copy. I've not seen you for years but I read of you, and with pleasure. You've arrived with both feet and here am I still an indifferent critic of other men's books and pictures and music. But I don't weep. Let me have your best address. Tell your publishers to hurry up that book. The new Puck is a big hit.

As Ever Your friend
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward C. Marsh*

Westminster Court
June 15, 1914

DEAR MARSH:

The last time we met I spoke to you of re-reading for the purpose of writing a long article about *Dostoievski* but had to write a somewhat elaborate study of J. Conrad &c. At last I've finished the "Conrad" (what pleasure to reread *him!*) and also a fiction article for Puck (June 23rd it appears—i. e. next week) which includes the

names of Katharine Gerould, Dreiser, R. Hughes, Owen Johnson and R. Chambers (not such easy reading as Conrad!) and now I'm anxious to begin a comparative study of "Dostoievsky and Tolstoy" (note the order) for my 1915 book but will try to sell it in periodical form beforehand. You were good enough to say that I could get what review notices I needed of your new edition of Dostoievsky and behold me again at your elbow soliciting. I found enclosed from a leaflet in Agnes Repplier's "Philadelphia" (your travel series) and I've marked what I already own. I bought the M.M. edition of "The Possessed" and own a copy of "The Idiot" in the old Heinemann translation. Naturally, I have Dostoievsky complete in French—well-worn paper copies, even his "Sosia" (not a great book). But "The Friend of the Family" and "The Gambler" &c. I would like to have "Brothers Karamazov" and the other two—if they are out. I'll mention the Garnett translation, of course. At your leisure.

Do you see Puck? It has vastly improved. This week (tomorrow) I've a little talk on Socialism. I write of "The Seven Arts," pretty wide in latitude. How are you and the Missus! Is the houseboat in commission? I'm in the Green, up 5 stories, beautiful view, real landscape, 10 minutes from the ocean, 20 minutes from the sea. A new Steinway grand and all my books and pictures—Europe and globe-trotting be damned! I'm a fixture now. I had a modern music article in the May Century and will have some travel stuff in July Forum; also in the Scribner "Field of Art" section, a little study of new art tendencies, July number I hope. I'm busy besides—a 100,000 word book for next Spring, most of it to be written and a lot of newspaper work (N. Y.

Times) in New York *and* Philadelphia. (The Repplier book—your house—is charming)

With regards and *auf wiedersehen*

I am As Ever Yours,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Edward C. Marsh*

Westminster Court,
June 19/14

DEAR MARSH:

I'm obliged to you for your very swift response. The books came last night and I was sorry to see that you sent me "The Idiot," for I had a copy of the Whishaw translation in the now "precious" edition of Vizetelly. Shall I return it? Your edition of "The Possessed" I bought on my return, and I'm glad to get the "Karamazovs" for it is really the first time I saw it in print. I had expected instead of "Idiot," "Crime & Punishment" but I suppose it isn't out yet. I am curious to know if Mrs. Garnett will translate the 2nd part—hitherto only in Russian & French. Are you going to republish "Injury and Insult" (Les humiliés)? It is not the best Dostoievsky; but "Poor Folk" is, though it is in English for 20 years or more with a foolish preface by—George Moore, of all men. My personal opinion is that "The Gambler," a long short story, is about the best thing D. ever wrote—I mean for the public. Vizetelly printed it in conjunction with "A Friend of the Family" (the title of the volume) and a very Dickens-ish story it is; but "The Gambler" is a masterpiece. Ten years ago I made a scenario of it, and it still lies in my desk. I'm in for a Russian summer—apparently, without caviar or beer (alas!) I'm doing a story for a magazine on Mous-

sorgsky ("Boris Goodunoff") playing all his unpianistic music—very characteristic; reading an English Dostoievsky and trying to wade through the awful "religious?" rot of Tolstoy. Decidedly my judgment of *25* years ago holds good; indeed, is being verified critically i.e. Dostoievsky is the *real thing;* Tolstoy is an amateur in life by comparison. But—the bigger artist, and Turgenev tops both as a writer. Pardon all this Russophilism! Again thanks for your courtesy!

As Ever Your friend

JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

The book on Joseph Conrad referred to in this letter was a critical and biographical volume by Richard Curle.

Westminster Court,
1618 Beverly Road, Brooklyn
June 30, 1914 (11 P. M.)

DEAR JOHN:

Your letter and the books came. Thanks! The 'Nigger' is nicely got up and for me a treat, as I had never read the 1897 Preface—an artistic Credo! But the Life gave me a shock. I've just finished it, flesh, blood, bones, to the tip of its Tail. The particular shock was to find that the author (surely he must be very young, he is so enthusiastic) has anticipated several judgments which are in my poor little pale sketch (finished in April), and so it will appear still-born in the N. A. Review. And you are witness that I never saw the clever chap's book, nor heard of it, till today! Well, it's all right. I had thought that my contention concerning *Nostromo* was all my own. Alas! there are other critics of discernment in the world, (Aha!) Also the Flaubert,

Dostoievsky comparisons; however, he read my "visit" to J. C. [Joseph Conrad] in The Times (1912) but worked out the themes to adequate conclusions. But I wish he hadn't quoted from that story what he did—it makes me praise J. C. obliquely, by negatives. So it goes. If you wait too long, the other fellow gets ahead of you and beats you into the bargain. I've no hope of again seeing my MS. till its contents are set up in type. So I'll be accused—but this is much ado about nothing. I'll tell J. C. if I ever see him. Aside from the too sweeping comparisons (it's wrong to drag in living writers like H. James, Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, &c.) the book is of thorough workmanship. I like its generous glow. Besides, where is his like today, Joseph Conrad! And to think in my puerile fatuity (my intellect is very callow) I spoke of Conrad as being in the company of Meredith, James, Hardy! What I should have said is: 'J. C. makes the fifth of a quintette of the world's greatest writers of fiction: Flaubert, Turgenev, Tolstoy *and* Dostoievski.' But a truce!

Yes, Saturday was precisely one of those days that will ripen, mellow, with the years in our memories. Even the *coda* of the day's symphony (surely an allegretto graciosa, in at least one movement) was inevitable—El Greggo* *had* to go; and he didn't go! So no perfection was absent in the ensemble. Never, never, John, let us attempt to repeat the experience; that way disillusion lies.

Au revoir, As ever

JAMES

*Frederick James Gregg.

*To John Quinn*

1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn, July 3, 1914

DEAR JOHN:

I agree with you covering Ulster. The same flabby irresolution that characterizes Asquith's treatment of women is to the fore in his Irish policies. Poor Erin—Go hang!

You misunderstood me, or else I didn't make my meaning clear. It is the fact that Curle and I agree on so many points that I regret seeing his book ahead of me (purely literary selfishness!). I shan't correct my proof, because I've no changes to make. It's the coincidence. Well, what does the best criticism amount to in the end —I'm referring to Curle, not to my poor enthusiasms! Words, words, words. I'm daily convinced that irony is the only shield to wear as a cuirass against the ineluctable stupidities of old world. And it makes its wearer conceited and hard-hearted. I'll return some day to rum and music—my best friends, because they demand nothing from me but a stout bladder and brave ears. Happy 4th for yours!

As ever

JAMES

*To Rupert Hughes*

1618 Beverly Road
July 27/14

DEAR RUPERT

A line to tell you that I was very much pleased with your letter and hope the new book will be a success—it will be, of course. (But look out for the soft-pedal and the tremolo stop, old man! They hit the public in the midriff, but in art they must be sparingly used. Don't mind this wag from a graybeard.)

Now—I'm disturbed about "Sal." I had fancied from an earlier letter of yours that you had admitted the authorship (God knows old pal it's nothing to be ashamed of, that remarkable story). Besides it appeared in 1898 —the year of the demise of "M'lle New York." Both Vance and I (V. T. has once more returned to Europe!) were tired of denying that *we* (either the one or the other) were its author. Still I'm sorry I blabbed and ask your pardon for my tactlessness.

By the way, F. P. A. (in The Tribune) caught me in the "Triangle." What year was it put on? The last act I recall; it simply froze me—but the foreground is murky in my memory. Let me know. I hate to acknowledge that I forget things. But I do. My memory, like my hair and teeth, is disintegrating.

Cordially as ever

JIM HUNEKER

P. S. Salt your boodle, Bill!!

### *To W. C. Brownell*

This letter relates to the contents and the title of Mr. Huneker's "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," published in 1915.

Westminster Court, 1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn, Dec. 22/14

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

I would rather go in and talk to you about the questions in your very kind letter of today but as I was the victim of a distressing, though luckily a superficial accident Sunday a week ago (a taxi skidded in the rain and threw me against the glass front: item a broken nose, dented rib, two sprained thumbs, eyes in mourning, gashed chin—blood, above all! and severe nervous shock). I will wait till next week, say Tuesday or Wednesday and settle the questions &c. In the meantime your sugges-

tions are, as usual, valuable. I had marked for slaughter the *Conrad* interview, the *Dr. Nordau*, the *Rodin* and the *Puvis*—the last two as superfluous in a book of this sort. (Both have been critically done to the death.) But the Dostoievsky-Tolstoy I can't reduce—it is the only original matter in the book; not alone the point of view, but the consideration of the new men. My God! Mr. Brownell, nothing so positively terrific and *human* since Dostoievsky has appeared like this new man Artzibashev. I wrote a review of him, ten years ago in The Sun and I keep on adding whenever I can get a book of his in German or French. "Sanine" is a masterpiece. Have you read it? I have it for you if you wish. Indeed, the book pivots on the Russian study—the rest is conversation. I must apologize for the false trail of the title.* I made the error. I searched Shakespeare the last ten days while indoors but in vain. I was preparing for Marlowe, even Keats, and then the Bible. I'm obliged for the tip. Your young man in the shop, Mr. Lewis Hatch, whose memory for names borders on the miraculous looked vainly in the Shakespeare Concordance. He admires the rich, fruity flavor of the verbal Collocation and dismayed me by remarking: "Yes, a volume of musical essays by a London woman who signs herself 'Israfel' came out about twenty years ago entitled, 'Ivory, Apes and Peacocks.'" I felt sick. And there is a volume of verse by one, Waller, same exotic title, published 1871. Now, while a quotation from the Scriptures may be used by anybody, I don't care to poach on another's preserves, especially after the recent London experience with that translation in "The Pathos." So we may have to revise the title; either

* I Kings 10:22 reads: "For the King [Solomon] had at sea a navy of Tharsish, with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharsish bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." John Marsfield used "ivory, apes and peacocks" without quotation marks.

change a word of the three names, or else relegate it to second place, such as "A Book of Ivory Apes and Peacocks." A short crisp word might serve for general title such as "Evocations: A Book of &c., &c." Or, *tout simple*—"Ivory Apes and Anarchs!" God knows there are plenty of anarchs in my list, though without Nordau I'll be shorn of an ape. However, I'm not sorry to lose him. What you say as to the price is pertinent—I don't think it does make much difference whether the book is $1.50 or $2.00—my books don't sell anyhow. I think with the above articles cut the book will be of the right length (and the title we can discuss—it can be quickly settled). The terms are agreeable. I fancy I had better fetch you the other book which is quite ready (barring about 100 words for the Dostoievsky article—his letters are just out) and let you read it at leisure. It is rank, common, voluble, even vulgar, yet it will be the book of the pair, and should have precedence over the other. If it could be illustrated by, say, Mielatz, whose New York streets and corners and back alleys were the supplement of last Sunday's Sun, all the better. Otherwise it could sell at $1.50 for at least it touches on human topics from rum to the harbors of New Cosmopolis, from art to the purlieus of the East Side—sheer, shallow impressionism, journalism, and of the popular brand (I suspect). That I loathe the book need not blind you to its possible selling capacity. I've one section entitled: "Certain European Cities before the War"; and, *mirabile dictu!* I've written my first preface for the blithering stuff—a few hundred words, yet a genuine preface to go at the head, not the tail, of the opus. Pardon my prolixity—and read this in sections. I'll leave or send, the other mss. to you.

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

## *To John Quinn*

The reference in the latter part of this letter to Joseph Conrad's safe return grew out of the fact that Mr. Conrad was visiting Poland with his wife and sons when the war broke out, and had great difficulty in getting back to England.

1618 Beverly Road
Dec. 24/14

DEAR JOHN:

Your letter made me laugh for the first time in 10 days, even more, for I've been indoors since Sunday a week ago, ill from a bad smash up I was in at 11:30 Sunday morning in the rain in a skidding taxi, cold sober and perfectly healthy. Possibly your friend's accident and the horrible death of my old friend Richard Canfield a few days before made me the victim of imitation. At all events my nose is broken, a rib is splintered, both thumbs sprained, chin gashed, eyes like poached eggs, two *good* teeth gone—my bridgework went to pieces!—and sadly shaken nerves. I took the air yesterday. Your letter, as I say, consoled me in the evening. You don't begin to know the condition among writers. I've sold nothing since Sept. but 2 wretched little fictions (still to get the cheques!) If it were not for my weekly job I'd be on the town. No thanks! I don't care to see the man you mention. I can go nowhere till after the holidays. I'm shaky on my pins; worse still I'm lame spiritually. Why the hell I should be dumped for accepting an innocent invitation from a friend on a rainy Sunday morning I can't say. I no longer believe in my Irish good luck. And that's bad. My friend wasn't scratched, while I, sitting beside him was thrown like a bombshell against the front of the machine. So there you are. But I'll be all right in 10 days. I looked

for a while very like the caricature of ——, the nose especially. No, I don't know when the Dostoievsky article will be printed. Macmillan sent me the letters —I've written a paragraph in Puck about them. They are eye-openers. You have at times a hard row to hoe but there are certain compensations. I have leisure and *no* money, so I'm the man without a hoe. I saw the show and wrote a line—more I couldn't physically do (I can't dictate). It is a good show, but the damnable nuisance of writing 3 weeks ahead of publication often forces me to curtail notices. For books it doesn't matter—but theatres, concerts, opera, picture exhibitions, it is a thorn in the flesh. What to do? Nothing. Times are hard. Saw wood. I've had letters from 2 fronts, French (Edward Ziegler of the Galerie Rheinhardt) and from Poland. I prefer New York. It's good news to hear of J. Conrad's safe return. Also about the probable A. John show here. I'll let you know about my books—one has been accepted; the other is on the laps of the gods. A prosperous New Year, my dear chap, is the wish of the Huneker tribe. A merry Christmas this is not for us.

As ever

JIM

## 1915

### *To Henry L. Mencken*

Mr. Henry L. Mencken, journalist, author and editor of The Smart Set, was one of Mr. Huneker's most appreciative and sympathetic critics. Mr. Huneker was in close touch with him during the last few years of his life, not only as a contributor to The Smart Set, in which a number of his stories were published, but as a friend.

1618 Beverly Road
Jan. 5/15

DEAR MENCKEN:

As you suggest Thursday *or* Friday, let us make it Friday at 1 P. M. Where? The challenged party in the code duello has the choice of weapons; nevertheless, let me ask you—Italian, French, German or American? If German—Lüchows on 14th St. (but as we drink beer later why not begin elsewhere). If American—Jack's; but it's a case of coals going to Newcastle to ask a Baltimorean to eat seafood. What can Jack offer *you?* (yet you may have a Friday palate and there is lobster fat—pyramids—crab meat à la Jack, and other supreme golly-gubs). French? Then old Martin's cor. 9th & University Place. (The Lafayette is barred because of the "literary" crowd. *I* distinctly refuse to bring a sensitive newspaper man into such a circle.) Remains—Italian. I know of a place, Frank Busto's 44 Beaver St. same block as down-town Delmonico's (you get off subway at Bowling Green and walk north two blocks) good spaghetti, gnocchi, &c. risotto, pastas &c. Chianti. *And* it's only round the corner from Dr. Knirim's Sanitarium —in Hanover Square. But it's down town and may in-

terfere with Nathan's or your plans. Ask Nathan if he knows a "retreat." We must talk as well as guzzle and gobble. Let me know by Thursday. Sir to you!

As ever, J. H.

*To W. C. Brownell*

Westminster Court
Jan. 11/15

DEAR MR. BROWNELL

The book "Sanine" I must apologize for not bringing sooner. You may not be a friend of Russian fiction. I am. The young writer—this was published in Russia in 1905—has made a synthesis of the style and matter of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Turgenev. Their trail is on every page; yet it is a remarkable book, full of the profound sadness, the immemorial sadness and revolt of the Slav. What a literature! It is as poignant as Russian music; emotional, half mad, sickly, sinister, and sadistic. I have—in the German tongue—his other novels. Gorki is a child playing childishly with colored blocks in comparison with this unhappy consumptive in the Caucasus. Don't hurry and save the book till I come in and—please don't be altogether repelled by some of the episodes; the hint at incest, the rape—which DeMaupassant couldn't better. I also return, really for safe keeping the "Ivory A. & P."* with the dedication added and the 4 articles extracted. A head of Dostoievsky after Valloton I put on top. It is after the well drawn photograph, but the massive, morbid character is not missing, presumably because of the excellent management of lights and darks. It is the only portrait of Dostoievsky that ever pleased, as his interpretation of Poe pleases me. He is terribly mannered, but clever. I don't fancy I will trouble you

* "Ivory Apes and Peacocks."

about the MSS. again, though I may before June add a few hundred words on Vermeer or Matisse. But I'm not sure. The lopping off—or rather disembowelling of poor Clarence at Water Witch didn't keep me awake. It had to be. But I am glad over the inclusion of the Belgium and the Dublin. I await proof with fortitude—at your leisure.

Sincerely as ever

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Lawrence Gilman*

The "new book" was Mr. Gilman's "Nature and Music," containing studies of Claude Debussy and Charles Martin Loeffler, the Alsatian-American composer.

Westminster Court, 1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn
Feb. 1 (Monday), 1915

DEAR GILMAN:

Your new book came yesterday (rather I read it Sunday) and I devoured it from cover to cover. It's bully good stuff and I intend saying so in Puck within a month. I am with you in most of your estimates—Strauss, Debussy—especially Grieg—which is the fair, not the Finckian, course.

And how well you write. Where *did* you pick up your style? (This is a plagiarism, this sentence, and doesn't mean that you are in the least Thackerayan—who would rub his round moon eyes if he read what you write about Debussy.) What fun he would poke at that man, or at Loeffler! which, by the way, is one of the best things in the book. I wish I had written it! I love Loeffler's art. It *is* unique.

Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To W. C. Brownell*

1618 Beverly Road, Brooklyn
Feb. 19/1915

DEAR MR. BROWNELL

Thank you for the cheque from Messrs. Scribners, which is welcome. Nowadays a cheque is a benison. Oddly enough the "Iconoclasts"* remains the "best seller" in my little collection of clotted nonsenses; and it is the worst I have thus far perpetrated! The hunger for propaganda in America is ferocious—and grotesque. I really believe if I went in for the solemn mystic twaddle I might have more fame, more money (I have neither, as a matter of fact). Consider the case of Elbert Hubbard! "Tu l'avez voulu" is right. I write: "as they say," in the sense of "on dit" or "man sagt," a colloquialism, and not literally. But it can be changed. By the way, I altered "A Book of Cities,"† subtitle, to "A Book of Images" as being not only more appropriate, but—it avoids repetition on the title page of the word "Cities" (an ugly word!) "Certain European Cities" etc. It also dodges the alliteration of Cosmopolis & Cities; while Images, its '*m*' echoes the '*m*' in Cosmopolis. How is that for verbalistic nonsense. I return herewith the page-proofs. The velocity with which this book has been read is sufficient comment on its absolute emptiness. *Verb. sap!* With thanks for your abiding interest— I am sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

* "Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists."
† "The New Cosmopolis: A Book of Images."

*To Lawrence Gilman*

The "Color Symphony" referred to was Scriabine's "Prometheus," which had been performed a few weeks before by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, with the use of the "clavier à lumières," for the first time in New York.

1618 Beverly Road: Brooklyn
April 8/15

DEAR GILMAN:

I'm very sorry to hear you were ill, and I hope I didn't seem exigent. Several complained that they hadn't received their copies* and I determined to find out. As for your prose, my boy, even your letters show you a master; not to mention your finesse. Oddly enough, today, a few hours before your letter I had just finished a brief note on your book. It is slated for the special Spring number, Monday, May 3rd.

I reread your pages†—I'm not as much a Debussy man as a Loeffler. *He* is our "music-maker now"; at least in America. I've written for next Monday in Puck a story about Ornstein—truly a nerve-shatterer and a wonder; and for April 19, a parody on the "Color Symphony." By the way, he is the only Russian who is writing "new" stuff, this Scriabine. In my forthcoming collection of Romantic Preludes and Studies (compiled for Schirmer) I've given two of his piano pieces. Chopinesque—yes; but with an agreeable variation. I'm doing lots of music editing now; I love music best of all, even the bare ribs of pedagogy.

The Joseffy-Chopin Edition Definitive will be very satisfying—complete in itself without my 50,000 words of text.

Don't take—need I ask you—seriously "New Cos-

* Of "The New Cosmopolis." † The pages of "Nature and Music," 1914.

mopolis." It is decidedly a *pièce d'occasion*—in the Autumn I think you will like my book; lots of people in it you like. And I've located Debussy and Moussorgsky (in 1879 the Frenchman lived in St. Petersburg; later at Rome studied the "Boris" score—to advantage). However, all that proves nothing. The Marionette pieces by Charles Van Lerberghe set afloat the fire—smouldering—of Maurice Maeterlinck. Do you ever see The Etude? Yeoman's work—the pot must boil, women must work, as well as weep, and men moan at the bar (if they haven't the price).

As Ever Yours Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

1618 Beverly Road
May 12/15

MY DEAR JOHN:

The 22nd it is—any time after 4 P. M. But I'd like you and James to get down not later than 5 or 5:30 when the sun is still up—the place is a dream in green just now. I'll write Gregg in this mail; and I'll write to remind you late next week. A cold bite and a drink is all I can offer—but the Missus will see to that. Anyhow let the session be a long one. As to the pictures: the instant I clapped my eyes on the notice I said: J. Q. has them. But whether the picture I allude to is the "Dancers" I can't say. It is a large decoration on the upper wall (alone) in the larger gallery. It is all silver and white line—his famous white line—and it's like music and moonlight. Perhaps the "Dancers" is the virile, rhythmic decoration that was shown at the previous show, and in the smaller gallery. It is big—but influenced by Matisse whereas the one I mean is original. A small

Davies, four female nudes in a mystical landscape is charming and is in his middle period. That's *not* the picture I mean. But if you got the other, large dancing figures, I congratulate you just the same; a powerful work. Oh Hell! What's the use—Davies is our greatest creative painter. He is here to stay—not a mere transitional personality. The two Glackens in the present show are the richest pictures I've yet seen from his luscious brush—though Renoir is never far away. I'm glad you got the Prendergasts—a rare temperament. Kuhn—*entre nous*—doesn't interest me much as yet. His near-Lawson in your house is his best. No doubt you are right about the Luks matter; but, of course, it's news to me. George didn't spare me in his caricature and I don't think Gregg will care. It's very funny. Luks is a genuine talent. So is Lawson—the *best* of our landscapists *qua* landscape, without figures. None of them can match his musical color. The cubists are as dead as a doornail. It's very fine geometry, but it's not pictorial art. Seven friends of mine went down on the L. (Lusitania). To hell with war! Good bye John.

As Ever

JAMES

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
June 14/15

DEAR MENCKEN:

Don't forget your engagement this week! i. e. if you come to town on the 18th inst. or even earlier. Any day at one P. M. suits me as I've just finished a tough job, a *Brooklyn* story for the Sunday Times. Horrors! Wed. Thurs. Frid. Sat. simply say when and where though I'm sorry to say that Pilsner ist aus! No more

—except at Lüchows. At the Hofbrau they sell at 10 cts a glass Piel's extra—so genannte Leichen beer—Cemetery brew. At Lüchows there is still the Genossenschaft beer, pure Pilsner, veritable Pilsner, but No. 3 in quality. However, any brew during a drought! Don't fail to let me know, and Nathan too. I want to tell you to your teeth how I enjoyed that S. S. study. It was simply masterly.

Sincerely as ever,
JAMES HUNEKER

(I hate American beer, but I love America.)

P. S. If weather is hot, why not the beach, or Sheepshead Bay?

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
June 20/15

DEAR MENCKEN:

Here is the time-worn, travel-stained MS. In rereading it I still wonder why it should have been rejected—I mean on the score of "dangerous" &c. It is *not* obscene, and certainly not blasphemous, *but*—the theme of devil-worship is probably of so little interest—in a nation of devil-worshippers—that the story is too esoteric. The *coda* is simply the opening of act 2, "Parsifal" transposed to Paris. Rops, too is an "atmospheric" ingredient. However, judge for yourself. You can have it for little money. I think it's really a S. S. story. Enclosed are two articles for your private eye and I hope I'm not asking you too much to look them over. The dramatist of "The New Sin" certainly read that article—The Telegraph is widely read in London theatrical circles. But it's a quibble, after all. The syphilis study cost me months in London and, while I

enjoyed the work, there was little compensation. (Will it bother you to return them sometime?) I do hope the next time you get over you will give me more time; both you and George Jean—and I hope he will be fitter, poor chap! We can go out to the Evergreen Cemetery and drink Leichen beer at Trommer's Café—a joyous villa, a Toteninsel of Durst!

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Henry L. Mencken*

1618 Beverly Road
July 5, 1915

DEAR OLD SCOUT!

I didn't precisely cry, but the hoary MS. did on its arrival. You see it is accustomed to a quiet home life and I am rather fond of the inky thing. Home—rejoicing! (This sounds like sour-grapes, but it's only the fermentation—lactic—left over from a trip to the Phila. *Art Club* yesterday—and the day before. Some wetness!) Now, *if* you people will publish "The Super-Dream Sin" just as it stands, without one erasure, you can have it for the printing thereof, and 2 (two) copies complimentary, to the author. The reason is—I want it for a book of obscene (and not heard) Tales. No one but you are discerning enough to recognize its absolute harmlessness —so there you are (as Harry James remarks every other par.). I want it in type and for once I don't agree with you that it must be, or should be cut. The tragic chaos of the *coda* needs just such a long foreground: i. e. for contrast, for exposition of the Devil *motiv*, and also as an explanation of the slut—who later appears naked and crucified. It's all ballyrot, of course; yet, as a despised and rejected child—my ugliest—I love it. Hence these

tears! What—and this is serious—I'd like to do is to sell S. S. a 30,000 word novelette—the story of a warm Prima Donna Wagnérienne. I've the scenario. But we can discuss that some other day. Do come over again! Amsterdam imported at Lüchow's next month. Regards to George Jean with wishes for better health, and to you.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To W. C. Brownell*

At the time this letter was written, "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" was in process of publication, and Mr. Huneker's expression of gratitude was partly due to the various suggestions which Mr. Brownell had given him in the course of the selection of the papers to compose the volume and of the reading of the proofs. Editorial counsel had apparently developed into compliment.

Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road, Brooklyn
July 14/15

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

I'm positively afraid to thank you as warmly as I should like to do, simply because you may suspect me of lip-service. But I shall not be afraid of my thought of you and all you have been to me, now, as well as the years before I met you. ("Ecce the result" do I hear you say! Alas! you would be right in surveying my stuff with ironical eyes.) So take my words on their face value—thank you from the bottom of my heart! The book is disgusting—and let it go at that. I'll go back to piano-teaching. I really would, only I've met with a loss—the death of my dearest friend, a man of genius as pianist-artist, Rafael Joseffy; we were working on a new "Chopin" edition, an edition définitive when he died a few weeks ago. The world is gray to me. Even my beloved "Chopin" is dead—for the time. All this has

nothing to do with your kind words—except that they came at a period which found me in the dumps. I've cut them off the galley for my wife and as my private treasure.

I'll send a book to Mrs. Wharton (the essay was printed in The Forum in August last). The "Jules Laforgue" is in the current issue N. A. Review—where it is snowed-under by one of the most vigorous rippings-up of Bryan I ever read (Col. Harvey wields the ax). I've just read in proof the Dostoievsky-Tolstoy article—very much curtailed—for the August Forum. That closes the list. Remains unpublished the "Nordau!" in case the 78 galleys do not suffice you could use the Nordau (about 5000 words). The Dostoievsky cut by Valloton I've written to Paris about but have received no reply. Probably won't. Remy de Gourmont, the friend of V. is in Paris, but I think V. is *en Suisse.* It won't matter, will it! It's the real portrait of D. taken from a photograph, but with some eloquent suppressions. Why not use it and explain afterward—like the girl in the fable! At most it will cost little, and will be credited, of course, to V. I like it. It's comparatively novel. And the dreary book needs at least *one* picture; otherwise use a Jules Laforgue—I've several; one lovely caricature from "Les Hommes Aujourdhui" (now out of print—20 years). I hope in case I don't see you before you go away that you will have a pleasant vacance! I remain here—which is really country. (Besides, I have my Steinway.)

Toujours à toi!

JAMES HUNUKER.

P. S. Here is the only important thing in the letter—for me. Dear W. C. are we *never* to meet and know the

real men who so often correspond? I assure you I'm not in the least like my egregious criticisms. Let it be in the autumn! "One grand sweet song" as Cleveland used to say; i. e. he meant "one *wet* song of praise!"

J. H.

### *To W. C. Brownell*

This letter relates to certain questions as to the composition of "Ivory Apes and Peacocks." The study of Dostoievsky which stands as frontispiece is "the Valloton" referred to.

Westminster Court
July 20/15

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

I'm glad about the Valloton. Also that the book will be no larger. Also as to the "unfair" sex. I'll let it stand (I should like to use Schopenhauer's polite phrase: the "knock-kneed sex.") As to "Charles de Mailly"—it is one of Goncourt's cleverest. In it slightly masked "Theo" Gautier appears; also the title of George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life." De Mailly is a novelist—Jules de Goncourt—and dies from devotion to his "ecriture artistique" &c. His wife—the typical wife (in fiction) of artistic fictioneers.

I write now to ask you if Mr. Scribner would object, or if you would see any obstacle—or whatever it might be called—if in this new book I sign my full name, i. e. James Gibbons Huneker? Apart from the fact that my grandfather, James Gibbons was a well-known poet and patriot—vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood—there is his distinguished kinsman, Cardinal James Gibbons. Besides, as they say of Postum: there is a reason. I've signed the full name to a short story in Harpers Monthly ("The Cardinal's Fiddle") and it looked all right in proof.

What do you say? Or will it interfere with the "uniformity" idea, though really, it's not a question of vast importance! Let me know at your leisure. I've not read the title-page yet. So there's plenty of time. Furthermore, I'll be here throughout the summer. With regards and thanks for your sympathetic letter, I am,

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Henry L. Mencken*

1618 Beverly Road:
July 24/15

DEAR MENCKEN:

The enclosed matter was just returned with thanks. It seems that "Hedonism" was too hard a pill for the consulting board of litterateurs! I changed it to "Higher Life," to "The New Culture" but it wouldn't do. After all, Walter Pater was right when he begged old Jowett not to call him a "hedonist." It sounded, he said, wicked, mysterious, Greek. My story is simply a parody on the culture one encounters in a day and night here. It is also a parody on the 7 Arts, on myself. Only I put words of wisdom in the mouths of two old rummy sports, who at the close, agree that the New Culture is the Same Old Thing! I've given the thing local setting. It reads O. K. to me—and I fancy will hit the average reader. Of course—we see in its refusal the handwriting on the wall! How soon I can't tell. I sent at once another story to replace this—a book review! Now, couldn't you use this in S. S.? It's about 1500 words, a "filler" dialogue—to be signed with my name, naturally. It's the sort of thing you asked me for a month ago. Tell G. J. N. (George Jean Nathan) but ask him to keep the inside of the affair

confidential!—as I must ask you to do. I shall be glad if you like this story and will accept your regular price for such stuff. *Entre nous*, all this!

As Ever
JAMES HUNEKER

*Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Flatbush—July 30/15

Thanks for the bother! I'll not trouble you again with such piffle. Sorry you didn't see it, *aber du lieber Gott!* I don't think it above the heads of the public; rather, not good enough. And let her go at that. Finish reading page proof of new book next week. Then fall to work on scenario of that story. Greetings!

J. H.

*To John Quinn*

Westminster Court,
Aug. 13/15

DEAR JOHN:

I'm not very well. A stupid liver. Too much solitary confinement. Too much type! The day your budget of news came I was reading my last page-proof, 328 pp. long is the book. I hope you will like it. But I'm sorry you read the "Dostoievsky" in The Forum for the reason that it's a third larger in the book, better planned, simplified and with more viewpoints. I'm at work on "Artzibachev" for The Times (confidential). I have title and dedicatory pages of the book here; also the cover—gold, dark green, and also the table of contents. I'll save them for you. The publication is slated for Sept. 15th. I feel, though I'm poverty-haunted, that this Sept. I must go away to rest, to swim and to sneeze.

Certain premonitory nasal twitchings and a horrid nervousness tells me my hay-fever will come on time (about Aug. 25th) this year and with full force. So let us meet, if possible, some evening next week. Any night except Monday—or Saturday or Sunday. Thursday, Friday, even Wednesday will do. We haven't foregathered for months and "Barkis is willin'." Don't forget James of Toledo,* and don't do the motor-car act, that is, unless you desire the ride, as Tappen's or Beau Rivage are within 20 minutes, at the most, of this house; furthermore, we might meet at any place you say (I mention the above as the best on the island, with Tappens in the lead for it has, or had, no music). However, let me know. And you won't think me exigent because I give the list of days! We hope to get away Sept. 30, possibly to glorious, dirty, niggery Cape May. Best beach in America. Down at the heels. But happy! (This sounds like ragtime. Cape May *is* ragtime; niggers, clams, —such oysters in Sept. and rotten hotels.) Perhaps you and Jim could motor down for a day. What joy!

As Ever JAMES HUNEKER

*To John Quinn*

1618 Beverly Road
Aug. 18/15

DEAR JOHN:

Your "special" reached here Monday night and I ask forgiveness in delay. But I was sick, so was the Missus. We *are* sick. We went despite the heat, to the dentist on Monday; found him ill and we collapsed when we returned. *Not* ptomaines but ordinary mully grubs induced by heat exhaustion; in my case by bad nerves. I

*"El Greggo" was James Huneker's name for Frederick James Gregg.

am all in. So at the risk of being rude I am going to beg off for Thursday night. I do this with my vitals longing for the trip, but it can't be undertaken. I'm in a rotten way. So is Mrs. Huneker. No break since our return in 1914—January—and now I'm paying the penalty. (Excuse my script, I'm shaky. Indeed, I've such bad "shakes" in my interior and palsied hands, that I can hardly hold a pen or plug the piano.) I've burnt the candle at both ends. Last Sat. I wrote 4000 words on Artzibaschef and that put me out of commission. It's the tether for me. No more work till October. So don't be annoyed or amazed John because after asking *you* to make the date I am compelled to back down. I think it better. I hate being a deathshead at a feast and recall this time a year ago at the Biltmore and my eccentric—to put it mildly—protest against conventionality. Let us defer the meeting till October. My hay-fever is here—brain storms and nasty nerves. I'll drop in at your office to say how dye do! and good-bye, next week, for I hate the phone as much as you do. Long Beach I wrote about in The Times last season. Horrible! Jerusalem disinfected—as Henry James calls the East Side in his "American Scene." The whole place is rowdy, not in the Coney Island sense, but vulgar-rich rowdy. You know. But beautiful as to beach and air. Better go and see for yourself. Beau-Rivage is the best spot at Sheepshead; it's on Emmons Ave. below Tappen's. Now don't be irritated at our change of mind. We both need a change and thank you just the same. Don't bother answering. Au revoir,

As Ever

Jim

*A Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Atlantic City
Sep. 13/15

Extraordinary experience on Sat. Virgin flight in a Glenn Curtiss Hydro-Aeroplane over the bay 21 minutes. A new psychic thrill. Thanks for letter. My hay fever is horrible here. Leave soon. *Grüsse!*

J. H.

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court
Oct 9/15

DEAR FRIDA

We were very glad to hear from you yesterday, and last Spring. I'm an excellent correspondent, yet I've left during the past years scores of letters unanswered; furthermore, I didn't get in to see you for which I apologize. I really love my oldest friend in New York, yet such is the nature of man-selfish absorption in his own little affairs. I'm glad you are at least well enough to protest; indignation is always a good sign. You must miss Europe. We do. I met with a bad accident December last which kept me indoors suffering and worrying. A broken nose and a smashed rib—nothing more—Automobile—Taxi; broad daylight, Noon, Rain, Skidded and no damages. I was too depressed to go to law. Besides, it really wasn't the chauffeur's fault; furthermore, I didn't hire the machine. My nose is forever dented but my spirits are still soaring. After the worst financial year I ever went through—war has killed my stuff in the magazines—I'm still alive. I went to Atlantic City, hot, noisy, dirty, vulgar, but only to fly. Look in the magazine section of tomorrow's Times (Sunday Oct 10) for my experiences in a Curtiss 90 horse power Hydro-

Aeroplane. It beats music, it beats love, and is far superior to automobiling.

We will go in to see you some afternoon next month—say 5 P. M. for a cup of tea—not to mention a sight of you. I met Mrs. Gabrilowitsch last week (I am doing some work for Ossip) and she spoke of you with genuine affection. I found her charming. Please don't think because I've published 2 books in 6 months that I've been industrious. I have not been. Both volumes were finished during the Summer of 1914, but the war prevented publication then. Books are luxuries for an author. They don't pay for the paper and ink. What I did work hard at all winter was the new Chopin Edition of poor dear Joseffy published by Schirmer. Fifteen volumes. I wrote the critical introductions. It was the last talk of J. Do you remember him when Albert Ashforth knew him? 1879 or 1880? Lord how time scampers. Au revoir. I've lots to tell you of the war. Freiheit über alles! You could have spent the Summer in Switzerland without a bit of trouble. The Missus sends love. As I do. Of course we want to have you down here, stairs or no.

As Ever JIM HUNEKER

### *To Henry Cabot Lodge*

Mr. Huneker had known and admired the son of Senator Lodge, George Cabot Lodge, whose death in 1909 at the age of 36 was a great shock and disappointment even to those who had never known him, because of the excellence and beauty of his published poems and the promise they gave of great future achievement.

Westminster Court,
Brooklyn Oct. 13.15

MY DEAR SENATOR LODGE—

I felt a twinge of remorse when I received your very kind words concerning my little book, because you are

a busy man and every line you write means an encroachment on precious time. But I greatly value this and your previous letters, not only because I am one of your many unknown admirers, but also because you are the father of my dear dead friend, your son the poet. I hope you will pardon me for reviving an old sorrow but I had a genuine personal affection for the boy. He was at the Sorbonne in 1896 when I was in Paris studying piano—and, of course—art, literature. One precious meeting for our circle was that of July 4th, 1896, with the thermometer at 100, and, of all places, at Maxim's after midnight. It was a stag party, nothing else. Patriotism of the heady youthful sort and—champagne. In the crowd were: —— ——, now the well-known architect, son of the late Admiral ——; —— —— of Boston, the musical conductor, your son, —— the architect, and a few others. Later I described the meeting (naturally in exaggerated terms) and it appeared in a book of mine, "The Pathos of Distance" (1912) and in a chapter entitled "How Widor Played at St. Sulpice." The joke, a juvenile one, was that the crowd wouldn't let me go to bed so as to be up bright and early in time for the organ playing of Widor at St. Sulpice, on the left bank. Young Lodge was the star of the night. In America we should have gone to foolish lengths, but we were in Paris and we were foolish, mad with fun, but kept our heads. Your son recited brilliantly. Ah me! It was a wonderful evening. We heard the "chimes at midnight" and I also suspect I heard them at midday. I've been in Europe—war-gashed Europe—for 2 years—Brussels, Vienna, etc.—and I fancy I didn't send you the book in question. May I, without intruding my little affairs, do so now? Sincerely, JAMES HUNEKER

*To Henry Cabot Lodge*

Westminster Court,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 18/15

My dear Mr. Lodge—

I'll take it as a great favor if you send me here the books, which, living in Europe, I missed. Also the translation when you can lay hands on it. The memory of Sep. 28th. Mrs. Huneker handed me a copy of a New York paper—we were at Atlantic City—and pointed out that terrible death notice. I was about to sail through the air in a Curtiss hydro-aeroplane, and aloft in the brilliant sunshine, flying over the inlet I found myself repeating: "The Gods were jealous of your happiness!" I'm not in the least religious, yet indeed, I am a determinist; nevertheless the double tragedy seems—I only say seems—like some horrid revenge from on high. Of course it isn't, but to you for whom resignation is now a necessity, there must come the troubling query: Why! Pascal is right—we must all of us die alone. Pardon the pessimistic tone. Scribners will send you "The Pathos of Distance" (Nietzsche's beautiful phrase is the best part of the barrel?).

Sincerely as ever,
James Huneker

*To John Quinn*

The book referred to in the following letter was "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," which James Huneker dedicated to John Quinn.

1618 Beverly Road
Oct. 18/15

Dear John:

It was worth the trouble of writing a book to bring me such a beautiful letter. Mrs. Huneker was touched,

as was I at the testimony of your friendship. I had made a more elaborate dedication but at the 11th hour I chopped it out. Simplicity is the half-way house to sincerity, and the plainness of the dedication is certainly sincere. I told Scribners to send you the *first* complimentary copy, Sept. 21st. Didn't you get it? I got the bill for it, so please let me know. Don't waste good money buying so many copies, though every 22½ cents royalty buys beer. The Missus and myself are on the sick list; indeed, I've been miserable for a month; belated hay-fever, two abscesses on my left hand, and the arch of the same hand broken—I'm visiting a hand expert weekly to get back finger co-ordination. I can't play the piano with my left hand. Good God, what an unhappy old age I have before me if this proves a permanent injury! I've several letters from Roosevelt and G. W. Wickersham in which *you* are referred to most agreeably. I'll keep them for you. "I. A. and Peacocks"* is getting bully out of town press mention. Your name will fetch luck. I've written a flying machine story for the Sunday Times—perhaps in next Sunday's. With photo &c. You may like it. As soon as the month is over we must have a meeting of The Big 4. Regards from both to you and to Jim Gregg.

As Ever

JIM HUNEKER

*To Henry Cabot Lodge*

Westminster Court, Brooklyn,
Oct. 31st 1915

MY DEAR MR. LODGE—

Apart from the fact that I've been under the weather I resolved to seem rude and not acknowledge your kind

* "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," 1915.

gifts of the books until I had read them all carefully so that I might saturate myself in the music and the mentality of George Cabot Lodge. I have literally spent the week with his spirit and while I can't set down within the space of a letter my impressions I may say that I rose exalted from each reading. We, America, have lost our most promising poet; in these there is the promise and potentiality of a greater poet than any we boast of. Comparisons are dangerous, but I stick to my belief. A mere boy writing with the fulness of expression such a wonder poem as "Mothers of Men" is alone significant. I liked, indeed admired, Mr. Adams' study, very adequate, very sympathetic, yet I did not find myself cold or unmoved after the Prometheus scene had been reached in "Herakles." On the contrary, the atmosphere though prosy was inspiring. Naturally, after the terrific drama preceding, when the lofty regions were reached, humanity seems smaller, its aims paltrier. Here we graze the sublime. It is a theme for a great music-drama or symphonic poem. I thought of the eagle scene in "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It is only with the measuring rod of the mightiest that you can gauge George Lodge. Some of his lyrics are perfect. I find him in D. G. Rossetti moods in several of his sonnets and he had his Swinburne and Browning imitation measles, like all moulting poets. But the main thing is that he was an authentic poet; there is intellectual power behind his musical throne and if at the last the mind sometimes takes precedence over the music it is rather a symptom of undue fatigue and stress. He lived too radiantly. I saw that in 1896. He was compact of flame and imagination. I read with gratitude Theodore Roosevelt's tribute (on election day I am specially commanded to lunch-

eon at Oyster Bay when I hope to tell the Colonel of my pleasure in his words).

I enjoyed the Italian critical study but do not agree with the writer that your son had a father who contributed little to his literary growth (of his mother we may easily note the wonderful influence *she* was in his life). But after reading the "Two Addresses" I see that the gift came naturally. I consider the one devoted to young Widener a tiny classic in its happy balance of the spoken and written word; and in the sentiment also. I know P. A. B. Widener, who personally showed me his porcelains and paintings at Elkins Park and I've often written (in The Sun) about the great collection. Not to bother you further, my dear Sir, let me thank you heartily for the privilege of looking into a true poetic soul. The pity of it all! The Gods are jealous and George Lodge was what Balzac the Seer called one of "the predestined"; one foredoomed to an early death and a late immortality. (You remember Savage Landor and his remark that he would "dine late"!)

Sincerely as ever
JAMES HUNEKER

## *To John Quinn*

The following letter refers to the visit of James Huneker to Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, which is described in "Steeplejack," Volume II, pages 141–3.

1618 Beverly Road
Nov. 6/15

DEAR JOHN:

I got home before 7. No alibi necessary. I wanted to thaw out, for I was frozen and I did so with a couple of steins. The day from start to finish was wholly delightful and my preliminary raven-like croaking was

quite unnecessary. I can thank you for the day. The Roosevelt family seems ideal—the good, old, solid American ideal. The Colonel is a human dynamo. His force and versatility are as extraordinary at close hand as in public. Altogether I had a "bully time." "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" will be published this month in London. Same publisher—Werner Laurie—No. 8 Essex St., Strand. In the meantime "New Cosmopolis" is getting columns of notices. Morning Post gave it a column—sound criticism; also The Chronicle, seemingly to make up for the allusion—earlier—to "swash buckler Yankee critic," has "done me proud." The new book will get its dose, later. Had a card this morning from Zangwill. He rebels at the Walt Whitman story. The English *will* see him as a glorified American, if not a great poet at least a *seer*. Why not Emerson, if they are looking for seers? W. W. copied Emerson's transcendentalism and botched the matter. No—we are all Bowery boys, goats and pawnbrokers, instead of middle class sheep, as mild as stepmother's milk and cowards, moral, at least, into the bargain. Perhaps Nordau's description—at the end of that Forum article—isn't so bad. By the way, John, it's funny isn't it, that you should have spoken of Isaac Rice last Tuesday and the poor man lying dead at the time.

As Ever JIM.

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
Nov. 24/15

DEAR MENCKEN, ONKEL!

Don't imagine I'm merely careless about answering your last very kind letter concerning my cold &c. No news is good news and the musical and theatrical season

opened with a bang—since then I've done nothing but run from opera to concerts, to theatres, yes, even to a *film-show!* So here I am writing for 3 concerns, same stuff till I sicken. I'm thinking all the time of the novelette; but just now it's *impossible.* When the inevitable repetitions begin at the opera I'll be freer. I go to Phila. Sat. night—a dinner. I wish it were Baltimore.

What I wrote George Jean is quite true. I've the title, I've written the 1st par. and the last sentence, the remaining 30,000 words is only a question of *sitzfleisch.* With me a title is usually all I need. However, I've the idea in my skull, so be patient, if you will.

I read Nathan's last book (dedicated to H. L. M.) and enjoy him better between covers than in Puck. A writer more malicious, more brilliant and better informed unless on *our* beautiful drama would be hard to find. Paris is where that young man ought to be. There he would be appreciated. Here he only bruises his brain against the eternal box-office.

Hope to see you H. L. when you come over again. (Will have a Leschetizky story in next Sunday's Times magazine section. A sweet theme! I don't think.)

As ever cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1916

### *To Royal Cortissoz*

Westminster Court,
January 7, 1916.

My dear Royal:

The quotation about Cézanne piqued my curiosity. I found that I had written it in 1904 in an account of the Automne salon in Paris. In 1906 I wrote Paul's obituary. I met the old chap first in 1901 at Aix. We went *via* tramway from Marseilles. Hot, dusty, dirty Aix! Cézanne, like John La Farge, hated handshakes. He loathed his origin. His father first a barber, then a valet, finally a banker. In 1904 at the "Hommage à Cézanne" exhibition (*Salon d'Automne*) a huge Salle was given over to him. Again I spoke to him, but as I failed to address him as "Cher Maitre!" he didn't answer. Of course, he had quite forgotten that I had visited him at Aix for a newspaper story. *If* I had said that Cézanne was the antithesis of Corot—as you suggest—I would have put too high a price on his worth; Bouguereau is the more apposite comparison; though your point is well taken. Since those days I've seen the best Cézanne—the local I've read and "roasted" Clive Bell and W. H. Wright; and since then, while I haven't revised my opinion of the strength and sincerity of C. yet I've deemed it necessary for my own critical health to see him in perspective. I did so in Scribner's now incorporated in "Ivory Apes & Peacocks"; and I do so from time to time in Puck. C. would be the first to revolt against the idiotic idolatry which makes him *chef d'école;* during his life he attacked both Gauguin and Van Gogh (I admire this latter Dutch Johnnie) for misreading his meanings. What the Cubists

and Futurists will do in the future who shall dare say! I prefer the Italian group; at least, they do not attempt the species of glorified geometry of the Cubisten. I paid my respects to the hideous German art—modern, of course—in my new book, leaning heavily on a quotation from R. C.

All this to prove I'm not a *Cézanne-ist*, even if I like—above all—his still-life. His landscapes are all alike—he is the Single Speech Hamilton of landscapists. But it doesn't matter what I think, anyway; I'm just unburdening myself and for my prolixity a friend's pardon. How are you, Royal? As Ever Cordially

JAMES HUNEKER

P. S.—He was little more than third-rate, after all, this grumpy old bird, wasn't he? A new title: "The Barber's Son from Aix: or Why He Used a Shaving Brush for Disfigured Subjects."

*To Edward C. Marsh*

Westminster Court
Mar. 20/16

DEAR MARSH:

Thanks for the study of Dostoievsky—one of the best I've read. The "Abyss" is sentimental trash and *not* real. I'll write later about both books. At present I'm convalescing from my first illness in 45 years; pleurisy *and* pneumonia. Feb. 29th they gave me up but I dodged death for a little while. I'm shaky but find pleasure in scrawling to an old friend. Greetings!

JAMES HUNEKER

P. S. Contrary to my expectations "Ivory Apes &c." has gone *big*—even in London, in times of war. I had

fancied that "New Cosmopolis" a "low-brow" book would have sold better, but *no*, the "Ivory" went bully. Here I am talking "shop," ruling passion &c.!

*To John Quinn*

Westminster Court,
March 26, 1916.

DEAR JOHN:

You were very kind to send me Conrad's works. I'm re-reading and again I marvel at his sheer writing gift, not to mention his psychology. Curiously enough, I had just finished "Under Western Eyes" yesterday. I sent him "Ivory" (soap?) last September and of course he couldn't and wouldn't acknowledge it because *he* figures in it, so the super-subtle Pole let me know through you. That is what I call tact; indeed, his every page is tactful. I'll write him later. I appreciate your troubles. You are too "easy" but that is your own affair. (Every $5 bill lent makes a fresh enemy! Don't forget that.) What I may dare to say, rather advise, is this:

Don't buy any more pictures. Don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk. This new crowd is already ancient. Buy a few *great* pictures and sculptures—like the Puvis, or the A. Johns or the A. Davies; don't tolerate rot because it is signed "1916." Remember John, all these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. It's so in music and literature; it's so in art. There *is* a norm, and these young chaps may fume and sputter, but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk. As to the egotist painter, yes, a terror, but with more talent and temperament in his little fingers than the whole crowd here—Davies and Lawson excepted. (Lawson is now our greatest colorist in landscape. A jewelled palette.)

George [Luks] is *not* Düsseldorf, but Holland; above all a master in characterization, even if he does limp technically at times. He is *vital*—color, line, character. The rest doesn't much matter.

Miss Cary in The Times, Saturday March 25th (editorial page), tells the truth about the Macbeth, Shaw, Pascin, Davies, etc. She is the most gentle of critics, too polite, but she rebels at certain crude stuff. I agree with her. I'm more loyal than ——, the man I referred to, who is absolutely destitute of the critical spirit in art (not to dwell upon his lack of solid experience and lack of historical continuity); and then I am, as you can vouch, absolutely *disinterested.* I've no axe to grind. I'm neither for Luks nor for Davies. I admire both. I admire Lawson more and more. You are a marvel of catholicity. I admire your easy tolerance of all sorts of talents. But opinions are *not* hard cash and you have bought too generously. Now, John, pardon my sermon. Rather take it in the spirit it is offered. After all, it is better to be prodigal and abundant and fluid than hard, constipated and narrow. On this note I end. I wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings for anything.

I hope the country house won't eat you up. Perhaps we may all sit some afternoon on your friendly piazza and cheer the setting sun. Did you see "The Great Lover"? Play colorless, but a finished portrait is presented by Leo Ditrichstein. The *Phœnix* story is from "Pathos of Distance," and printed without "by your leave." But what can one say to Michael Monahan and his blooming celticisms?

I'm still indoors cursing the snow, and consulting the calendar.

With reagrds from both,

As ever, JIM.

*To John Quinn*

Westminster Court
April 7/16

My dear John:

You took my letter precisely as I hoped you would. Nevertheless, it was rather gratuitous lecturing. What I meant was—buy the significant pictures, don't stock up with too many examples of one man. But you will, I think, reap a big reward when you sell your Johns. As a matter of fact, you have a wonderfully varied assemblage. Some day I hope you will let me write a story about the "John Quinn Pictures." And soon. I've been already asked by a certain daily. Brandes writes me. So does Maeterlinck. The English papers are giving good notices to "Ivory &c" especially The Spectator. I'll send a few to you. Kuhn's man I've not seen for a year. He has talent. But not in Davies class. The Brancusi and Epstein sculptures are a joy. I love them. The "Birds" was shown in 1913 at the gallery opposite the Little Theatre, London. James Gregg is incorruptibly honest, and it is as a literary critic he is at his best. (I am told 20 times a month to stick to my last—music criticism, and begad I think people are right). I owe Jimmy El Greggo the first real lift for my books. But he pains me by his present indifference to his early loves —Lawson and Luks. You must grow, but a good picture is as good in 1920 as the day it was painted, say 1900. I don't believe in schools or movements. There are only painters with talent. All the rest is ornament or superfluous.

I'm going out next week. Life is a sullen Saragossian sea at present. I'm not working yet—next week (?)

We must meet in May. What do you think of Col.

Teddy? A marvel. The war—I no longer read anything but headlines. (1914 Attrition; 1915 Nutrition; 1916 Contrition)

With regards from both

As Ever

James Huneker

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court,
April 11, 1916.

My dear Mencken:

I fear this letter will give you as much boredom as yours gave me pleasure; really, I'm becoming alarmed at the sight of my name with your signature—I'll never live up to all the things you say of me! And I needn't add, that you know how grateful I am for your lonely, but golden voice in the wilderness. Also—I'm damned glad that *you* are about to print a volume. You should have done it years ago. I only hope I'll have a page on some journal to review your book! A few corrections and suggestions before I answer your questions: (don't get scared! I've a morning to myself—one of many since my illness—and I propose to tell you all you ask and more. Nothing is more desiccating than the gossiping egotism of writers). 1st. De Pachmann pointed at the audience and said, "He knows more than *you*"—meaning, of course, the critics as well as the London public. Catch the little chap admitting that any one knew more than he did of Chopin. Few do (notably, Godowsky the Superman of the keyboard). 2nd. I do hope you will not endorse the legend of Pollard's, i. e. that I never wrote of Americans, only of foreigners, whereas, all my life I've toiled in the cause of American poets, paint-

ers, musicians, prosateurs, critics—witness, E. A. MacDowell and all contemporary American composition for which I battled in The Musical Courier as far back as 1886. And for 18 years, all over the land I attended the annual meetings of the Music Teachers Association where new music (American) was given.

In art ask the 1903–1912 crowd—Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan, Prendergast &c. what I did on The Sun (even Manet and Monet and Degas were laughed at here in 1900). The Cubists don't interest me. I have to get off somewhere and with the exception of Matisse and Picasso and Epstein and Augustus John, I don't dote on the new chaps. I've letters from Frank Norris; Dreiser (whose Gerhardt novel—I've forgotten the title, I read in Ms. and sweated blood in the corrections—to no purpose. He is without an ear for prose, or an eye for form), Steve Crane and the new writers—first of all and best, H. B. Fuller, whose "With the Procession" and "Cliff Dwellers" were models of realism in their day—which prove my sympathy for American art and letters. No, my dear H. L., Pollard had that crazy notion on the brain and did me an injustice. What I didn't do was to print a volume on American arts, &c. I'll do it some day and date it and you may be surprised.

No, I've not a drop of German blood in me. If I had I might possess more of what I once called The Will-to-Sit-Still. (Sitzfleisch.) I'm too Celtic, too centrifugal, as opposed to the centripetal Teuton, too fickle if too Catholic, and I'm a poor man at 56. My philandering in the 7 arts has kept me roving from literature to art and that is not very German. Even the German beer and cuisine are not in it with the Austro-Hungarian. I'm Celto-Magyar—Pilsner and Donnybrook Fair.

Now as to your questions: First effort—a short story written July 4, 1876 (thermometer at 105°) in Phila. Bad imitation of E. A. Poe—my first idol—and in print. It is called "The Comet" (ominous title!). Then I went to Paris 1878—to see Liszt—and wrote for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin specials on the music, painting, sculpture, literature, stage, &c.; wrote very much in my present gossipy manner—I've no literary style, except a possible personal note—and I've all this stuff in print to show. I came to New York in 1886. I first read Ibsen in 1878. I became acquainted with Nietzsche in 1888—his "Richard Wagner at Bayreuth." I imitated Carlyle—the Carlyle of "Sartor" till my mother—who wrote pure, undefiled English—gave me Cardinal Newman; with Flaubert he has been my model. God knows you would never suspect it. The first Ibsen critic in America was William Morton Payne editor of The Dial, Chicago; with Prof. H. H. Boyesen of Columbia he discoursed on the plays (and completed the Jaeger Life) But as far back as 1891 I was in the critical trenches as dramatic critic and fighting the poison bombs of the old time criticism. Then Ibsen was a "degenerate"; today, he is a tiresome preacher.

I had only a brief Maeterlinck fever. I'm over it 15 years. Shaw is shallow, but amusing. I read him in 1886—a rotten music and art critic. But I quoted him in the Musical Courier and persuaded its owner, the late Marc A. Blumenberg, to buy an essay of Shaw's on old musical instruments, clavichord, &c. and their superiority to the modern grand pianoforte (like all innovators and revolutionists, Shaw faces the past, socialism, idealism, &c.). This article—I believe to be the first that ever appeared in America—is buried in the pages of The Musi-

cal Courier for May 1890 or 1891. From the Phila. Bulletin, when I returned, I went to The Courier (for 15 years). Joined The Recorder in 1891; then The Morning Advertiser; finally The Sun in 1900. Since then—1912—I've written for The Times; still do (was music, dramatic and art critic on Sun. Also editorial writer, book reviewer, and foreign correspondent).

I studied piano at Paris with a Chopin pupil, the venerable George Mathias; in New York with Joseffy. Was his—(Don't blench Bill! This is the last)—assistant as piano pedagogue at the National Conservatory, N. Y., for 10 years. Have never published any music, though my grandfather, John Huneker, was a rotten composer of church music and a capable organist of St. Mary's Church, Phila.; my other grandfather was an Irish poet, patriot, refugee, printer, James Gibbons, president of the Fenian Brotherhood in America. (The limit—poet and organist! No wonder I drink Pilsner.) My "best seller" thus far (mirage No. 93!) is "Iconoclasts" (published 1903) then the "Chopin" and now "Ivory Apes" &c. which has gone here and in England. (See Spectator Dec. 18–15.) My "Chopin" is in German (Georg Müller, Munchen & Leipzig). My "Iconoclasts" is in print but not published in Germany and Austria ("Bilderstürmer" —idiotic title). The "Chopin" is also in French and Italian, and, oddly enough there is an edition (pirated) of "Visionaries" in Bohemian! (Prague). I have it. (The translator, poor devil, came over here in money distress and it was summer and I was in Europe. He got a job at the German Hospital as a lift boy. It fell. He was killed. No royalties for me, no money for him). And now the secret of my soul.

In France and Germany my two volumes of tales,

"Melomaniacs" and "Visionaries" are the best liked of my books (they have both been translated by Lola Lorme of Vienna but the war has kept them off the market). I think they are, in spots, worth all my alleged critical stuff. That is, they belong, for the most part, to what the Germans call "Kulturnovellen," and are not Anglo-Saxon or American fiction at all. I have "The Lord's Prayer in B" in German and French. Also in German—"The Purse of Aholibah," "A Chopin of the Gutter" &c (in weekly and monthly publications). My favorites are (in "Visionaries") "The Third Kingdom," "Rebels of the Moon," and in "Melomaniacs" "Avatar." Both books have been called valuable documents for alienists &c., and both books do not sell. They are too heavy. Did you read "Visionaries"? May I send, if not, both these fictions? (Ah! the parental passion for the ugly ducklings of the inky family.) In conclusion (quick! a drink at my expense) I loathe movements—artistic, political, literary, religious—all propaganda &c. There are no "schools" in art or literature, only good writers and artists; there are no types, only individuals. And the best beer comes from Bohemia as the best music comes from Germany; the best prose from Paris, the best poets from England—you can't get away from it, old son. But the best fried oysters and terrapin and literary critic —from Baltimore! By God! And may He have mercy on your soul if you read this through at a sitting. Again —thanks. We must meet, with G. J. N. here in May, late in May.

As ever, JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Lawrence Gilman*

This is in answer to a note from Mr. Gilman asking Mr. Huneker why he had not sent an article he had promised for The North American Review. Evidently the "little anecdote" was the explanation. Mr. Gilman had enclosed his review of a first novel by Willard Huntington Wright.

The Shakespeare prelude was an article in The North American Review apropos of Beerbohm Tree's production of Henry VIII.

Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn May 13/16

MY DEAR GILMAN:

I am glad you wrote. I sent the little anecdote to let you know of my illness; well nigh fatal, by the way. On Feb. 29th I came near crossing the border for I had a bad case of pneumonia and pleurisy. My first illness! Quite an experience. I always read the N. A. R. [North American Review] for your story.* Politics do not interest me and as for war—! Phew! Yes, your criticism of a certain new American novel was (*is*, I should say) sound; nevertheless, there is another angle from which the book may be viewed. It has for a virgin novel a certain grim power, but is *charmless*—just the reverse of the author who, even though dogmatic, doesn't suggest power —rather charm and a debonair "nerve" that appealed to me when last I saw him in 1913. Above all, he has evaded the usual sentimental traps of the "best seller." And then, my dear Gilman, the "new woman" is about "due" in fiction for the inevitable reaction. She has too long been over flattered. The new "young men," Nietzcheans, call them what you will, are bound to send the pendulum the other direction. As I wrote, the book

* "Story" is here used in the newspaper sense of anything written—from a stock-market report to a review of a new opera.

lacks air; I suffocated before I was through. The style is metallic. But the total effect is more impressive than most American novels written lately. I enjoyed your analysis of the Mahler symphony—which I heard in Munich, 1st performance. I, personally, like No. 2 symphony better. Your Shakespeare prelude is charming—apart altogether from the criticism of the lisping, ambling English actor.

Cordially

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Rupert Hughes*

Mr. Hughes had written Mr. Huneker to remonstrate lightly on account of the scantiness of the comment in Puck, for which Mr. Huneker was then writing, on his novel "Clipped Wings," and had incidentally twitted him with "dragging" Flaubert into much of his literary comment—apropos of his having done so in certain references to the novels of Stephen French Whitman, author of "Predestined," etc. The reference to "Romeike," the clipping agency, arose from the irrepressible temptation of a publisher's advertising department to transform everything to grist that came to its mill: Mr. Hughes had shown his publishers a personal letter from Mr. Huneker praising his "Clipped Wings"; the advertising department sent quotations from it to the newspapers as a "literary note."

Westminster Court: Brooklyn, June 10/16

You dear old sensitive soul, Rupert! If I had even a faint notion you valued my poor pen I should have not said a word about "Clipped Wings"—for that mention was really an acknowledgment of the publisher's courtesy, not a review. But I'm very sorry you are annoyed, just as is your grievance. At the risk of being told that "Qui s'excuse" &c. let me tell you a few things. First, I'm only just up on my legs, shaky to be sure, after a 3 months bout with pneumonia, which simply smashed all

my plans. I know *you* knew nothing of my illness else I would have had a line from you; and I'm sure you ought to have suspected something was wrong with me as I didn't write you at the time of the death of your dear sister—a lady for whom I entertained, as did Mrs. Huneker, a profound admiration. (We met her at Worcester in 1902.) "Clipped Wings" I read during my convalescence. I like it, but the disposition now on my paper is to avoid all book reviews. And as I'm allowed only 1500 words a week I had to crowd in a lot of books with the usual unsatisfactory results. Indeed, Rupert, I didn't think I would ever write a line again for Puck. They want one essay from me, and your book would, and will, furnish a stirring thesis. Why, the Verse of Vance has been on my table a year, over a year! So please pardon me for something for which I'm not to blame. As regards "Empty Pockets" I wrote a paragraph about it—always crowded as to space—and you must have missed it. Neither of the new books is the equal of "What Will People &c." But that of course is a personal opinion. The letter about "Empty Pockets" was marked "in confidence"—if you still have it look it up—and I confess I was rather shocked to see it in print without being asked. Naturally I never write anything I'd be ashamed to see in print, but in this case if you had asked me I should have given you a stronger, better written letter of praise. However, if our friends can't quote us then there's no such thing as friendship. But I did groan over my "Romeike"; from coast to coast every newspaper and magazine worth while contained that letter. Surely a tribute to your popularity! My boy, if you think you can quarrel with your old Uncle James you are mistaken. I've only a handful of friends left from the old days, two

decades ago—you, Vance, Joe Clarke, Vic Herbert—and I intend to keep them. Your splendid and certainly deserved success has not reached the crumpled-rose petal period, and I fully sympathize with your feeling. But I meant no harm. In the Stephen Whitman case the Flaubert allusion was intended as a compliment. Irony is not one of my successful weapons. (In Bovary Flaubert gives us the thoughts of Emma and Charles as they lie awake at night. Mr. Whitman, who is a gifted chap, employs the same device, and with ample success.) Really Rupert you must not become suspicious. You are too frank a nature. For twenty years I've not failed, I hope, in my friendship. And don't forget that Puck is limited as to space. Also that for the first time in my life I stared death in the face (On Feb. 29th they quite gave me up). I've been dazed ever since, and your letter gave me another shock. How little we know each other, after all! You the brilliantly successful man of letters finding fault with the poor old critic of Flatbush! Well, I know you didn't mean to hurt me, though you did.

Yours as ever "previously" and in the future.

JIM

### *To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
July 18/16

MY DEAR H. L.

With the best wishes in the world I can't see my way clear to join that festive board. Apart altogether from the remoteness of the date—for who can make an engagement so far ahead—I never go out Sundays. It is my *one* sure work day, when I tackle a cluttered-up desk. But I should like to see you that week, say Monday,

Aug. 14. I always go to the city on Mondays. Bank, beer, &c. I'm sorry I can't join the gang. Strube I've not seen for 20 years, at least. He is a mighty fine musician and a good chap.

I enclose clipping from last Sunday's Times (awful mug of mine!). No, I simply hit the eternal "triangle" johnnies a wallop. Adultery has been done to death. It's worse than "uplift." I don't change my spots over night. In the concrete adultery is the same old teasing device: pruritus and vanity! But these bores who write such stupid English always are moral; always preach. The wages of sin is death! Still, I find my sermon a bit overheated for summer. Keep cool! I've just finished "The Buffoon" by Louis Wilkinson. It's very amusing. Read it. It will be pie for *you* in S. S. [Smart Set]. By the way, won't you please let me know when that story of mine, "Brothers-in-law," appears. I nearly missed the "Venus Valkyr." I want to save it. No hurry, of course. Had a death in the family. Funeral in Phila. A sad blow to us all.

As ever,

JIM

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
Aug. 1st/16

DEAR MENCKEN:

Don't get scared! It's not copy for sale. I am interested in your Conrad articles, and so, I think, will be J. C. himself. I'm enclosing my interview with him which appeared in the N. Y. Sunday Times Oct. 12/1912 (mark the date!) I regret I didn't put it in "Ivory" &c. for it was written hot off the griddle, and I think it a better, because swifter, summary of the man and his

books than the article that first appeared in the N. A. Review, and later in "Ivory." *That* particular piece was to serve a two-fold purpose and is in nowise a comprehensive study; it dealt chiefly with C. technique—not many studies have thus far done so; and it combats the idea that C. has no women admirers, or that he can't handle women as stuff for his fiction. Please remember that in 1914 the old gag still prevailed; hence my narrow specialization. Naturally I don't pretend to have "discovered" J. C. *That* would be a comical claim. But I was the first Yankee to print an interview (he is hard to come at). We have corresponded since 1910, when he was ill with typhoid fever.

Why am I pelting your ear drums with this stale talk? Because I never knew any of his publishers and went after the man on my own hook for my own story. You are right, that "Ivory" &c. essay is solemn and pedestrian and slurous. Perhaps you haven't seen the enclosed. If you have—a 1000 pardons. It has, at least, the merit of being "lived." Would you, *entre nous* put it in my 1917 book of essays? Or will it be repetition? J. C. is afloat now and I think, I hope, making money. Mencken my lad, The N. Y. Sun (morning) sent for me last week and after 4 years absence from the editorial page, I'm back this week. Only editorial, or semi-editorial articles. Free lance as to themes. *Good* money. New proprietor &c. Keep the thing to yourself for the present. I shall continue to write for Puck and also The Times. Must have geld. Will you like a friend and brother send this Conrad story back at your leisure.

Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER

*Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Flatbush-by-the C.(emetery) Aug. 1916

Keep the Symons article as long as you see fit. I'll do what I can *in re* Dreiser—if I'm permitted. Such slush that society is up to. They stopped sale of Prybyzewski's "Homo" &c. so Knopf tells me. I hope to take a sea trip early in Sep. Hope you are standing heat.

Greetings!

J. H.

Look at Sunday Sun book page Aug. 13th.
McFee is a big fellow—not an artist yet.

*Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Havana Sept. 13/16

*No* hay fever, despite heat, humidity and tropical vegetation. Beautiful city—busy people. Hope to see you in Oct. Greetings.

J. H.

*To Felix F. Leifels*

Felix Leifels was for many years manager of the Philharmonic Society of New York, a position from which he resigned about a year ago.

Westminster Court:
Oct. 27/16

DEAR FELIX

I looked around the house this afternoon for you but in vain. I saw Henry Burck, and spoke with him. Sorry to have missed you. We waited till the V. R. de, and then left after a very interesting afternoon; interesting, not thrilling, though the new storm music simply piles Pelion on Ossa; Beethoven on Rossini; and, to cap the grand climacteric, on Liszt—you remember the hell

of a noise he stirs up in Tasso! Never mind—only R. S. could have painted such an imposing tonal canvas. And nearly all diatonic! and Teutonic! Thanks for the seats. Hope we meet Nov. 6—; and if you care to make it Nov. 7 (election day) I shan't complain. Good luck on tour! Viele Grüsse for Mr. Stransky. His band played bully and big!

Sincerely with
remembrances from Mrs. Huneker
I am As Ever

JIM

*To Edward P. Mitchell*

Westminster Court:
Nov. 12/16

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL

May I ask for the privilege of proof for enclosed story —which is as full of modern instances as ancient saws. I shall esteem it a personal favor. My handwriting I know is hopeless, yet the mistakes, purely typographical I hope in my printed stuff are becoming alarming. The Mallock story was disfigured by such breaks as "Intention," when I wrote of Bergson's "Intuition." I am, I know, to blame; but worse follows. In the "New York of the Novelists," (Sunday Nov. 5th) from De Quincey's "Opium Eater" was sadly misquoted. Any schoolgirl knows it, "Oxford Street, Stony-hearted Stepmother." It came out "Strong" in print! Nor, on the same page was "Emma Bovary's Tomb" right. It masked as "Touch"; nor was Henry Harland's "The Yoke of the Torah" spared. It was printed Torch, but there is excuse for this as the Hebrew "Torah" (sacred scroll) is an unusual word for a fiction tale. *E tutti quanti!* However, as I am not expected to turn in copy any particular

day, and if it won't incommode the machinery of the office I should very much like to have a peep at my proof once in a while. I promise to return it promptly, also not to make any additions; only to correct; if there are any excisions to be made, and I am told my copy is so and as many lines too long, then I could make them with a reasonable confidence. The Mallock story had all the personal quality extracted by the forceps of an accomplished dental surgeon. This wail will I hope reach sympathetic ears. What do you think of a correspondent's suggestion (sometime in last week's issue) that a "Gourmet's Guide to N. Y." be written. Couldn't it be done in 2 cols. over my initials?

Sincerely
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Richard Aldrich*

Westminster Court
Nov. 23/16

MY DEAR DICK

Thanks for your kind and interesting letter. Billy Henderson called the turn the other day when he met me on the Avenue: Murio-Celli, he said; and then, a remarkable memory his, he gave me the real name of Zelocco, my "limpty go fetch it" soprano (coloratura). I had forgotten her name, but as soon as I described her to W. J. H. he knew. She sang 20 years ago—less I think—at a Waldorf-Astoria concert—plush and Seidl. She was lame, a Belgian girl, dark. Paolo Gallica made his N. Y. debut that night with her. Who she was, how she sang, where she is I know not. Her lameness was more interesting to me than her larynx. I used it as a peg for my discourse; but the two are portraits from life. I can't get about opera or concerts till after Jan. 1st; I

must even miss the Gluck rehearsal this morning, which pains me. I'm on several jobs for cash. I must make up that yawning deficit caused by my sickness last Spring and 3 months· enforced—and delightful—laziness. "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness," as Billy Cowper sings.

As Ever

JIM

*To Felix E. Leifels*

Westminster Court: Dec. 8/16

DEAR FELIX

Thank you for your courtesies. I can't always get over, I'm so busy, but depend upon it the tickets are not wasted. The story of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society is at last in the typist's hands. I expect it back Sat. night. Sunday I'll work at it; whip it into shape and Monday or Tuesday next I'll personally deliver it at your office. I'll not risk the crowded mails. It's about 8,000 words—long enough to float a half dozen, even a dozen pictures. Felix, I've not attempted any fancy, ornamental writing, no "hifaluting" rhetoric. The subject is too grave, too dignified for anything but sober, unadorned prose. Nor do I think Mr. Flinsch will disagree with me on this point. I've stuck to my subject, which is, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society—the orchestra comes first; then the conductors. I've named no solo singers or performers. Only the novelties for orchestra, etc. are mentioned—since 1902 I've "played up" King Theodore Thomas—and, of course, Seidl. The present incumbent, Stransky, gets his dues. Krehbiel's name occurs once—as you both suggested at our last meeting. It is unavoidable, as I boil down his book to 5 or 6 pages. So at the beginning I speak of his Memo-

rial. I've endeavored to attain precision and concision. I've written the narrative for what it's worth—any more than my number of words might prove prolix. Three complete lists of the personnel of the orchestra I had to print: 1842, 1892, and 1917. These are the 3 significant dates. But I have "run in" the names in the text so that the reader will not be confounded with a page dotted with small type. There is no padding. I've dwelt on the necessity of public co-operation—the idea of Mr. Flinsch—and the story ends with a veiled appeal (only a hint, a suggestion) that the day of Philharmonic Hall must come. (Another idea of Mr. Flinsch's.) I hope you won't be disappointed with the copy. I did my level best with—I confess rather "tough" material. Some statistics were unavoidable; but I dodged financial ones. I'd rather go to the trenches than tackle such a job again. I sweat blood, yet it gave me a melancholy sort of pleasure. My entire musical past history is bound up in the history of the Society. Theodore Thomas was our first master. I can go back to 1870—Phila.! Now if I don't see you let me have proof. I must positively read every line. Page proof I hope—not galley.

As Ever with thanks and regards

JIM

*To Miss Cora Williams*

Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn, N. Y. Dec. 30/16

MY DEAR MISS WILLIAMS:

I confess I read your name at the bottom of your sympathetic letter with some trepidation. My uncritical conscience has been uneasy since that review (?) ap-

peared. I said as much in a note to my old friend Mr. Markham—for to him I owe the pleasure of your 4th dimensional personality (good heavens, lady, how could you think I doubted the possession of a very strong subtle personality!). I read "Creative Involution"* through twice the same day—made some notes during second reading. Then I wrote, without proper assimilation, the notice—which was too *Hunekeresque*, as you say, and to my discomfiture. I hadn't read 4th dimensional literature for years and you simply made my hair stand, my scalp freeze. You sent me back to Claude Bragdon, who had always intrigued me; of course I didn't do your finely spun web of thought justice. How could I after only two hasty readings? I said "impersonal" because you handled a tremendous theme as would a stern logician; i. e. without "gush" or sentimentality, the curse of our age. I loathe sloppy humanitarianism, and prefer an army of Nietzsches to a slobbering altruist. Naturally you "reacted" to my mental reservations for you are a "psychic" even if you had never thought, never wrote. What I said of Henry James I can say of Cora Williams, —that she has a *luminous* intelligence; true mystics have. And please do not convict me of that odious method in which so many male writers indulge; i. e. patronizing the "female" intellect as if something new and strange. There should be no sex in author philosophy. Your "impersonalism" is in your admirable literary method—that's what I meant, not in yourself. There are no types; only individuals—souls. An old contention of mine. But it's true, isn't it, Miss Williams—mathematicians are often mystics! I've read widely, rather than deeply in

* "Creative Involution," by Cora L. Williams. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1916.

mystic literature, because I was raised a Roman Catholic, even destined for the priesthood. (The usual feminine sirocco supervened!) So interested was I in Abbott's "Flatland" and James Hinton, that I wrote a Fourth Dimensional romance in a volume of short stories: "Melomaniacs" (1900). The story is called: "The Disenchanted Symphony" and it is absurd; but even in its absurdity I felt that music (which I once named as "an order of mystic, sensuous mathematics") was in an extra-Terrestrial dimension. Furthermore, in my "Visionaries" I dared to employ Karma as a theme in a tale entitled, "The Third Kingdom." If you care to see these volumes—! But, there, I didn't intend to write of myself, and you, like the woman soul you are, "drew" this little egotistical fish at the end of your 4th dimensional hook. I fear men will always be men in no matter what strange environment they are. Salutations and more power to your concrete and imaginative pen.

Your friend,

JAMES HUNEKER

## 1917

### *To Edward P. Mitchell*

Westminster Court
March 14/17

My Dear Mr. Mitchell

Last Sunday's discussion of Paul Cézanne was not only the nub of my discourse, but an excuse for the treasurer to subtract my name at the close, the very last line, and send me, as he has been doing for weeks past, a quaint and embarrassing cheque for $29.77; or (last week), $26.40—manifestly underestimated. It reminds me of that old "wheeze" of Mark Twain in "Roughing It" about the rock-drill operator, who "struck oil" so hurriedly that the liquid exploded and he was blown into the sky for 10 minutes; when he fell down again and resumed work the company that employed him, docked him for the time he was absent! *Se non è vero—!* Really, Mr. Mitchell, while I can't always measure flat two columns I think that as a minimum wage $30 is not too much for my work (I could say more, but instinctive Celtic modesty cries Halt!). However, a bargain is a bargain, and I suppose the finance department demands its pound of flesh. But I can't help believing that magazine proprietors, like corporations, are sans bowels. Pardon this outpouring. It's for the vestibule of your ear. As Ever Cordially

James Huneker.

### *To Pitts Sanborn*

This letter was in reply to one from Mr. Pitts Sanborn, music critic of The New York Globe, which asked for information "on the perennially interesting subject of Jews in music, always a favorite with Mr. Huneker." Indeed, Mr. Sanborn says, "he seemed at times to believe that genius of no matter what kind is synonymous with Jew."

Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn, March 27/17

DEAR MR. SANBORN: (Confidential)

My little improvisation brought me a very interesting letter indeed. The meeting with Pachmann (whose right name is Waldemar Bachmann—no *Von* or *De*, and a native of Odessa, his father a Kantor in a local school) must have been immense. When in the mood he is the most ornamental impresario alive. The *legato* story is true—few possess the art. Joseffy achieved the legato effect by an aerial handling—or footing—of pedals. But the clinging legatissimo of Pachmann, Thalberg, and Paderewski (in his prime) he did not boast. His ideal touch was aristocratic, detached, yet on the ear the melodic line was never staccato. Pedalling—in perfection. As to the Jewish note: of course, I meant the historical dead, not contemporaries. Hummel—a great virtuoso, Moscheles, Heller, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, down to Doehler, Herz—a volley from the land of the pawnbroker. However, Paderewski is a Roman Catholic even if his touch has a luscious oriental richness. But oriental doesn't mean Semitic; besides the Slavs (Poles and Czechs and Russians) are all peculiarly gifted in the matter of touch. Think of Chopin, Rubinstein! No, I meant no narrow fencing off, only it is remarkable that the Jews should be such great executants. Paganini looked Jewish; Ysaye—

spell it Isaiah—was of Jewish origin in Belgium—30 years ago; his brother was called Jacob Ysaye, a pianist. Now he is James. And Paderewski—whom I love and admire greatly—sent me his photograph 20 years ago and on the back it was addressed to "Jacob Huneker-stein," a neat come-back for my jesting with his Christian name. This is, of course, all entre-nous. In my own case, possibly Magyar, and wholly Irish. The Hunekers, or Hunykyrs, were in Phila. in 1700, and my ancestors fought against King George. I'm a Cooper and a Bowman, English on the distaff side of my father's house; the James Gibbons speaks for itself; only, my God, my dear Sanborn, my grandfather was a prohibitionist; actually toured the country in 1840-50 in the cause of temperance, and our family thirst! No, I don't believe in heredity. Pardon my prolixity. Your letter fired off my memory cartridge.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Alden March*

Westminster Court
April 6/17

MY DEAR ALDEN MARCH:

Your very cordial letter deserves a return in kind; but I confess I can't touch even its hem, for you lazy editors, when you do take up the pen, are formidable indeed. So I shan't make the attempt to rival your very fraternal words; only echo them. I've had in my long career as a writer for the press (sound the ominous motive! once a newspaper man *toujours une cocotte!*). Many editors, Sunday, daily, billygoats and bandits, but I've never been so well treated, considering my deserts, as by one, Alden March, formerly Sunday editor, N. Y. Times, now happily translated to glory as the

whole shooting match on the Phila. Press. I say it because I mean it. And I confess I see you go to a strange city, a stranger in a strange land, with a heavy heart. New York's loss is Philadelphia's gain. Trite but unavoidable sentiment.

Good luck! best wishes! and *au revoir!* are the last words of the Huneker clan! Chorus: He's a jolly good fellow (if he'd only take to drink)!

As ever your humble contributor and proud friend!

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Benjamin de Casseres*

Westminster Court:
May 17/17

DEAR BEN:

I owe you 5000 apologies for my protracted silence; but what professional penman ever likes to write letters! I'm doing nothing now-a-days but playing Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, for the war has knocked my "line of goods" sky-high. Let us hope it may end sometime! I read all you print—principally in the hospitable columns of the incomparable Don Marquis—and note your Swinburnian power of invective and melodious indignation. You have enormous rhythmic gifts, but you can't go on forever at your dithyrambic altitude. You dazzle, but don't burn. You will disappear altogether in the zenith. Get closer to earth, good old vile Mother Earth! Did you read De Gourmont's "Pendant l'orage"? You are mentioned by the good soul. I've a little appreciation of him in June North American Review—but it had to be cut and so wait till my new book* appears in the autumn for a brief, swift estimate of that great critic's versatility. As I go nowhere, not even to Jack's at

* "Unicorns."

luncheon, I don't know when I'll see you, except by accident, as was the meeting with Jack O'Brien last month.

As ever,

JIM

### *To John D. Williams*

Mr. John D. Williams, the theatrical producer, an admirer and friend of Mr. Huneker, had been anxious to bring about a meeting between him and Mr. Barrymore.

Westminster Court
July 11/17

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS:

The fact that you said a copy of "Robe Rouge" was not to be found sent me up to Scribners (48th & Fifth Ave.) and, as they have an excellent French Department, the play was easy to procure. Moral: when Brentano's fail, try elsewhere! I have *not* the play in my library. I fear I can't give myself the pleasure of meeting Lionel Barrymore just now. I'm up to my eyes in work—reading proof of new Fall book; patching several plays. I'm literally afraid to go out in the dark. Thank you very much for the invitation. I've not seen Lionel since he was a lad in knickerbockers; when his sister was a pupil at Notre Dame school, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia. Time fugues. Men are become grizzled. *Ex patati, patata!* I hope, however, to see you some time at midday along the new Rialto. Good luck!

Sincerely,

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

### *To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
Brooklyn N. Y. Oct. 18/17

DEAR HAL

The *book** came and though parts were familiar I devoured it *en masse* at a sitting. It's a bully book, full of

* "A Book of Prefaces," by H. L. Mencken, 1917.

the vim and virility of bold youth ripened by knowledge and the *juste* critical *milieu*. What pleased me most was the last chapter, a magnificent arraignment of puritanism —it should have opened the book. As for the J. H. (James Huneker) it is despairingly exaggerated—why, *warum, pourquoi, perché?* A newspaper man in a hell of a hurry writing journalese is not to be dumped into the seat of the mighty so easily. But I'm again in your debt. I thank you as a friend and brother. I may see you sooner than you think. Read The Phila. Press on *Sat. & Sunday* next—musical articles. I expect to go to Phila. two days every week—though I'm not sure I can stand the travel. It's pure boodle. I need it. What's the row over W. H. W.? I note he is not on the job with The Mail, and a certain "J. G." slams George Jean hard last Sat.

Hope to see you soon and tell you in your ears what I think of the book. But what a hell of a row it's bound to raise! You are to be congratulated. You have the fighting spirit. Mine has vanished—30 years precisely (1887) since I began and now I only yearn for Mozart, Phila. pepper-pot, and—God! my eyes are blind with unshed tears—*real* Pilsner from Plzu. No more salicylic acid for me. *A Moi! A moi!*

As ever,

JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Westminster Court
Oct 22/17

DEAR HARRY

Only a line to say that Scribners returned me here a copy of my new explosion, "Unicorns," which was sent to you at above address Sept. 15 as no one was home.

I tell you this, not that your loss is great, but to show you I didn't omit your beloved name from my list. Then Vernon wrote me and I knew you had returned. Pardon the delay. I've written S. & S. in this mail so you will get "Eddie" Ziegler's dedicated book.

Enclosed may surprise you. I go to Phila weekly now only Friday & Saturdays to write for Rodman Wanamaker's paper—"THE PRESS" &c., and get more money in 24 hours than I earned on Park Row in 2 weeks. It pays to advertise! (Ha!) It's easy except the 2 hour train traffic and money is scarce in N. Y. and it's going to be scarcer later. You may note if you bother to read the stuff that I still have the Krehbiel quotation habit, and I'm too old to unlearn it. I am so wretched about not being able to go to Ed. Dithmar's funeral but, alas! the Phila. orchestra gave its afternoon concert and I had to be on the job. I don't know of any death that has so shocked me. Lord! Harry, we are all lining up nowadays. I rejoiced to hear from Vernon you were in rude health. I expect to see more of you this season. I'm again in the musical trenches.

As Ever with Love

JIM

*To Richard Aldrich*

The Hotel (No Gentiles admitted!)
Atlantic City, N. J.

DEAR DICK Oct. 28/17

I thank you for your nice letter which heartens me in a new job. I hope you found the furniture in order at your shop, though several pictures I left behind me will have their faces turned to the wall. (Come into the Garden—Mary!) However, I was treated as never be-

fore in a newspaper office. I trod, and was trod on, with velvet. The staff was amiability itself. As to you finding things different—your copy sounds as fresh as spring; the rest really did you good. I had 15 years cessation from the grind, so I came back as fresh as paint. Don't you worry. You play ball, i. e. write criticisms of music. I don't, although I shall try to this season. And what a horror is before us! I couldn't resist sending you that little joke, knowing that you must have felt as mortified as I did a year ago when I saw the unrevised first edition stuff of mine. Indeed, I'm suffering here as I see no proof of my Sunday World stuff. We go up after 4 weeks in this Jerusalem. Regards to H. E. K. & W. J. H. and to yourself.

Cordially as ever, JIM

### *To Alden March*

This letter was written to Mr. Alden March shortly after he had left the position as Sunday editor of The New York Times to take complete charge of The Philadelphia Press. Mr. March immediately arranged to have Mr. Huneker write for The Press—an arrangement which ultimately resulted in the serialization in The Press of Mr. Huneker's autobiography, "Steeplejack."

Westminster Court
Oct. 31/17

DEAR ALDEN:

Here is Sunday copy. Thanks for clippings. Your proof-reader must be a miracle of erudition; not to mention his optical process. You are to lunch with me at McGowan's at 1:15 (quarter after one) on Friday. I go over on the 11, arrive at 1 o'clock, rush to Denney's where I hope to find you. Then after feeding we can go to club get tickets and proceed to concert—for, of course, you will be glad to hear Matzenauer. (In Yiddish her

name means—Matzoth—hewer!) But—voice!! If you wish to change this let me know by first mail Friday (it arrives at 8:30). I should like to have proof of enclosed Friday. So fetch it along, if it isn't troubling you too much. I should also like to talk with you about the messenger-boy problem. A grave one. I couldn't get one last Friday at 7 o'clock; we rang from the club to Broad & Chestnut, 15th & Chestnut. No boys! No prospect of one. Finally I went over to 1420 South Penn Square—no boy for an hour. Cursing Penn and his town I went to the Press office myself. No alternative. I didn't mind it, and I shan't charge you carfare, but how about the future? Rainy, snowy, stormy, hellish nights! Think it over Mr. Editor. Talk about foreign transportation problems! If I don't hear from you I'll be at Mac's—upstairs—for pepper pot and a confab. You simply *must* go to the concert. (The Boston Symphony is impossible. I've an engagement with the Missus. Besides—the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, no novelties.)

As ever,

JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Westminster Court
Brooklyn Nov. 20/17

DEAR HARRY

Only a line to tell you that I am distressed that you are not feeling up to concert-pitch. Also to gently remind you that after your demise the critic of music on The Tribune—whoever he may be—will continue to write what he thinks. Consider the case of W. Winter. None of us is necessary—not a consoling thought; worse still, "mankind is not necessary," the earth could dispense with his presence and continue to roll through space with

majestic phlegm. Nevertheless, I sympathize with your feelings. Building up for four decades only to be pulled down in a few years. But don't worry, above all else. Worry *never* was of use—even a bad conscience—which you haven't—does not always make for righteousness. Go away, enjoy yourself (I fear you have laid up a dubious old age for yourself because you play neither cards nor Bach! Pity me! "Aida" in Phila. tonight. I go over at 4 P. M. What to write? I have it! I'll tell the good Philadelphians that "Aida" was NOT written to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal (Vide "A Book of Operas") see Sunday papers there, one and all printed that fact—probably press stuff from Billy Guard otherwise—Riccardo Martin, Claudia Muzio! And we can recall a few Aidas—what! Yes, you are right—R. Strauss is a plain Munich philisten; but then, so was Flaubert—the master of fiction. I hope to hear good news from you and Mrs. Krehbiel soon.

With Love As Ever

JIM

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court:
Dec 12/17

MY DEAR FRIDA

Just a line to ask you if you have returned to town! I had Scribners send you my new book "Unicorns" last September, but each time the man tried to deliver it the house was closed. As I wish you to have my "latest"—truly a book of gossip—do drop me a line here and I'll let the Scribners know. If you are not at your town house just say where you are. I hope you are well. We often talk of you. Fancy your old chum back in the critical trenches! I go over to Phila. Tuesday nights for

opera (last night "La fille du Regiment"!) and Friday for the Phila. Symphony Orchestra, a critical account of both I write for The Phila. Press—Rodman Wanamaker's newspaper. The work—apart from the dreadful trips,—is easy for me and it *pays!* I assure you I need the money as the war has sadly lopped-off my income. But, *sacré nom d'une pipe!* What singers, what singers nowadays; outside of Caruso and Hempel, the rest don't sing but squeal and shout. Farrar is an exception too—a fascinating personality, an artistic law unto herself; she really has her moments; but her voice is getting darker, and thickens in the middle-register (so-called). Altogether, dear Frida, I console myself that *we*—meaning you—have heard the best. I'm really anxious for you to read the new book—it's crowded with memories. Alas! ghosts, for the most part. Poor Teresita Carreño is gone. Do you recall her brief operatic career? You were in the company. With love from both of us

As ever

JIM HUNEKER

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court
Dec. 19/17

*You* DEAR FRIDA!

The picture actually made me homesick. A peaceful but vanished time! It stands on my desk where I now face it as I enter. Thank you, old pal!

I hope "Unicorns" arrived. I had a lovely letter from Maurice Maeterlinck this morning about the book. I'll save it for your eyes. I arrived home this morning at 3.15 A. M. from Phila. on special Met. Opera House Train. Florence Easton made an enormous hit last night over there as—*Santuzza.* A singing actress. Temperament!

But is smashing her voice by forcing—already upper tones pinched, colorless. A big voice at that. But an actress—like Calvé! Fancy! An English woman—wife of the American Tenor Francis McLennan, who formerly sang Wagner roles in Berlin & Hamburg. Caruso as *Canio!* is there ever an end to that glorious organ. He is a bellows on legs, and a jolly, kind chap.

However, I'm tired out today. I had to write a column before our train left—and a column about such stuff —musically speaking—as Mascagni and Leon—on the—Cavallo. *Basta!*

With love from both and again thanks for a unique Christmas present.

Yours As Ever
JIM THE HUNEKER
(or as they now say: "Hunekerkorus")

Merry Christmas!

*To Theodore Presser*

Westminster Court
Dec. 30/17

MY DEAR THEODORE:

I'm immensely flattered and pleased by the idea of a dinner, but I can't conscientiously accept, because I never go to dinners public or semi-public. I never make speeches, because I can't (though I can, when pressed, converse fluently with a barman); and so, Theodore, let the projected function—too much honor, by the way, for a poor music-reporter—modulate into a quiet luncheon, *à partie carré* consisting of Mrs. Presser, Mr. Presser, Mr. Cooke and

Yours as ever
JIM HUNEKER

## 1918

### *Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Jan. 13/18 N. Y.

Thanks for quotations on stock market, but it's my belief you are rigging the book market. They ought to be my posthumous prices! "Going up" and so am I if hard times last. Fishless Fridays will soon be followed by Beerless Boozedays. But I'm sitting on my Quaker City job, cold and all, and only longing for Spring and more coal.

As ever J. H.

### *To John Quinn*

1618 Beverly Road
Jan. 28, 1918

DEAR JOHN:

Glad to hear from you. We went to the Gallery, Tuesday, Missus and I. It's the best show of the sort I've seen outside Paris; furthermore with the exception of the Redon Salon at the big autumn show 1904, Paris, I never saw so many beautiful examples. I saw the Matisse last week and wrote a hasty paragraph—it's a fine show, and "The Serf" (at only $675) is the best bronze I've seen since the early Rodin. But I can't afford it so bought an humble wood-cut at low price. I'll write next week about the show—this week it's all theatres, show &c. a busy week. The trouble with my copy is that it must be in 3 weeks after the event. In a word after a show has closed its doors; thereafter I must write a general notice.

I'm better. I'm busy. I've a commission for 50,000

words for Schirmer—music—Edition définitive, *Chopin*. Joseffy the music text—mine reading matter. Not much in it; but a half-loaf now-a-days—! I'll be chock a block till April—opera and theatre. Quite a lively young person again. We must foregather after Lent. Have you seen "Androcles"? Good but not as good a cast as London—barring the 2 principals. Missus sends regards. So do I. By the way, John, I had hoped to tell you that two (2) books would be launched this spring. But Scribners decided—after accepting both manuscripts—that one in April, one in October would be the proper caper. I'm all the more sorry because the volume of essays (with a gorgeous title) was to have been *your* book; in fact, it still is if you will accept the dedication so far ahead. It contains the Joseph Conrad, the Jules Laforgue and sundry other studies. The spring book deals with New York (certain aspects) and some European critics (in Belgium) before the war. Thrift, Horatio! *Not* a book to dedicate to a lover of the seven arts like you. "Rheingold" this afternoon; tonight German theatre, Irving Place—then Lüchow's till 12, and home. I must *have some* let up.

As Ever JIM

### *To Frank J. Wilstach*

This postal was a reply to a mocking note from Mr. Wilstach as to the use of "not as good as" instead of "not so good as."

Flatbush Feb. 4/18

Of course, you are only tone deaf; also art blind, so why fight nature? Your ear fails in prose else you would not speak of "as—as" which usage years ago has decreed to be correct. "So" in some instances is O. K.

but the hissing aspirate "so—as"—phew! Where's your ear. Prose is like music, every word, every letter must be placed for sound, color, nuance. Grammar must go by the board if it interferes with the cadence—I am talking now of artistic, musical prose, not of newspaper sawdust. As for grammar, it was made for imbeciles and schoolmarms. Selah!

Cordially,

JIM THE PENMAN

*To La Marquise de Lanza*

Westminster Court
Feb. 10/18

MY DEAR MADAME:

I thank you for your very kind letter, and for its information concerning G. M. [George Moore]. But he was really born in 1852. The family records prove it. I was in Dublin in 1914, and Yeats told me; besides that Colonel Maurice Moore, his younger brother, was born 1854. That clinches the matter. Yes, men, artistic men —who are more feminine than women—lie about their age; lie doubly. Only the other day there died a singer here, famous in his day—well, after 60 he only added 10 years so as to seem spry for an old chap. There's a paradox for you! Heine gave a false birth date; it has never been corrected. I fancy Chopin did the same. For years Sarah Bernhardt was 5 years younger—now, having passed 70 she gives the true date; but then, her press-agents may have been to blame.

I am glad to hear from an old friend—for I still have in my famous collection of autographs one signed 'Clara Lanza,' a name euphonious, indeed!

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To La Marquise de Lanza*

Westminster Court
Feb. 15/18

MA CHÈRE MADAME LANZA:

Herewith I return with thanks the G. M. [George Moore] letter—the beginning of which *must* have been interesting; why do we all like to see the other side of the moon? *I* made the mistake. George is the eldest son. Today his income from that once 'encumbered' estate is 7000 pounds a year. He is rich, famous, unhappy. Nothing new in all that. Venerated and antique authorities might be quoted to the effect that it is mankind's fate to die unhappy.

As to the age—I believe you. Internal evidence is proof presumptive. And the old Don Juan looks his age —looked it in 1901 when I first met him at Bayreuth. But after all, what's the harm! And as time rolls on I'm convinced that he is worth the whole kit and crew of contemporary English writers—Shaw, Bennett & the rest. He will live. He is a great critic, novelist and prose-master. Only Joseph Conrad may be mentioned in the same breath. Again thanks!

Avec reconnaissance
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Alden March*

Westminster Court
Feb. 26/18 10 A. M.
(of a bright windy morning)

*You Will Please Read This Personally!*

MY DEAR ALDEN:

It will not be possible for me to cover the Ysaye affair —a quite insignificant affair of the Star Course and coun-

try Lyceum sort—because I have an engagement early at the Fifth Avenue Building in N. Y. with the Steinways and the Ayer Advertising people; a very important engagement for me as it closes the matter which I spoke to you about—the 12 oil paintings, the books &c.

I phoned the Wolfsohn Bureau Sat. morning last about Auer. He has gone west for a few weeks with his accompanist, Madame Stein, and may play—a little. He is 72. Mr. Adams, head of the Wolfsohn, in response to my question whether A. would speak justly i. e. critically of his various pupils, responded in the negative. He is very kind and praises them equally—which, of course, takes all the sting and interest from an interview. *If* he could be induced to tell us the differences in Elman, Heifetz, Rosen &c. then the story would be readable. Others evidently think the same thing; only The Times printed a story—(for The Sun wasn't much, and The Musical Courier was only a puff). There is absolutely no interest here concerning the man—more's the pity. He is the Warwick of all these young aspirants to the throne of fiddling. However, he may be induced to talk more freely later in the season.

I'll be at Dooner's about 1:30 P. M. tomorrow Wednesday. I hope you can go up for an hour to the Damrosch concert. Your *personal* letter—the first you ever wrote me, that wasn't dictated and typed, I have filed in my cabinet of celebrities. Say, young fellow, don't overtax your strength in that prodigal fashion, or you'll be having a surtax on your nerves.

With regards, As Ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

P. S. I met Arthur Davies yesterday afternoon at the Renoir exhibition (magnificent show—Durand-Ruel) and

I promised to go to his studio East 57th St. and see his new work. *There's* a great story for you!—he never gives interviews, but we are fellow-Unicorns, and he is partial to me. This Spring! What? The Sunday Press?

J. H.

P. S. S. Now, aren't you glad you read this yourself?

J. H.

*To Henry James, Jr.*

Westminster Court
March 3/18

DEAR MR. JAMES:

Thank you for your letter. Of course, I fully understand. It is irksome to mess about papers; nevertheless, I feared you would be called away to France, and I wrote you. I feel confident the letters are only mislaid. When you have leisure do think of me! I needn't tell a James how valuable, how superstitiously sacred, to me, are letters from William the Conqueror! And such letters to an insignificant scribbler like myself!

I hope after America has pulled off the trick you will get back into harness—the literary harness. The war is now our omnipresent thought; that once over your pious duty is to the memory of your great father. And I hope you will pardon this little prod on my part. If I hate the *Boches* for many things, not the least item is that they have hindered you in your work on the James memoirs. I have asked Scribners to send a volume of "Unicorns" to you. Or didn't Vernon forward it? It contains some slight essays on your uncle Henry.

As ever, JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Mrs. Emma Eames*

Westminster Court
March 24/18

My dear Mrs. Eames:

Your letter was a pleasant shock, and like a voice from the past—when we went to the opera in our youthful days (1895 is a long ways off isn't it?)—for I had despaired of ever hearing from you again. I never see young Emma Eames any more; indeed, the profile of New York musical life is altered beyond recognition—a fatal profile of which tribe you may easily guess. My hair is going (I was 58 in January) my teeth are following suit, but my hearing is still excellent and my heart still beats for dear old friends, for the dear old wonderful, musical times. Now we have singing actresses and actors (who can't sing very well, because they haven't the voice, and whose acting is operatic, not dramatic). To talk about these folk—with the exception of golden-voiced Caruso—in comparison with Emma, with Nellie, even with Lillian, or Lehmann or Ternina, or Calvé is absurd. As for Jean, Edouard (alas! dead) Lassalle, Plançon and Maurel (who lives here, a well-preserved old beau of 72) they have no successors. So we take what we get —"Movie" singers, I call them.

I am glad to know you are well (and, I could swear, still a handsome woman!). Unhappily I couldn't go to hear Miss Eames. I live down here in Flatbush, but I am in Philadelphia 3 times a week writing music criticism for The Press over there. See what the war has done to me. We had settled for life in Holland, but 1914 drove us home; and cut off absolutely all sources of income. So I went back "on the job,"—and loathe it. I could get on a paper here but the work would be too

strenuous. I feel my years. On the 22nd I was in Philadelphia at the symphony concert, so please pardon my seeming lack of courtesy. When you write Madame Gogorza give her my regards.

*Do* drop me a line once in a while. Between 1913 and 1918 is a long time!!

With regards, and best wishes for you and yours,

As ever Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court: Apr. 8th/18

MY DEAR FRIDA:

Be a good girl and write me your opinion of Galli-Curci; your technical opinion as an experienced and past grand master (for you are a master and know more than the men who should, most of them call themselves "mistresses") of the art of true vocalization. It is not for publication unless you wouldn't mind if I quoted a line from you,—but if you do object, remember I'll keep whatever you are good enough to tell me as secret as the grave. Your allusion to G.-C. in your last letter whetted my curiosity. I only heard her once and I didn't think she sang flat "*all the time.*" Couldn't the deviation from pitch be the result of faulty tone-production? She is musical, as musical as most singers of her type. At your leisure write a few words in confidence. Enclosed will show you how interested I am in singing. Didn't Lucy Gates study a short time with you. She, or her manager says that she is 23 years old. Impossible, if it's the Gates, grand-daughter of Brigham Young, whose début I wrote about in The Sun. Don't bother returning

clippings. Galli didn't sing in Phila. last week; hence the row. Anyhow, let me hear from you. 100 words will tell me your real opinion. As Ever Gratefully

JIM

### *To Henry B. Fuller*

Henry B. Fuller, the novelist, had sent Mr. Huneker a copy of his latest book, "On the Stairs."

Westminster Court
April 18/18

MY DEAR HENRY FULLER:

"On the Stairs; or the Dilettante as Slacker," should have been the title of that sardonic masterpiece of yours, which only reached me last Monday, April 8. I read it at a sitting, as I do all your books, when I am lucky enough to get hold of a new one; which isn't often enough. Well? The story reminds me in construction of a modernized Stendhal, or, a better and closer comparison, of Flaubert's "Bouvard et Péuchet." It is also like a modern war-cruiser: compact of steel, steam and speed; everything is stripped for action. And what action! I confess the novel, or scenario, left a bitter taste in my mouth. Is the dilettante, the leisurely lover of the arts, so despicable? Yes, when he runs to seed. Or has Chicago gotten into your bones and marrow? "With the Procession" made some æsthetic concessions. There was at least a breath of beauty in its pages. It seems to me that you are revenging yourself for having written that beautiful book "The Chevalier." But, of course, dilettantism is dead, never to be summoned from the tomb by the most hedonistic master of the future. Seven devils of war and woe and misery and cruelty, hatred, murder and rapine have driven forth the gentle arts from the House of Life. Enclosed may shock you.

I, too, was a dilettante, and still write like one, but I love Debussy, as I love France, his land—next to my own; hence the waste of ink and paper and words.

However, I don't write to you to preach or wail. I enjoyed "On the Stairs," and I wish you hadn't written it. That's less of a paradox than you believe. The old Fuller of the "Pensieri" days has gone forever and I regret his loss. You will pardon my frankness and pray set it down to the grumbling spirit of an old chap who finds himself suddenly awakened in strange and unsympathetic surroundings. I'm hopeless, I fear. I still believe in art, and art as a regenerative force. I note in The Sun to-day that you like Rebecca West. So do I. Did you see her study of "Henry James" (Holt)? It's positively "sassy," and I admire "sassiness" in a good-looking girl—which she is. But, oh! your Chicago folk! They are so *true*, so awful, that even Howells will wince. I'm sure I did. In the meantime, I'm watching the Evolution of Henry B. Fuller with anxious interest. To what strange land are you drifting? You have written the *great Chicago* novel; and perhaps—? *Qui sait?*

With thanks,

Cordially

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Alden March*

Flatbush, (Amnesia Co.,) L. I. April 30/18

DEAR ALDEN:

*You* are certainly the "Easy Boss"—and not Chester S. Lord. I'm obliged to you for printing the story, which I saw yesterday. When I see you Thursday next about noon I'll tell you *viva voca* the truth as far as I know it—for there was a sheer lapse of memory, the first in my life. We—John Huneker, Harry Richardson, Jim Craven and I

—had one drink at the Club. Then I wrote till 6:30 P. M. went to McGowans swallowed a "rare cream oyster stew" and was on the train at 6:55. At Trenton I found the envelope. I didn't curse. The matter was too appalling for curses. It meant the beginnings of Amnesia? I wired on arrival 9:20 in N. Y. to city editor. If it had been a concert of artistic importance I would have wired a complete criticism; luckily it wasn't; in fact, it was a stupid affair for G. was in horrible humor. So I merely mailed the accursed copy to you. The joke is that at the end of the concert Mr. Waldo rushed up to me and without waiting for an introduction asked the names of the 3 or 4 encore pieces. I told him—of course (Esprit de Corps) and I also gave them to Richardson & Craven later at the club. Decidedly they got ahead of Papa. *They* all thought Gabrilowitsch played wonderfully; there at least I fancy I got nearer to the bone of truth. I have discovered during my six months sojourn in Phila. that nobody criticizes—praise, praise, praise. It spoils both artist and public alike, indiscriminating praise. Witness the case of Stokowski, who, despite his talent, needs, positively cries, for drastic criticism. (He will get it next season in New York, where he conducts 5 concerts with the Phila. orchestra). However, all's well that ends in type. Now, as Mrs. Huneker goes over with me tomorrow, Wednesday on the 3 P. M. train, I am sure to send down that Galli-Curci notice, if not early—for the program is long—at least in time for Thursday's paper. Please send the tickets to the *Art Club!* We stop at the Walton. I'll go down Thursday to see you. Enclosed Sunday copy. Proof if possible Thursday at noon. The other enclosure is a news item—if it hasn't been printed. Please Alden keep that atrocious slip of Friday last as

much to yourself as possible. Otherwise—Oh! the "kidding"! Skinned Alive!

I hope the tickets arrived at your office. I've heard the house is completely sold out. If she *doesn't* sing—accident may occur—wire me here; though we shall go over Wed. afternoon, Galli-Curci or not. The Missus wishes to look around for a likely apartment.

As ever,

JIM

### *To Alden March*

James Huneker's autobiography "Steeplejack" was about to begin its appearance in serial form in The Philadelphia Press.

Westminster Court
May 20/18

MY DEAR ALDEN:

Here is next Sunday's story, the last of the series. I shall give you not later than Monday 27 next, 17,500 words of the forthcoming work. By Monday June 3rd, 10,000 more—27,500 words which will see you through June. Thenceforth there will be 40,000 words a month for July, August and September, in all about 140,000 words. The book is planned out and I know it will stand that many, even 60,000 or over, without padding. Now will you do me the favor to listen to me, listen to an important suggestion, about which, if you have any editorial doubts—and I don't think you will have—I wish you would ask Richard Beamish or Mr. Magers, both being practical newspaper men. This is the suggestion, which is the *only* modification of your original plan; it is,—the first story must make an impression, the more striking, arresting, then all the better for the success of the series. This first story is ready (as are the other 15,000 words).

It is about 2,500 words and should be printed *in toto* to make an impression. You will say so if you ever read it in manuscript or type (of course you won't, you never read a line of mine yet). It presents the whole scheme, gets the unwieldy vessel off the "ways," in a word, launches the enterprise. It is my Apologia for writing. It is not dull or didactic. Speed, steam, *sass! Secondly.* Now listen. If printed Monday morning June 3rd next it will have perhaps 50 or 75 thousand readers (don't get mad, Papa!) If it is printed in all the glory of a *Sunday* (June 2nd) editorial page it will have at least 500,000 readers (subscribers and collateral). Isn't it then a sound business proposition to start off with the superior advertising of a Sunday, instead of the cold mutton Monday morning, the day of disillusionment and headaches! Think it over. Submit the idea to the gentlemen of your editorial round-table. Don't you see then that you will have a batch of a million or so desperate readers clamoring for the Monday issue! You can announce that it is to appear only in the Sunday issue *once.* You say you don't want to boom the Sunday paper (your words, not mine—far be it from me to boast) but don't you think the poor devil of an author needs the boost of the Sunday circulation and the splendid send-off? Think it over, Alden!

The series is to have a steady head: "Avowals of a Steeplejack" (when you read the Apologia you will see how appropriate is this title, at once new and with a touch of the fantastic). George Moore 10 or 15 years ago wrote for Lippincott's Magazine a series of critical articles that he called: "Avowals." They are not in book form, therefore not copyrighted; nevertheless, I won't steal any man's title, hence my own title. This is to go! ! ! My

name is to be signed James Gibbons Huneker. The times are dangerous and the Hun must be taken out of my patronymic. Besides the Gibbons will get the Irish vote. Send me a contract this week—serial rights alone. Simple as possible—terms as arranged, no time limit—of that latter you are the arbiter, but I think myself Nov. 1st ought to stop my personal vomitings. A hundred per week you said. Alden, the Lord bless you, but it was the Devil himself that put this flea into your editorial ear. My summer is lost. No music. No outings. Ten thousand words weekly—i. e. 2500 for four days weekly. And hell, and writer's cramp, and I can't typewrite, I can't dictate. But Oh! what a beautiful flow of language is gushing up from my sub-consciousness, what a dazzling rainbow mist of vocables!

*Please* consider above suggestion. The moment I get your early answer I'll mail first article 2500 words. (No subheads or chapter heads, but paragraphs.)

Yours in fighting trim,

As ever

JAMES

*To Alden March*

Westminster Court
May 28/18

MY DEAR ALDEN:

I'm glad to hear from you. I fancied you were out of town after noting that an interesting event had occurred in the March family; in fact two, a real General now, and a marriage! You must begin to feel mature—and proud! Herewith a signed agreement in my turn *pro forme;* for the series depends on my industry, of course, but largely on your editorial complaisance. However, it is well to have a clear statement &c. If you go to the "front" let

me know in time. I should like to wring you by the hand, and, incidentally buy a farewell drink.

The memorandum slip is for services performed, dates and subjects in Sunday Press. A cheque in time saves time! I am delighted about the 1st issue next Sunday; also at the chance offered for next season. My Missus is in full agreement. We go to Phila. in October. By 1st October you shall have, the Lord willing, about 180,000 words. Then I can take a vacation, after settling down at Atlantic City for a few weeks. But till then I'll turn out 10,000 words a week (25 of my sheets, 400 words to the page—more or less, usually more). Next Monday, and every succeeding Monday you may expect 10,000 words. I write 4 days a week, and while the job is appalling for the difficulties increase as I near the present, I'll buckle to it. Therefore, by next Monday June 3rd, you will hold the month of June in your hands. I do this so there will be no gaps, or delays. I have preferred to give the series a strong autobiographical coloring at the beginning; thereafter men and events will rule, connected by a slender thread of autobiography. The personal pronoun is personally abhorrent to me, but it is inescapable. Thanks for the "subscription"—I'll have to dodge Magers—! and for the double set of galleys. I hope my full name—J. G. H.—will be used throughout—the Gibbons sounds good now-a-days!—I'm ashamed to offer my suggestions for announcement, yet I enclose a resumé of projected scheme to be used at your discretion. Any changes you see fit to make in copy (omissions, excuses) I cheerfully approve; only on *one* galley, the other *unchanged* I'll keep. Send me at your leisure a half dozen large reproductions of my mug. I have concluded not to send you any pictures &c. They will only clutter up the

page, and interrupt the production of copy. I have not *folio*-ed the copy, using instead plain numerals: 1, 2, 3, &c. ad infinitum and ad nauseam). I promise you there will not be—and is not—anything offensive to good taste or religious prejudices in the copy. But I am frank, all the same. The second article beginning next Monday June 3rd—which you have already, begins page 1—and so on. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

JIM.

*To Granville Vernon*

Westminster Court
June 8/18.

MY DEAR VERNON:

I read the story last night—so did my Missus. The probable reason it came back is because of its sentiment—a bit too fine for these rude hustling, bustling times. And then the analysis is wire-drawn and that is against it in the editorial eye, which delights in speed, punch, etc. I found the atmosphere charming, the prose musical and the idea original—possibly too original; only an unusual man would allow such a thing as a child's portrait to interfere at such an emotional crisis. Jack Lund or Bill Liverpool or some other "giant of American fiction" would have had the husband enter, a roaring, drunken clubman. *That* original (?) situation would be "understanded by the people." Your idea is in the key of Henry James—Why not try Robert Bridges of Scribner's Magazine? He is an editor of taste; or the only George Jean Nathan of The Smart Set. I've taken the liberty of suggesting a few changes—evidently clerical errors. I don't like that word "immanence" why not "immanent" and change the form? And isn't "aureole" and "crown"

tautological? Glad you let me see the story. You have evident talent. At it again, my lad!

Cordially,
JAMES HUNEKER

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Westminster Court
June 9/18

MY DEAR HARRY

Thanks for your letter. I did the cursing to save you the like sin. Nothing you could have said would add to my own opinion of matters. As to Stransky—you will laugh when I tell you that I heard *once*, the Dante Symphony and was agreeably disappointed. I've heard worse readings and performances. Remember I quit the musical game Spring 1902, and only went back 1917. The oboe cadenza—a little more than an essential turn for that instrument—was in the 5th symphony, as conducted by Seidl, Steinway Hall years ago. I recall it readily for I was with Otto Floersheim. I remember the 7th symphony also—Wagner's "Apotheosis of the Dance"; Seidl made the finale orgiastic—perhaps Wagner's idea, for the good Anton, I suspect was not an original conducting intellect—as was Levi, Richter, or as is Nikisch. Did you know that Floersheim died in 1917, last Autumn? Your defence of Wagner in this morning's Tribune was splendid. You might have added that both Flotow and Meyerbeer—still in the Met. O. H. repertory were Prussians. Enclosed will tell you of the awful job I'm at—200000 words in 5 months. I've written 38000 thus far. No respite till Oct. 10000 words I write weekly!! I may go to Phila. permanently then. I belong to a good club, "The Art Club," my surviving brother wants us near him, the Press offers me a living wage—not only

music (2 affairs weekly that's all) but editorial writing. Van Anda* sent for me the last two weeks of the Chicago opera season, but there was Billy Chase; besides I didn't care to keep the chair warm till Dick returns, and, then, the job—phew! Concerts and operas &c. I'm too old, weary, and so I think unless I win some grand lottery, I'll settle down on a nice spot, go easy, revise my memories for publication and die where my parents died and in the burg I was born. The return of the native! It comes to all—the Button-molder at the cross-roads of life! (You remember "Peer Gynt"?) I hope to be ready. The game has not been worth the candle, but, after all, it is life. The only life we shall ever know—in our present estate of flesh and bone. The life of the spirit—well, Harry, I'll take Pilsner, and let the devil rage as he will. He is none of my making!

With love As Ever JIM

### *To Frank J. Wilstach*

At this time Mr. Wilstach was compiling his "Dictionary of Similes."

Westminster Court
1918

DEAR FRANK:

Thank you for your pleasing words; but where did you get the notion that I plumed myself on proof-reading? Was I ever imbecile enough to brag of what I can't do, i. e. read proof, or write a legible hand? None of my books—mosaics, not real books except 2 or 3—are proof-read with care. I am an abominable proof hound, being too hasty and suffering from that mental and physical (the same thing) nausea best described in the scriptures —the dog that returneth to its vomit. I loathe what I

* C. V. Van Anda, managing editor of the New York Times.

have written—truly disjecta membra, dead fecal matter, of me—as Walt would say.

Here are a few similes that may prove of service to you.

George Moore: "Esther Waters" (revised edition, Brentano, page 1) "And the lamplight made the curious curves of a beautiful ear look like a piece of illuminated porcelain."

Ibid. "In these moments all fear that he would one day desert died away like an ugly wind." (page 195).

Ibid. "The thick hair that used to encircle her pale prominent temples like rich velvet looked now like a black silk band frayed and whitened at the seam."

John Galsworthy: "The Dark Flower" (p. 14) "It was so jolly to watch the mountains lying out in this early light like huge beasts."

There are some more which, when I've time, I'll send you. The Dekker is bully prose, pungent prose.

Cordially,

JIM HUNEKER

*To Alden March*

Westminster Court
June 23/18

DEAR ALDEN:

1st. I've sent in now 59,000 words (last Friday) over 50,000 of which have been devoted to 'Old Philadelphia.' Time to call the turn. Therefore in the last ms. I sent to you a suggestion for the new head—sometime in August—"Paris Forty Years Ago!" It goes, doesn't it? (You can't say 'Old Paris' for 1878).

2nd. I don't count the number of words printed, but last Friday's stuff was certainly over 1000 words, the number agreed on. Indeed, I think you have exceeded that amount straight along. It keeps me uneasy as I wish, hope, to keep ahead always one month.

3rd. The business office has sent me no cheque thus far for the "Avowals" series (the cheque several weeks ago was for articles in month of May) and yesterday two (2) weeks were finished. Ask Magers to send a cheque for $200. so as to keep accounts to date.

4th. I think it will be politic to drop Germany out of my scheme. My memories are vivid, but—? What do you think Mr. Editor. Even the Germany of the eighties would come under the ban of displeasure! But German music, art—which is for the most part rotten—philosophy, poetry, drama—that's another matter. It was all *created before the war*. Its contemporary Germany which I left, Spring of 1914, that is the questionable part. Tell me what to do, please! I can save the material for the book later.

5th. As a book possibility "Avowals" has brought me two (2) letters already—and only two (2) weeks stuff has appeared in type. One is from Horace Ridings of J. B. Lippincott, the other from a well-known N. Y. publisher (*not* Scribner, who will, of course, get first offer). I'm out for the highest bidder. Tired of writing for nothing and no royalties to speak of. But it is a 1919 book—the Autumn, at that—and so there's no hurry. I fear July and August, sultry depressing weather. But I'm chained. No looking back now. Only if I stop a week—puff! and I'll run off rather than go back to the convict cell. So I won't take a single holiday till October.

6th. I'm obliged for the sensational advertising as evidenced by the Devon racing folders, the Press pages &c., also by that huge poster, which I put in my bed, covered it up to the neck and with its paper head on the pillow startled my wife and sister into hysterical laughter.

7th, Philadelphia for the Fall looms. I must see to an

apartment (no W. Phila. or suburban residence) also will sign an annual contract—one year only—at terms understood, but August will do.

8th. Last but not least—how are you old man?

As ever, JIM

*To Alden March*

Westminster Court
Brooklyn, N. Y. July 3/18

MY DEAR ALDEN:

I'm obliged for the quick response and your letter. The cheque came in the same mail. I hope you will enjoy your vacation. You need one, you deserve one. Of course the various paragraphs do suggest natural endings; hence the extra words printed. I asked Mr. White to let me know about how many words I am sending over each week. I go on my old basis: 400 words to the page; 25 pages weekly equal 10,000 words. But I am beginning to believe I'm writing 500 words to the page. My handwriting owing to the strain on my eyes is visibly growing smaller, and I don't want to exceed 175,000 or 200,000. In that case I see a week off from writing which I am sorry to say I need because my right hand has begun to shake and refuses work—dead engine? or pianist's and writer's palsy. If it is the horrid trouble I'm dished plain. I can't dictate, I can't type. Therefore I must either cut down output or else rest my hand at intervals. Playing the piano brings in both sets of muscles, flexor and extensor; writing only extensor; hence the cramp. I'm sorry, really, to bother you with all my petty troubles. But who in the hell am I to go to confession to but Father March? (By the way the priests are beginning to write nice things. We have the Irish

vote; now for the Jewish!) Who wrote that editorial? It isn't so, all those nice things, but the "piece" was so well written. Was it Richard? But whoever it was I ask you, please, to thank him. I'll buy when I meet him. As to the contract—there is time this month. I must give my landlord notice by Aug. 1st. I haven't "cold feet" but after 33 years here it is a change to make for us. The Johnson affair is still in doubt. I'm not counting on anything; then I shan't be disappointed. I rely absolutely on your judgment on the Press matter. I say—3 years' contract—perhaps you won't give me more than 2; one year is too little; 3 would be better. If you leave the paper and go elsewhere I'll follow you—if you want me. And depend upon it, if I do go over in October neither you, nor The Press will complain of the quality of my work. But make the contract iron-clad! Enclosed read, then *at once* put in envelope and send back without comment. I show it to you alone, just to prove I'm not crying wolf. It's the only bank account we have; or "stocking" either. The war knocked me. The German experiences will keep—for a long time. I had decided on that. Monday again I heard more gossip about Press sale, this time from a Phila. newspaper man—no good, I fancy. I give it to you for what it is worth. Copy will be addressed to you as usual every Saturday.

As Ever

JIM

### *To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

MY DEAR FRIDA: Westminster Court: July 28/18

Since May 15 I've written 125,000 words on a contract with The Philadelphia Press, my Memories, 50

years of them—since 1865 to 1915. They are being published daily, they have out 3 sheet posters over Phila. (I have one 8 feet high; it's a horror) and the contract calls for 250,000 words. I'm half through, tired but feel over the Top! Every word *written*—no dictation or typewriter, and my pen dipped in that big cut glass ink-stand you gave me 20 years ago. (Out of 15 books so far written 14 were the children of that Frida gift!) I enclose the first week's stuff—also one of last week. I'm *telling* everything; you are in it. (I'm in New York, having finished with Old Phila. & Paris 40 years ago, but of course it will be November before the long story will have ended; perhaps later. In 1919 the stuff may appear in book form—2 big volumes with autograph letters from everybody in the artistic musical, literary worlds; from Gounod to George Bernard Shaw. You can fancy the wealth of memories from 1885 to 1915!

So picture me in pyjamas, writing 10,000 words a week, no more, no less! September 18th next I finish. A terrific job but in these times when it is difficult to sell articles anywhere I'm glad to do that which I had made up my mind to do 10 years ago. How are you? We are fairly comfortable here, so near the sea air, 15 minutes —but envy you the peace and privacy of your place. Just run through the stuff, which has to be garrulous and egotistic, else it wouldn't be autobiographical, and put it in enclosed envelope—at your leisure.

With love from both As ever

JIM

*To Henry Cabot Lodge*

Oct. 2, 18.
The Royal Palace Hotel
Atlantic City, N. J.

My dear Senator Lodge:

For fear enclosed note on George Cabot Lodge might reach you and puzzle you because of its apparent casual position, I send it with an explanation:—I am writing my recollections of 50 years (though I am only 58) for The Phila. Press, of which Alden March, brother of General Peyton C. March, is editor and Rodman Wanamaker the owner. The series began June 9th, ends Nov. 9th. I wrote—not dictated—185,000 words in 15 weeks without notes; all on memory—from the day of Lincoln's burial, 1865—and my old law student days in company with George Woodward Wickersham; I was the first law student of Judge Henry Galbraith Ward, United States Circuit Court of Appeals—to the year 1915. So George falls in proper perspective in my too lengthy narrative. Earlier, in August, I described his lovable personality; I also took the liberty of quoting a line from one of your letters to me about George Sand. Next year the book, or books, may see the light—now that the war nears its end! You must have had, my dear Senator, a strenuous summer, and I rejoiced this morning to see sturdy Massachusetts hold fast to its colors—convicted *I. W. W.* [Woodrow Wilson] from his own mouth, for he it was a year ago who pointed out the danger to State rights on the Suffrage question. But the Prohibition humbug has won I am sorry to see.

Sincerely yours
James Huneker

P. S. I am down here with hay-fever and nerves on edge from too much writing. Nov. 1st I join the staff—editorial—of The N. Y. Times.

*To Alden March*

The Royal Palace Hotel
Atlantic City, N. J.
Oct. 6/18

MY DEAR ALDEN:

I write to tell you that I am particularly alarmed at the way your make-up man is playing ducks and drakes with my copy. There are still 30 printing days from tomorrow, Monday, Oct. 7, to Sat., Nov. 9, when our contract expires; but the prodigal manner in which my words are being spilled every day—sometimes as high as 2000 a day—will soon end the series, and then I'll have to fight to a finish to get my remaining cheques. Which is an appalling prospect. Can't you tell the editor not to hurl such gobs of copy at my stunned readers. Reduce speed! Give them 500 words for two weeks. In rereading the series from June 9 to date I am surprised at the generous allotments of space—in several instances as high as 2500 words at a lick. I've turned in 185,000 words for the 135 days demanded, so there's 50,000 words to play with. Now that we are coming to the meat of my discourse (Shaw, etc.) why not be more stingy and end precisely Nov. 9 in a flare of fireworks (and to the joy of the constant reader!) I also note that a "prose-poem," "The Hall of the Mirrors," has been omitted. O Philadelphia; Happy hunting ground of hysteria and hypocrisy.

As ever

JIM.

*To Royal Cortissoz*

The Royal Palace Hotel
Atlantic City, N. J.
Oct. 13/18

MY DEAR ROYAL:

Your very lovely letter reached me several days ago and found me in the mist of much sneezing—hay fever

(no influenza symptoms). I'm very glad to see your fist again. I spent a forlorn season on trains between Phila. & N. Y. last year—till May—and then settled down to a job that almost wore me out: 185,000 words in 15 weeks, written with a pen, not typed or dictated; daily appearing in Press—Phila. Harry Krehbiel subscribed and still lives to tell the tale. However, it's over. I breathe. And I buckle my armor anew for a hard, horrible musical season. (I practised scales for it last season by writing in Phila.) and after 15 years' absence the wheel has come full circle and I'm once more a convict, a galley-slave to tone. Abandon all hope ye who listen here!

I've been wondering for a long time how the Reid biography was going. I see Parsons and Crone from your editorial department* every now and then and they always tell me that you are hard at it.

H. E. K. [Henry E. Krehbiel] must be back. I begin work Oct. 27. No grippe down here. Lovely air. As to W. W. [William Winter] you are quite right. A genius. I'll amend that statement as to his method. H. E. K. also made some judicious criticism, but concerning other matters. So did—and does—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who writes me often, busy as he is. It will be a *horribly* personal book, this one (not till 1919) and I fear corns will be trodden upon.

I'll hunt you up as soon as we shake down (still Flatbush by the Cemeteries) and then—Brevoort for us.

With regards as ever,

JAMES HUNEKER.

* The New York *Tribune.*

*To Benjamin de Casseres*

Westminster Court
Oct. 26/18

DEAR BEN

While at Atlantic City—which you know so well—I received the enclosed part of a letter from Edgar Saltus, which I wish you to keep, for like the letter from R. de Gourmont it contains a reference to yourself. I had taken the liberty of telling him that you contemplated a study of him; hence the reply. "Titan in an inkstand" isn't a bad description of you; though in my next book you will figure as an "apocalyptic genius." I should be proud for at least a day—as the French say—if I got such an ascription from Saltus. Of course, as the letter is private, don't show it—to every one.

Tomorrow I begin in The Times—musical editor thereof. My copy you will find defaced by a split infinitive which I caught on the proof but which reached the composing room too late for correction. And I loathe split infinitives. However, I shall grin and bear the break.

I'm up against an awful winter of music-making. Needs must when the cash devil drives.

Curious you should have lived in my old neighborhood. I left there 1875, but the house still stands and looks as it did then.

I read your Sun copy with interest. *Don't* be too flamboyant—my own native vice. I find a conversational tone in writing—as in telephoning—carries further than shouting. (This for your private delectation!)

As ever

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.

### *To Alden March*

The autobiography, "Steeplejack," had just completed its serialization.

Westminster Court: (I came nearly writing "The Cemetery")
Brooklyn, N. Y. (It thinks itself New York; it's not)
Nov. 10/18

My dear Alden March:

Yesterday The Press and old Pop Huneker came under the tape together after a five months' hard run across country. I write now, with my heart on my sleeve, to thank you for your personal and editorial kindness to a stranger in his native town. *You* did it, you with your little hint and club. And now it's over. And I'm sorry, not alone because of that weekly cheque, but principally because it ends the pleasantest connection in my long criminal career as an ink-slinger. I miss more than I dare acknowledge the weekly reunion, our knees under the mahogany at Dooner's: the Big 4—Richard, Magers, and you. But what was I to do? I put off signing the lease as long as possible; and as you couldn't see your way clear about my going over to P. this season—*vide*, your last two letters—I took your hint and went after the job offered me here last Feb. Am I working? Oh no—wallowing in work! Hart I see daily, and Ybarra and Miss B. You are often talked about. Run over and go to a *classical* concert with me! Music?

With regards Jim.

## 1919

### *To Jules Bois*

New York Times: January 1919

My dear Mr. Jules Bois,

I shall be glad, proud to receive any token of yours. I am busy writing music critiques for The Times here, hence my correspondence is in a wretched condition. Anything sent to my home address (1618 Beverly Road, Brooklyn) will reach me soon.

Two things in your letter were rather amusing: 1st. The Anatole France comparison—Ohé!—; 2d. Your query as to my possible knowledge of *your* writings. Encore, Ohé! Cher Maitre. I have a precious copy of your "Satanisme" given me in 1903 par notre grand ami, le feu Huysmans with his introduction. Et la belle petite "Glatic"! j'adore votre "Glatic Van der O."! Seriously, Mr. Bois, I think "Le Vaisseau des Caresses" should be translated into English, of course modified to suit our puritanical taste (or, the lack of taste, hélas!) The novel is unique.

Please accept my most distinguished regards. I had hoped to meet you face to face at the house of our friend John Quinn two years ago, but at that time you had to go to the hospital. I hope you have recovered! I envy you California—our Riviera; mais sans distractions.

Sincerely your colleague

James Huneker

Ancien Elève au Conservatoire de Musique.

*To Dr. Alexander Lambert*

N. Y. Times Jan. 21/19

My dear Alexander:

I thank you and Mr. Leibman for your kind and tempting invitation to meet the Only Fritz* and both Mrs. Huneker and I regret our inability to accept it.

Friday—(First night "La reine Fiamette"
(afternoon—"Batushka Gabrilowitz"
(morning—write my Sunday article!

*Le voilà! mon cher!*

I'm not a human but a convict chained to the ink well. Give my regards to Fritz. He is still the King despite all the Jacshas, Mischas, Toschas, Patsys and Pischas!

As ever, James Huneker

*To Jules Bois*

Westminster Court
Jan. 27/19

My dear Mr. Bois,

Friday, Jan. 17th, the novel was received, and as it was one of my rare lucky days I was free. I read it through that day and evening. Yesterday, Sunday, "Nail" was received, delayed because of the address which the wet or exposure had partially effaced. I wish to apologize for not acknowledging the MSS before, and frankly, I am half-crazed with work, and tonight, to add to my burdens, another Opera Co. begins a 5 weeks engagement (the Chicago Co. in "Gismonda" (Février), "Monna Vanna" (Leroux), "Le Chemineau" (Leroux), etc.). Merely to show you the sort of work I must do I enclose two days' critiques—in one of which I have altered Flaubert! So pardon my delay in answering your

*Mr. Fritz Kreisler.

always interesting and sympathetic letters. I can't dictate or use a type machine; hence my crabbed handwriting; also pardon my writing in English. I know French, but fear my grammar; besides it is better for you to read English. You certainly write it very well. Now, dear Jules Bois, it will facilitate matters if you will kindly answer several questions; then I shall answer yours.

Imprimis: Is "The Splendor of Sacrifice" entirely your own translation; if it is you are indeed a bilinguist.

Secondo: When is it to appear? I ask this as I need a little time to write a few hundred words as a prelude—happy indeed to be associated with your work and name.

Thirdly: Was "Nail" ever produced with music; when? where? . . . I am anxious to know for as a poem, as an effective, dramatic libretto "Nail" is splendid. . . . Good books for operas are so rare.

I like the "Splendour" very much. It is a beautiful tribute from a French poet to America, and I understand, appreciate the lofty idealism. But it is a little trop couleur de rose. It will please American readers. The dramatic episodes will prove effective—relief for the finer issues—and I must compliment you on the superb coda—it calls for magnificent music. Its fibre is sincere, noble, touching. (But I like "Glatic" and "Nail" the more; question de temperament.)

I have taken the liberty of making a few corrections in your typescript—made them as I read, and few they are —I should suggest "beautiful" instead of "handsome" for the Dante motto: "bella" is "beautiful"; and "hand-

some" is not precisely in the key of "blanc majeur"—as Gautier would say—for Beatrice. The word handsome has other and *not* spiritual connotations.

And "Dearie"—in the letter from his sister. It is not a word in the best usage, though perfectly reputable. (Cocottes here always say "dearie"—a phrase de métier.) Why not the French "Chéri"? It sounds prettier. Shall I send you back the story with my pencilled changes? A few inversions of the verb—which I find piquant and would not change—and a word here and there that might be bettered. That's all. Let me know and Madame Huneker will send the Ms. to the post office. I have taken the liberty of sending you through my publisher several books of mine, not for you to read, but to glance at the chapter heads. Vieux jeu pour vous cher Monsieur, but at the time they were published ("Egoists" in 1909) new for the American public. You will find the name of Jules Bois in "Unicorns" (pp. 293) in a review of Florian Parmentier's book.

My "Chopin" is in French, Italian, German—a standard technical work; given a chapter in 1900 by a dear intimate friend in "Mercure de France"; Anatole France very much liked the little etude on himself in "Egoists." I dedicated my volume of short stories, "Visionaries," to Remy de Gourmont— Alas, gone from us. *I once saw Flaubert*, Paris, 1879, rue Saint-Lazare! Think of it, cher maitre, this god in prose! No wonder I am lyrical when I write of him, "le seul vrai roi de ce siècle" in fiction. I also send you "New Cosmopolis"—which took the fancy of Maurice Maeterlinck, because it is New York seen through the eyes of a native—not very rose-colored glasses, yet the vues d'ensembles may interest you more than my critiques réchauffées on French literature.

And now I'll release you from this inquisition, and this symphony of my ego. I had read you years before you came here. Huysmans spoke to me of you with genuine feeling—because I had written a Black Mass story, he sent me to your "Satanisme,"—and at Baireuth in 1901 I talked with Sar Péladan—also dead—who had admired your prose. (I suppose you know his real name —Cohn? Assyrian? Just plain Semitic.)

In conclusion, cher M. Bois, I am sorry to learn of your sciatica. That's a sad malady. I hope the climate, the diet, will drive it away. I am of the Rabelasian breed—*Toujours soif!* and I leave America if the abominable prohibitionists get the whip hand. Paris! France, *ma patrie psychique!*

With regards Sincerely yours

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Jules Bois*

Westminster Court
Feb. 11/19

DEAR MR. JULES BOIS,

I am so busy—! Pardon my brevity.

Saturday I carry in the story to X., telling them I shall write a prelude, "The Key of B!"

"The Splendour" is too big a book to go begging. I hope you may pass through New York sometime and that Madame Huneker and I may meet you. What a *powwow*, as the Indians say, that meeting will be! What memories we share in common. And if there is a Madame Bois—tant mieux! Your allusion to "l'autre race" is not based on fact. *Not a drop* of Teutonic in the Hunekers, who settled in Philadelphia in 1700. Origin, Magyar, Buda-pesth. C'est à dire, Asiatic, or, Mongo-

lian. But no German; although I agree with dear old Remy de Gourmont who wrote in 1915 that Bach and Beethoven, Goethe, Heine, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche were names that would be ever dear to the world! Yet I fancy you are right—the world has changed. Egoism as a system of thought is dead. The Ego is dead! Long live the ego! (in a new masque). Jules de Gautier wrote me last December (1918) in the same mood. Things can't go on as they are going; else ruin of civilization. "Without vision people perish." If I send you a clipping from The Times, it is because it may interest you to know the *reactions* of French culture "sous l'œil des barbares!"

Accept my friendship, dear Jules Bois. *You* are a great artist—I am only a recorder of other men's work—hélas!

Avec reconnaissance
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Jules Bois*

Westminster Court
Sunday February 16/19

MY DEAR MR. BOIS

Everything you sent me arrived. I thank you. I thank you for your too kind letter concerning my critical work. Above all I thank you for the books containing the charming inscriptions. Is it any wonder one would love the French? (Even the Germans secretly admire the exquisite tact and temperament of your race.) "The Splendour of Sacrifice" is in hand. I have told the people all that I know of the poet, philosopher, novelist, dramatist, and patriotic idealist, Mr. Jules Bois. Also that I have had the presumption to offer to write an Appreciation to your fiction. Voilà tout.

I have asked Scribners to send you two of my books, "Melomaniacs," purely musical fiction; and "Visionaries," both written 25 years ago. When you have a moment pour lire au bain look at "The Eighth Deadly Sin," which Huysmans liked very much; "The Purse of Aholibah" (Paris Boulevard) of which De Gourmont wrote, and "The Third Kingdom," which Anatole France praised (possibly because it is tres Anatolian!) But I have outlived those ideas. In "Melomaniacs" "The Lord's Prayer in B" has been translated into 4 languages —Russian and Bohemian as well as French and German. In French it is called "Le Pater en Si" and Octave Mirbeau had the notion that I got my *tema* from his "Jardin des Supplices." But I sent him a copy of The Musical Courier of New York, dated March 10th 1896, containing the story and his "Jardin" did not appear till 1900. (Entre nous Cher Maitre, c'est un animal superbe, mais féroce.)

Pardon this digression about my little sketches, which both Maeterlinck and De Gourmont admired. In America—rien! mais rien! Immoral! because the subjects are non-American. And yet you find me "très Yankee" as Jules Laforgue would say. Perhaps I am.

In the meantime do get well and strong in the Italian sunlight of California!

Maintenant pour la Prohibition!

Sincerely

Et tout à vous

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Mme. Emily Barili*

N. Y. Times
March 23/19

My dear Emily Barili:

I felt my eyes wet when I read your lovely letter for it brought back 1877 when you and dear old Alfredo—he will always be young to me—used to walk down Chestnut St. a newly married couple, and drop in at Dutton's piano warerooms corner 13th St. where Wanamaker's now is. Oceans of memories! Alfredo was always good to me, and he predicted that I would *never* make a pianist. It has proved true. We are well. I am so glad for the news of the girls. I have their pictures you sent me; also glad to hear of your artistic activities and that Alfredo is still an idealist in art. Bully! It doesn't pay, dear friend, but the *spiritual* satisfaction is better than dollars and cents. You really should be happy that everything is so prosperous and that you still have your dear ones with you and the grandchildren too. I only wish I had a dozen kids! I hear Armand is dead, but I never hear of Henry Barili. Is he in Phila.? The reason I ask is that last year I went over there twice a week to write music-criticism for The Phila. Press. I never could find out if Henry lived there. What do you think I did? For 5 months, and daily—June 9th to Nov. 9th, 1918—I wrote my memoirs for The Press; they covered 50 years, from the night Carlotta Patti sang Queen of the Night—Astraframenta—in "Magic Flute," at the old Academy of Music on Broad Street, 1869, down to date. Such a galaxy of names! Alfredo is in it. And Ettore, and I told who was the real teacher of Aunt Adelina—I will call her "Aunt," thanks to Alfred. When I saw her last in London I spoke of Alfred and his father,

and Frida Ashforth and the old days on West 11th Street here in the fifties and sixties of the past century. *She* was *so* pleased. She told me she was born at *Barcelona*, Spain, 1843; *not* Madrid. Do ask Alfredo if this is right. I want to know in case she dies. Depend upon it I'll set matters right. On my desk, now, is a picture Frida Ashforth gave me that Aunt Adelina gave her—as *Lucia*, the night of her debut, here, in 1859. It is very sweet. When my recollections appear in book form next October I'll have that picture in the book. And I'll send it to you. There's lots about old Philadelphia—1865–1885. I ran away in 1878. Alfred came to the old Penna. R. R. Station at 31st and Market. He was very kind. I've been re-married since 1899, just 20 years, to an American girl—now white-haired—and am contented (I hope she is!) Of course, dear Emily—les femmes ont toujours raison! Perche? la bella ragazzina! Now do give my love to my old pal and consider your hand kissed! And at your leisure tell me of the Barcelona birthplace. Adelina may have erred. The biographies all say Madrid. With love and best wishes in which mia cara sposa joins, I am as ever your friend

JAMES HUNEKER (Jim toujours!)

Excuse my shaky writing. I do so much of it.

*To Royal Cortissoz*

Westminster Court
March 30/19

MY DEAR ROYAL:

Every day requests from girls and, no doubt, matrons reach me begging for names of good vocal teachers in N. Y. Of course, I can't answer them, but if I did I should quote the advice of Punch to those who contem-

plate matrimony: "Don't!" New York is the last place for a girl with a voice—good, bad or indifferent—and if she happens to be pretty, then all the *worse*. If, however, she has relatives, plenty of money, patience—then, perhaps, she might make the experiment without the inevitable disillusionments, bitter deceptions, sad endings. I say "perhaps" for heart burnings are sure to result in this hell's kitchen of music. The enclosed, seriously meant, despite its strain of levity, hits off my belief on the subject. A beautiful voice is no guarantee of success—and as for teachers—phew!

Thanks for your sympathetic words. *I* read you daily and Sunday and was glad to read today on Lemordant. He's simply bully. I saw Willard Metcalf the other day at a concert. But I see damn few pictures now-a-days. My only excuse for my lovely handwriting is that it is not so awful as yours, Royal! But then I can't dictate or type and I use a pen for every word I scrawl. Pity the penman—and the proofreader.

As Ever

Jim

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court: April 10/19

My Dear Frida:

I arrived from Phila. early this morning—3.30 A. M. on the operatic special and went to bed in a bad humor—the futility of travelling 200 miles in an afternoon and evening to hear that droning "Samson et Delila"!—and at 8 A. M. I was too nervous to sleep, arose, drank a cup of tea, and still was in a bad humor. Then the post brought your letter and my irritability vanished. No wonder! You are royally responsive to my request and I am your debtor—as I have been for 30 years in matters

vocal. Of course, you know, you know it all, don't patter polite phrases about my ignorance. Your letter proves my opinion. With a few words it sums up the Galli-Curci complete. All obscure technical points are clear now. I thank you. You are a dear, as well as a good girl. What you say about "Brains, brains, brains" should be framed and hung in every singing teacher's studio; also in every critic's memory. And Lucy Gates! I thought my memory didn't fail me. As soon as the Phila. job is through, early in May, we shall pay Frida Ashforth a formal visit. If I write of Galli I shall most certainly quote you, even if briefly. It's all nonsense for you to hide your light under a bushel considering the magnitude of the blaze and its persistent brilliancy through so many busy years. Again thanks, Frida. I humbly sign myself a contemporary.

As Ever

JIM

### *To Benjamin Roeder*

Mr. Roeder was associated with David Belasco, the theatrical producer, who had recently put on Edward Knobloch's play, "Tiger! Tiger!"

Westminster Court:
April 11/19

MY DEAR BEN:

Olive Fremstad and my Missus, accompanied, of course, by Papa (who hasn't seen "Tiger" yet—*you understand!*) would like to impose on the courtesy of the management for Thursday matinée seats—*next* Thursday, April 17th. Will it be asking too much? If not send me three (3) seats *down here* and the dear old girls will call you Blesséd! (or leave them at the box office). And I know they would like to see you after or during the entr'actes.

Olive is a great girl. (I don't mind confessing to you as a man and a brother that those forget-me-not blue eyes of Frances the Star made a deep wound in my cynical old heart. She is actually prettier and sweeter off the stage than on; and that's saying a lot.) Olive, too, fell in love with her, and I'm sure my Jozia will follow suit. The Missus hasn't seen the play yet. (Don't be *too* shocked or surprised, Benjamin, mon fils!) Hoping I don't sit too heavily on your native amiability, I am,

as ever,

(James the Gibbons Goi!) Jim the Penman

*To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court:
April 20/19

My Dear Frida:

The opera circus having left town—*Deo gratias!*—I can at last draw a long breath of relief—above all, I can look at my neglected correspondence and shudder. I do shudder when I think of the letters unanswered you have so kindly sent me, full of loving words. I don't forget them, my dear, but when your pen-hand refuses to work, because of crumpled weary fingers—then I can only apologize. Years ago I should have dictated or learned to use a typewriter. I'm too old now to begin; besides, I hate the noisy clanking machines which drive ideas out of my head and hurt my poor piano touch. To a man I should never be able to dictate, and to a girl—oh hell! the girls are still too tempting. Hence my shabby script. We are going in some noon next March to say "how d'ye do!" before you go to the country. I am bringing out only 2 new books next autumn, and am under contract to write a novel this Summer. No money in it at all; only

a plain living; but I'm content; anything away from the musical "Strudel." We hope you are well. You are certainly full of bounce. Love from both as ever,

JIM

*To H. E. Krehbiel*

Westminster Court
May 6/19

DEAR HARRY:

This is a hospital. Surgeons, nurses. Diet. I have reached, *endlich*, that gate upon the lintel of which are inscribed the words of Goethe: "Entbehren sollst du; sollst entbehren!" I became a prohibitionist over night at the mandate of the doctor. Nevermore shall I touch beer or wine. Luckily I've not touched spirits since 1890 so the modulation from B(eer) to D(ry) was easy. I'm on a milk diet and I confess I've not missed alcohol. Not difficult to understand when one remembers the insipid slop called beer and sold over the bars. My trouble dates back 10 years. How I suffered. My God! The human bladder is a most exquisite instrument of torture, more exquisite even than the pianoforte with Serge Prokofieff at the keyboard. However my general health is splendid, appetite wolfish, cigar smoking beyond the restrictions of my medical man. I only wish I could say the same for my dear old girl who is far from robust.

Now as to your exceptions. Unless you can give chapter and verse you will pull down a hornet's nest about your ears if you say Eli is a Hebrew folksong. It is *not*. It is the composition of Sandler, although it is in Hebraische legendenton—you must show those people as they have proved their case up to the hilt. The American Jewish News gives date. Sandler is not "my hero." I never saw the man. But he can produce the goods.

Better be careful if you intend contradicting him. As for Newman and Lamb—their blood is no surmise, but a matter of history. The Cardinal's grandfather was Jakob Newman, Jewish banker, Amsterdam, Holland. Lamb, whose profile is Jewish, had acknowledgedly Jewish blood in his veins, only a drop, but enough to give Tommy Carlyle a handle for abuse and depreciation. You will find the story in the life of Irving. But their literary style would have been just the same, Jew or no Jew. Irony is a prerogative of no particular race. Robert Browning you remember—Breaning—looked Jewish, more Jewish than Edward VII who was a Seligmann or a Meyer as far as his face went. Yet Browning was pure Gentile. Thanks, Harry, for your solicitude; we appreciate it. Regards from both to Mrs. Krehbiel and to you. (How is that thrice charming Mrs. Hoff?) I have a hell of a summer ahead of me.

Good luck

JIM

### *To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

The *novel* refers to "Painted Veils," privately published in 1920. The volume of mixed essays was published in 1920 under the title "Bedouins."

Westminster Court:
May 31/19

MY DEAR FRIDA

Jozia read your letter and she too had a little cry. She loves you as much as I do and fully appreciates, as I do, your immediate offer of friendship. But my dear girl it won't be necessary. I'll go the discard first. As you know, I'm proud—not too proud—and have always played off my own part. But a million kisses for your response to our bit of misfortune; sickness is always that. We hope you will have a long happy summer. Mary

Ellis is lucky to be near you. She will profit if she is as clever and talented as I think she is. Jozia is slowly bettering. She sits up in bed, and, perhaps, next week may sit in a chair at the window and look at the lovely green trees for a few hours daily. The chief thing is that she is out of danger, and pain, though bored because of her enforced inactivity.

I am on diet, sitting jauntily on the water-wagon. I no longer fear prohibition though I heartily detest the spirit that enforces it. America's Soul, Freedom is a joke—I mean personal freedom. Tobacco next! Soon we shall be enforced to import our children. Hypocrites! Grafters! I stay here all Summer as I must write a *Sunday* article, as usual for The Times. I hope to make it suitable for the hot weather. Then, too, I must read printed proof of my new big 2 volumes of "Memoirs," copiously illustrated, which appear Oct 1st. *You* are in the recollections, in fact, the book may appeal to you because it covers from 1865 to 1917! *Such* writing, Quoi! And, last, but not least, I begin my *first* novel which is booked for Spring 1920. Also hot Stuff. Scribners bring out my volume of mixed essays entitled "Mary Garden" (illustrated) on Feb 1st, 1920. So I'll not have much time for play. If only my eyes hold out—knock wood! Au revoir, Frida dear. We hope to see you next autumn surely. With love from *both*

JIM

*To Benjamin De Casseres*

Westminster Court
June 8/19

DEAR BEN

I am glad to read your letter, especially as I have been indoors for 4 long weeks, not only ill, but with my

poor wife near death's door. *Hôpital à deux!* in my apartment. Two surgical operations in one week—and both without anæsthetics! I am on the water-wagon permanently. Also buttermilk and bananas, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. I feel better without the vile beer and ale of N. Y. but I am as ardent an anti-prohibitionist as ever. The Missus grows stronger. I read proof of my new 2 vols. book for Oct. I also loathe types, writing, reading, above all, music. I envied you your vacation at Atlantic —your post cards evoked memories; you must have been near the Royal Palace when my first air-pilot fell and was killed several Saturdays ago, poor young Beryl Kendrick. He fell on the sandbar opposite the hotel. I often flew with him.

I don't know who translated the B. poems.* I sha'n't read them—this, of course, *entre nous*. I don't believe B. can be translated; that is, the poems. Thanks for my review. The little study may be of interest to those who don't know the poet. You do. I read all your reviews. Good luck!

As ever,

JIM

### *To T. R. Smith*

Westminster Court;
June 17/19

DEAR TOM:

For some reason the sale of books dealing with retired or defunct singers has been limited; even the life of Liszt goes better. In the case of Aunt Adelina† the romantic marriage, &c., may interest a limited musical public *after* her death, most certainly not now. The last I heard from her was favorable; she may live to 100. Her nephew,

* Poems of Baudelaire. † Adelina Patti.

Alfredo Barili, my former piano master has nothing but favorable news of her health. She is a phœnix. I'm sorry I can't get over to luncheon. My Tuesday trip weekly is the limit. I'm too horribly busy.

Jules Bois wrote a novel, an "immoral" one, so called, and it sold to 10,000 copies in Paris, during 1908. I have it. It's a corker and ought to be translated. It is Zola-esque and entitled "Le Vaisseau des Caresses." I honestly believe him to be rather ashamed of a capital story—action takes place on a big steamer in the oriental service. Hot stuff for such a poet and idealist. Perhaps Liveright* would like to see my copy. One chapter is risky, but I think the book could be translated with a few discreet suppressions. Whether the author of "Splendour of Sacrifice" would care to pose as a Parisian best-seller I can't say. He might be persuaded—you know $ In hoc signo vinces!

Shall I fetch the novel over to H. L. [Horace Liveright]?

Sincerely as ever

JIM

P.S. Yes—working like a beaver; the dam has been built, (with many damns); remains—100,000 words!

### *To Jules Bois*

Westminster Court
Aug. 8/19

MON CHER MAITRE:

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your extraordinary translations and amiability in my behalf! We are, thank you for your interest, both better. Madame Huneker rides daily in her sister's motor-car and bathes in the Atlantic Ocean, which is only 15 minutes away from here. She asks me to express to you her gratitude be-

* Horace Liveright, head of the publishing house of Boni & Liveright.

cause of your solicitude. I do so. As for me, I'm a mere pen chained to an ink well. I couldn't write. I have written no one. I'm worn out and my hand is lame. Why? Because I'm reading 2 gobs of proof (galleys and page proof) of my forthcoming book—2 big volumes of souvenirs from 1865–1917. They have appeared in serial form, daily in the columns of the Philadelphia Press for 5 months, 1918. Scribner brings them out in book form Oct. 1919. That's one terrible job. The other is—I'm writing 100,000 words, fiction, for publication Oct. 1920. I've finished 50,000 thus far. It's awful for I'm *not* well (diabetes?) and the weather is depressing. Allons—courage Jacques le Scribe (Jim the Penman!) And, then, too, my Sunday Times article. No, I won't apologize for not writing, but I freely apologize, mon cher Jules Bois, for my rudeness, for the egotism that keeps me from sooner acknowledging your lovely attitude toward my insignificant journalism.

I'm very glad, *we* are very glad that your tormenting pains are ceasing. But I fear Paris for you. Friends, newspaper correspondents tell me conditions are shocking; above all, Paris is very high-priced—food, wine, lodgings, clothes; all the other necessities of life. I am interested myself as my editor wishes me to go over in October next to France to write a series of articles for The Times. I don't fancy the idea, but I must obey orders. The regular music critic has returned from the army. Nous verrons.

Don't you like "The Third Kingdom" well enough to include it in your translations? And "The Mock Sun" —both are in "Visionaries." "The Mock Sun" is really a portrait of notre ami Maurice M. and Georgette—in the old days. It—the story—is real. "The Quest of

the Elusive" is intended for poor, old, Leschetizky, much-married Theodor; also a satire on the American girl who *must* go to Germany or Vienna to study music; for that matter, in "The Mock Sun"—Princesse Mathilde?—the same motif of the Yankee girl who goes abroad to Paris to indulge in false hero-worship. But you know the type!

Let us hope. I am fond of "Le Vaisseau des Caresses" and "Glatic"! If you care I'll send you the Times articles I missed. Pray, pray pardon my seeming rudeness. I'm worn thin from the pressure of work.

Sincerely

JAMES HUNEKER

*Postcard to Henry L. Mencken*

Sep. 30, N. Y. Flatbush 1919

DEAR HAL:

Beginning next Sunday Oct. 5, with The N. Y. World instead of Times (regular critic has returned) Off to Atlantic City next Friday for a month. Royal Palace Hotel. Only Sundays in Oct. for specials; in Nov. begin grand daily &c. Finished in a burst of spleen 100,000 words novel this Summer. A horror; but might run for 3 mos. in S. S. without police interference. Greetings.

JIM

*To John Quinn*

The Fall of 1919 (?)

DEAR JOHN:

I leave The N. Y. Times after Sunday Sept. 28th—next Aldrich returns. They wanted me to go to Germany and Austria, but I shan't. *Imprimis:* conditions là bas are awful; *Secondo:* I've a big offer here on a bigger and better paper. *Tertio:* I've the proof of my *Mary Garden*

book which appears Feb. 1st, 1920. *Lastly:* I've finished a novel—my first fiction, 100,000 words and is in the typist's hands; that is slated for Oct. 1920. Yes, I've read "The Valley &c." and liked it; also "The Moon & Sixpence." Somerset sent me a copy. It's poor, thin stuff, and Gauguin & John are burlesqued. As I wrote to him—a man of 40 doesn't begin to paint like a genius over night. Such silly psychology. But I do like his "Of Human Bondage." More sincere and better sustained work than the "Moon." I'm fagged. So is the Missus. We were planning to go to Atlantic City Oct. 1st but nothing settled. I suffered from a heavy money loss—heavy for my meagre purse—and that may defer the trip. But as we both need a change it would be foolish not to draw a little advance royalty—as I can—and go away! especially if I take another job on a newspaper. I'll post you if I do. Glad to hear of your health; la santé, d'abord! Yes, Roosevelt autographed the photo; it appears—reduced—in "Steeplejack." Did you get my letter telling you of Shaw's consent to the publication?

With love as ever, JAMES

## 1920

### *To T. R. Smith*

Mr. T. R. Smith was closely associated with Horace B. Liveright in the private publication of "Painted Veils," which Mr. Huneker thought at first to entitle "Istar."

Westminster Court
Jan. 16, 1920.

My Dear Tom:

How did "Istar" stray to Chicago there to be read by Rascoe!* I don't like the notion that the book is to travel over America to be read and criticised by all and sundry. It's a risk, too. Not that Burton isn't a prime chap. He is. He wrote me a charming letter, that would have made a less vainer man than myself proud. Nevertheless, the precedent is bad. You people know what you want and need no confirmatory evidence. Besides—the risk of losing the damn story! Pages 33 & 61 are missing in my carbon copy here; also the title page for the Sixth Gate (i. e. Part). When I corrected my duplicate typescript I must have left the 3 missing sheets etc. in the original, in your possession. I should very much like to get that original. I fancy that you or H. L. [Horace Liveright] were West; hence the Chicago "mention." Next week I'll run in some morning around noon. Monday, Jan. 26, the Chicago Opera comes and for 5 weeks I'll be driven like hell & damnation. Let me hear when you'll be in—any day but Wednesday. I want those 3 pages; also I must make a few changes which Rascoe kindly suggested. Drop me a line.

As Ever Jim

* Burton Rascoe, now Literary Editor of the New York, then of the Chicago, Tribune.

*To Mrs. Josephine Ditrichstein*

Westminster Court
Feb 25/20

My Dear Josephine:

I am writing early to tell you that "Oberon" will be sung Thursday evening March 4 next at the Metropolitan, and as you once expressed a wish to go I hope you haven't changed your mind. It is a magnificent production, even if we miss Lilli Lehmann, Alvary and Seidl. Ponselle is superb and the orchestra under Bodanzky is of the best nowadays. B. has woven in several piano pieces for the various intermezzi. The last scene is effective. Do go! Say the word and I'll send 2 seats by next Tuesday.

My Josie has again been in bed—4 days. Better now. Strained her side. I've asked Scribners to send you my new Mary Garden book, illustrated, next week. It is called "Bedouins." It is a series of light essays. "Steeplejack" delayed by printers' strikes for 3 months is slated for next October. My novel—80,000 words, written last Summer in 7 weeks—to be privately printed like George Moore's "Story-Teller's Holiday" and only by subscription. It will be *de luxe* $10 the volume. It is the New York of 20 years ago, realistic. Some of the big English writers and critics say it is—well, my ears burned!

As soon as the strain of the season is over, we hope to see you and Leo [Ditrichstein]. We are very anxious to see the play. Then I hope you will let me autograph "Bedouins" for you. I shall send Kate Wright* a volume for herself. We both like her very much. I consider her a talented girl and—*rara avis*—an excellent critic. The

*Katharine Wright, assistant music critic of The New York Tribune.

Chicago Co. has given an inartistic season, plenty of magnificent voices—none better, except their wretched tenors—but ensemble is the secret of grand opera; a miserable orchestra, mediocre conductors—save Marinuzzi, abominable stage management, poor repertory—what's the good of the voices! With love to you and Leo from both As Ever

JIM

*To Pitts Sanborn*

Mr. Huneker had taken lunch the day before at the Harvard Club with Mr. Sanborn, music critic of The New York Globe.

Westminster Court
March 14/20

MY DEAR PITTS:

I hope you didn't think I ran away yesterday on purpose—I certainly intended to say a last word to you, but you had vanished. However, permit me to pay my "visit of digestion" by mail. It was a charming hour, the one I spent with you at the club, and I'm in your debt. Now won't you be amiable and convey to the young lady who wrote the Globe notice my appreciation of her prose; even critics of gardenias become poets!

Enclosed is a note which, while written a week or 10 days ago, confirms her theory of my "epithetical" jealousy *re* Mary.* Well, so I am. You needn't mind for you've written the finest—because most poetical and picturesque—line about our goddess. That's why a poet always outpoints a proseman.

A vous!

JAMES HUNEKER

*Mary Garden.

*To Benjamin De Casseres*

DEAR BEN: Monday (March 29, 1920)

You are a brick! I don't agree with you concerning my writing—I am not a stylist; in fact, when it comes to sheer writing I am not in it with you. Regarding M. G. [Mary Garden]: you haven't seen her in all her roles, you haven't studied her. She is one of the great comediennes —her voice is a by-product. Besides, I wanted to paint a prose-portrait in the grand manner, Venetian in color and character. Don't smile: the book is dedicated to my own beloved Jozia, my lawful wedded wife! If this gets into the news I lose forever my reputation as a bohemian—and I'm an old bourgeois! She is worth the whole shooting match of singers, actresses, and other 2 legged nuisances.

You are earning for yourself, my boy, an enviable reputation as a critic; above all, you are an original and audacious writer. By this time a year you won't be complaining about lack of publishers; they will be so tame by 1921 they will feed out of your hand—like guinea-pigs. I wish you could read my novel—but I can't let it out for a holiday, not even to play in your backyard.

As ever JIM

*To Lawrence Gilman*

Mr. Gilman had written, in a programme-note on Chopin's F minor Piano Concerto, that "Mr. Huneker in his Chopin book displays a somewhat platonic attitude toward both the concertos."

DEAR LAWRENCE: Wed. Mar. 31/20

"Platonic" is very good, but I'll never hear the end of it; last night I got about 23 hastily scribbled notes at

the hall and this morning—2 letters! Why? Is (or was?) my reputation for virility so shocking? I gaze sadly, retrospectively; alas! !

Yours quite agitated
As Ever Cordially
JIM THE PENMAN

*To John Quinn*

DEAR JOHN: Wed. Mar. 31/20

Even if I had the time I shouldn't be able to print anything—white paper is now at prohibition prices. I'm cut down daily & Sunday. I smuggled the Independent notice in. No art since last Jan. none till June, I'm sorry. Next Sunday by bracketing the names of Brahms with Cézanne—an imbecile combination—I'm enabled to write of Cézanne (nothing novel). I'm not well. My left side. Probably intercostal neuritis. Pain. Had lovely letter from H. C. Lodge; also from Victor Dowling. Will write 3000 words for Bookman May issue, H. James letters. Great stuff. Either April 17 or 24: am free for that luncheon—but even then I must learn if no concerts are scheduled. Lord, John, what pictures you own. That Roualt, that Dufy! You're a wonder. Who is Gaston Lachaise? Never heard of him. He is appalling, Colossal, Monumentally miniature, Vital, Crazy.

As Ever
JIM

*To Harry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court
May 8/20

DEAR MENCK:

Thank you for your sympathetic letter. It consoled me a bit. The bogie of diabetes bothers me less than the

severe neuralgic pains in my stomach—I've been x rayed; nothing, just pain. Dr. Williams, I need hardly tell you, is competent to handle my case—which is a mild and common one. He prescribes Karlsbad—*nach kur, Pilsen.* But my newspaper insists on England—i. e. London; later I may take a *kur* at Bath. I hate starting in again at old round of work and I always find London depressing in summer. As for exercise—I have developed Triceps on my ankles from the grind of climbing subway and L roads during last winter. I need a rest, a *long* drink and nothing to write. Sorry to bore you with these data. But, really, Menck, your words cheered me. Sweets are more deadly than beer and—believe me—it was just one year since I sipped beer and wine! I'm glad you are going west.

As ever

Jim

*To Ben De Casseres*

Dear Ben: Thursday May 13 1920

I haven't a photo. Scribner's ought to have some. If not get M. H. to ask the Philadelphia Press people (7th & Chestnut Sts.). They have the picture you liked—taken in 1918.

You certainly find a lot to write about. I'm glad you are at last in matrimonial safe harbor. You remember the shabbas evening prayer about a good wife being the precious jewel of her husband and children! It is so. Without good women the world wouldn't be much—a sandy plain without trees, and vipers in the offing. I know, now, *you* know.

Thank you for all the bother you take. I liked the Bookman article of yours. Don't take "Bedouins" too

seriously; sweepings from my dusty floor. But "Steeplejack" you will like better. You are down for a copy. I'm ill. To hell with writing.

As ever,

JIM

*To John Quinn*

Westminster Court
May 26/20

MY DEAR JOHN:

I haven't written because I've been wretched with my pet neuritis in the stomach and because I'm really ashamed to go about belly-aching with a pain that can be treated, perhaps cured, by a visit to Karlsbad. I went up to the Met. Museum twice and saw your loans, several new to me. I wrote of them editorially in The World last Sunday. (Frank Cobb is kind enough to let me try my hand at objective writing on his page;* "significant form" as opposed to subjective ramblings in my own go-as-you-please department.) Your Redons are simply miracles of tenderness and beauty.

Have you a new apartment in view for next autumn? We are hoping we shan't be taxed out of our own.

Is El Greggo with The Sun-Herald? "Bedouins" is selling well for such a thing of shreds and patches. But I'm quite discouraged about "Istar" ["Painted Veils"], which is praised to the very apoplexy of enthusiasm but which no publisher dares to consider. What to do? The present hue and cry discourages them, and, I'm sorry to say, that the majority concur with your first dictum that expurgation would prove fatal. To this I do not subscribe. A middle way out has come to me. Jules Bois, now in Chicago, is translating "Melomaniacs" and "Visionaries," selections from both volumes, and I

* The editorial page conducted by Mr. Cobb.

fancy I'll ask him to translate "Istar." There couldn't be much money in the short stories and there might be in "Istar," which is essentially a problem of deracination that might interest Gallic readers, apart from its freedom in the handling. At any rate, I'll try to have a Munich publisher only too willing to take Lola Lorme's projected translation. My "Chopin" is in the second German edition (payable in German marks?). Perhaps the absurd wave of puritanism will be done with by 1921.

Now, Mr. Pulitzer wishes me to go to England for 4 or 5 months; incidentally take a cure at Bath (excellent for gout, &c.). My expenses, steamship, &c. will be paid. The Missus, of course, goes along. The difficulty to secure a ship has been great; even Elihu Root is on the waiting list, at least, he was yesterday. However, I'm booked on the Baltic, June 26th. (Please, John, keep this dark till I see you.) I'm sending for passports, &c. at the present. I wonder if I would be presuming too much on your good will to ask you a favor? It is this: The U. S. Government, State Department, issues a form, a sort of special permit, signed by Sec. Bainbridge Colby, which runs something like this: "The U. S. recommends Mr. J. G. H. to the courtesy of representatives of the U. S. &c." That's all. Very brief, but the signature tells. I've seen one, and it would prove of value to me in England. Could you ask Mr. Colby for one of these "moral" certificates for me, for "James Gibbons Huneker," a citizen of the U. S., &c.?—if it can be done without embarrassing you; if not, forget it, John. I'll be obliged to you either way. I thought as a newspaper man, special correspondent of The World—I expect to write lots from London (and not on political issues)—my proposition might be favorably considered. What do

you think? At any rate, drop me a line at your leisure and let us all meet some Saturday—next Sat. if you care to. As ever,

JAMES

*To John Quinn*

The second paragraph of this letter refers to the arrangement for the publication of "Painted Veils" and to the presentation of the manuscript to Mr. Quinn.

MY DEAR JOHN: Wed. June 16/20

Your letter gave us much joy. You are a friend indeed! Thank you for the new addresses—especially Conrad's. But if you should write Symons don't say I'm going over. I've decided to see no one of the old crowd: not Wells, nor Bennett, nor Symons, nor Ellis; perhaps Galsworthy—I'm not sure. I'm tired, so is the public of Shaw, Moore, Chesterton—their publicity agents have overworked. I'm going in for a new crowd—especially the scientists, beginning with my old friends Sir E. Ray Lancaster and Hugh Elliott. I'm down and out today. Auto noises, cackling of human geese and surmenage, I'll be better at sea.

Please don't put yourself out to write again. The "Istar"* arrangement is admirable. I hope she will never leave that particular safe. It's to be your property as soon as the book appears—and it's damned little after your many gracious acts of friendship. Jules Bois has the copy. He finds the story overflowing with observation and vitality ("gonflé d'observation et de vie"). I fancy it will go into French. When you see the fourth member of the quartette give her our regards. The Missus says she is *genuine*—and women *know!* Good bye John!

Our love, JAMES

*The title originally intended for "Painted Veils."

*To Jules Bois*

Hotel Rubens,
Buckingham Palace Road London
S. W.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Sunday July 25/20

Your last letter was forwarded here 10 days ago and I was glad to get it for I was, still am, down hearted, the result of my nerves; also the London weather—rain 2 weeks without a glimpse of blue sky. Spleen! Baudelaire must have carried in his poor lacerated heart a bit of London: "Spleen et Idéal"—only I have no ideals left; nothing but an insane desire to get to Paris, else home. But here I am chained to the wheel of writing. I must write at least once a week and I feel like Ixion!

Thank you my dear Jules Bois for the interest you display. I shudder now at the things I've written in "Istar" ["Painted Veils"] (or whatever is her name!) and I hope you won't hesitate to delete anything that seems in *bad taste*—not to mention morals. Strictly considered the book is not immoral, for it preaches the old sermon: "The wages of sin *is* death." However—all this is *in nubibus*. I discovered here that 3 of my books are translated into German—and without my consent. Taking advantage of the war our "friends" across the Rhine calmly grabbed "Chopin"—now in 2nd Munich edition; "Iconoclasts" and the stories a selection from "Melomaniacs." Charming candor! The translator wrote me with engaging frankness—Some Day (*der tag*) I'll get my royalties, in depreciated marks. What a wonderful race! All this entre-nous; but it is such a joke I know that you will appreciate it. I crossed on the S. S. "Baltic" with Monsignor Kelly and Father Shannon of Chicago and they spoke often of you, warmly, admiringly. Kelly is a

delightful man. I like priests, *mauvais sujet que je suis! You* should have been a Prior in some vast monastery. You are erudite enough for a dozen such. My best regards to you.

Yours

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Benjamin Roeder*

London, Aug. 11/20

DEAR BEN:

Just a hasty line to thank you—belated thanks—for your wire to the *Baltic*. It's been raining here 40 days without intermission. I've seen all the shows. D. B.* is badly needed for production—which with a few exceptions are rotten. I missed Morris Gest's show—it was off. The Barrie play is really opera—it *could* be made a fantasy, but it's staged horribly. Galsworthy's "Skin Game" and "The Beggar's Opera" (dated 1723) are the best. I've written at length for the Sunday World and said something about D. B. But Ben the "Beggar's Opera" is the most wonderful old English play and ballad music I've ever seen. Gilbert and Sullivan are children in comparison. And a strong production—Sir Thomas Beecham's singers, all English.

"Chu Chin Chow" 4th year, "Garden of Allah"—a million years. What an easy public is London's Royal Opera—rotten; all ballets, Russian.

Don't bother answering this. We shall be home soon. Trip a failure. Wrote 10 stories for Sundays. Hope you and Benny enjoyed your vacation. We haven't. The Missus joins me in remembrances. Give my regards to D. B.

As ever,

JIM HUNEKER

* David Belasco.

### *To Maxwell E. Perkins*

Mr. Perkins, of the editorial department of Charles Scribner's Sons, had inquired if Mr. Huneker would be interested to see the advertisements of "Steeplejack" which had just been prepared.

Westminster Court: Sept. 11/20

DEAR MR. PERKINS:

I'm obliged to you for your speedy response and for your letters. I hope I didn't sound exigent in my letter! As for the advts. magazine and otherwise, pray don't bother sending them. I'm not in the least skeptical, only bored and irritated, and for *that* condition you are not to blame. Fancy going 3000 miles for a vacation and then writing 25,000 words in 5 weeks: for The World most of which has appeared. Worse, dodging around London for fresh material! I returned played out for I'm past 60 and not too damned young! I'm about the best specimen of an "awful example" for too ambitious young authors, my dear Perkins, that you can find anywhere. After 40 years of penwork I'm still bound to the Ixion wheel of Journalism. (There is a bully story in the situation only I don't care to write it *coram publico!*) I understand, of course, the "Bedouins" matter and its charging to the next royalty account. I only hope "Steeplejack" will pay expenses. Anything more I dare not expect for fear of shell-shock and heart failure! I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you when my hay-fever has vanished and thanking you personally for your kindness—above all for your angelic patience with

Yours Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Arthur H. Scribner*

This letter was written on the receipt of the first copies of "Steeplejack."

Westminster Court
Sep. 15/20

My dear Mr. Scribner:

It's not often that a man lives to enjoy such a gift as the one I received yesterday from the Scribners; not even if he has worked 21 years as I have under the fostering wing of your house. A beautifully made book, a frame for a mediocre picture! I am keenly sensible of the many favors and courtesies I've had from your hands and I hope you won't find me ungrateful. As I wrote Vance Thompson the other day: "Now that I've written and published 16 books to get my hand in I hope to be able to write that novel which William Dean Howells told me that I should write! Of course, I shan't. One never does write what he expected to when young; but there is no doubt about "getting my hand in," and if I have practised my scales in public it is only because Charles Scribner's Sons made it possible. Again let me say—I thank you!

Sincerely,
James Huneker

### *To Benjamin De Casseres*

Mr. De Casseres's article in The Times was a review of "Steeplejack" and a consideration of Mr. Huneker as critic and writer.

Sunday, Sep. 20/20.

Dear Ben

My homecoming was pleasant indeed for I read your Judge and Times articles. The last named is a brilliant bit of craftsmanship. I'm deeply indebted to you for you sent the lumbering volumes off with a bang. En-

closed may interest you. It is my best book—absolutely. I'll see that you get a copy; but *not* for review. The story is polyphonic—3 separate studies of character, 3 heroines, all woven into a dense, complex pattern. Monck is not right when he speaks of looseness in form; the reverse is the case, as John Quinn asserts. Best wishes to you and yours! To hell with puritanism!

As Ever JIM

P. S. Keep mum about my novel!

*To Maxwell E. Perkins*

Westminster Court
Sep. 22/20

DEAR MR. PERKINS:

Here I am bothering you again! Madame Frida Ashforth, to whom "Steeplejack" is indebted for several interesting pictures—inter alia the youthful Patti—writes me that she hasn't received the books. She was on my private list and she lives at No. 136 East 38th St. Cor. Lexington Ave., City. But as her summer home is at Huntington, L. I.—where she is at present—perhaps, if the books were sent her at her town address by hand, they couldn't be delivered; if, by mail, all her mail is forwarded. So won't you please make an inquiry and if the books were returned because house is closed please have them re-addressed to Huntington, L. I. I'm so anxious about the matter. She is 80 and as lively as a lark. The Steeplejacks will give her the pleasure of recollections. It may interest you to know that another octogenarian, Mrs. Emma Eames, mother of *the* only Emma Eames got her copy and wrote me today a glowing letter. Such things give me joy, more joy than if the girls had written. Some day you may feel the same

—if you live long enough; which I hope you will. But it's a dance of shadows, these ghosts of 40 years ago. I'm getting on, my lad, though I plan to be at the Goethe Centenary celebration, Weimar, 1932! So there's hope for you. With renewed apologies for the trouble I made for you. I'll not be forgetful this winter. Did you see any of the London letters in The World every Sunday beginning August 1st?

With regards, as ever,

JAMES HUNEKER

*To Henry L. Mencken*

Westminster Court:
Sep. 28/20

DEAR HAL:

I presumed last week to use your name when I was asked about a literary editor for The Sun-Herald. I hope you are not offended. My old boss on The Herald (1906) and until Sep. 12 on The World, C. M. Lincoln, and the best ever, has gone to look after the Munsey newspaper interests. He is one of the big organizers in journalism. He is a lovely chap, a big brain and a giant in action. I spoke last year about you, hoping to get you for a weekly feuilleton on The World. Enclosed his letter and do please return to me.

Now, Menck, you owe it to yourself, and I propose to play the Dutch uncle, you can no longer be kept in the "pent up Ithaca" of magazine life. You need not leave your comfortable home in Hollins St.—how I envy you Baltimore!—and no doubt N. Y. would be, indeed is antipathetic. You *must* consider Lincoln's offer. You owe it to your country. You are the big critical centre now. You should have a wider audience—though the Lord

knows you can't sneeze in Baltimore without rattling the window panes in Chicago. I told C. M. L. that you would put The Sun on the literary map where 20 years ago it was the "big noise." Don't think I'm exaggerating, a weekly page would set the country buzzing. Please think it over, lad. I know money is not your game (you can ask and get big money from L.) Keep this dark and if I've been imprudent set it down to my personal affection for you—for George* also.

As ever,

JIM

### *To Philip Hale*

Mr. Hale had pointed to one or two misstatements in "Steeplejack" which were due to the fact that on account of a printers' strike its appearance was delayed almost a year after the plates were made.

Oct. 7, 1920

The exceptions you note were unavoidable. Julia Heinrich died since the story was written—1918—and the matter was electrotyped a year because of the printers' strike in 1919. I didn't have a chance to alter a line since Aug. 1919 when I read proof. Of course the Sun salary was *not* a boast but intended as a warning to young innocents who descry millions in newspaper criticism. At least, dear old man, *you* read the book, which Harry Mencken did not. He confessed, naively in a letter yesterday, that he disliked the volumes because of the Roosevelt references, the picture, and my 100 per cent Americanism! But please—entre nous,—you are quite right—vol. I is the better of the two. We are home from London, a desperately dreary summer. Rain, gloom,

* George Jean Nathan.

dulness. England is down at the heels, but will rise, as ever, triumphantly. I wrote 25,000 words for The World so I'm enjoying a vacation this month. . . . The next day I was operated on for cystitis . . . my screams of agony were heard over Flatbush and its adjacent cemeteries.

No—I didn't write everything in "Steeplejack." The diffuseness of the form, the periodical publication, and the looseness and repetition inseparable from such a form are only too plain. One volume would have sufficed. In the fiction "Painted Veils" about to appear, privately printed, I've traced a parallel route, frankly dealing with sex; also with the development of a young American deracinated because born at Paris and suffering from the transplantation here. It is polyphonic, i. e. three stories in one, fugal treatment of 3 heroines. I hope you will like it. I'll see that you get a copy. Long ago, Philip, you told me up at our old barn in Madison Ave. that I could write a novel if I tried. I've tried—and at 60, What?

J. H.

### *To Benjamin De Casseres*

Westminster Court
Oct. 10/20

DEAR BEN:

I owe you at least a dozen letters in reply to those you sent to me abroad—which are tumbling in only now. I read a lot of your stuff. You are perpetual movement incarnate. I only hope there is enough to make the pot boil; any more, just now, we can't expect. I'm dissatisfied. The entire country wears a hostile look. It's all changed. Puritania is ruling. This morning's World, if you can read the badly inked impression may interest

you. I told Mencken I would touch him up. It's mild. But "Steeplejack" is selling. I'm glad, because I already owe possible royalties to the publishers. And so it goes, Ben—There is nothing in pen work. The theatre, the Movies, yes. But—books! Hell. I ought to know.

As Ever

JIM

*To Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court
Oct. 18/20

MY DEAR FRIDA:

We are delighted with your snapshot—it is as good as the best posed photograph, if not so elaborately finished —Thanks! I am sending you an unbound copy of "Painted Veils" for your own private perusal: Please don't let it leave your house; the regular edition will soon be ready and then I'll carry you a copy inscribed when you return to town. I want you to be the first to read the story. You will recognize the portraits. When you have finished just wrap it up carefully and return it here; but at your leisure! I'm downcast over the horrors of this swamp of journalism. If I could only go to France for a year or two and write a couple of plays I might get a little money to see me to the end of my days. There's nothing in books; not a penny, only press notices and they won't pay the rent. I'm looking for a millionaire!! And New York? A horror of a place, people, noise, vulgarity. Flatbush is almost as noisy and what narrow-minded bourgeoisie! I envy you the quiet of Huntington. Jozia sends love, as do I.

Yours Toujours!

JIM

### *To La Marquise Clara Lanza*

Westminster Court
Oct. 24/20

CHÈRE MADAME LANZA:

Thank you heartily for your magazine which is a real literary treasure-trove. I shall keep it among my "curiosities," together with your kind letter. I saw G. M. [George Moore] this summer twice, in London—in July—but both times he was riding and when I called at Ebury St. No. 121, he was away on week-ends. He has, however, "Steeplejack"* and I fancy he will not like the reference to his age. Men are more sensitive than women—except those who reach 70: then they begin to add years from sheer boastfulness. I'll do it in 10 years simply because I am a man! Again thanking you and now twice in your debt

I am As Ever
Yours Sincerely
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Mme. Frida Ashforth*

Westminster Court:
Nov. 3/20

MY DEAR FRIDA:

Of course you weren't *schulmeisterisch—wenn schon, den schon!* You were sensible, wise, consoling as usual and I hope I didn't get on your nerves with my petty memories. The fact is I am, and for the first time in my life, facing a dreary future. It's not my years—*j'ai mes soixante ans*—but if I lose my health my name is mud. I have no insurance, and I've saved no money,—about enough for cremation expenses. That's why I feel

* See vol. II, p. 233.

down-hearted. My books bring me little—I'm in debt to Scribners for money borrowed when we were both ill in May 1919; about $3000. Thanks to "Steeplejack" and "Painted Veils"—I am to get only $1800 for the latter—I shall be able to pay off all I owe. I finally confess this to you first because I am not knocking at your gate for help. If I were I'd say nothing. We are not an extravagant couple. But rent and food and living expenses!! eat up my salary from The World. So there you are.

What I was complaining about, and it is the eternal plaint of writers, is my lack of time in which to write a play and a novel that will sell. Schopenhauer was right when he said time was precious, not money. For 5 years of leisure I would sell my soul; even 3 years. But as I said in "Steeplejack" I'll die with my boots on in some rotten concert room or at the opera. Qui sait?

To my surprise and also horror I read a column review, a comical one, of "Painted Veils" in last Sat. evening's Post (N. Y.) in the literary section. Publicity is the one undesirable thing for that chaste book and Liveright was angered over the event. Yet it sold many copies. 1200 is the limit and I signed the entire 1200 last week—a loathsome task.

And now Frida for the musical fray! I begin tomorrow afternoon at Carnegie—Damrosch and Louise Homer!! Pity me! Sunday Nov. 14 I print my first regular musical article in The World (I've been running a New York City series which ends with Sunday) But what a doleful gaspillage! Kismet!

With love from both,

As Ever, Jim

*To Henry Cabot Lodge*

Westminster Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dec. 3d, 1920

MY DEAR SENATOR LODGE:

I thank you for your sympathetic letter. S. ["Steeplejack"] is a *livre de chevet;* otherwise, an indigestible mess, for it appeared serially and has all the defects of serial publication. I regret to say that after profound search Mrs. Huneker found a signed photograph of George. What a pity I hadn't it in 1918 when I made up the book for the Scribner's—delayed a year by the printers' strike. Amazing to me is the success; my first big seller, after all these years! And at the prohibitive price of $7.50. I am sorry, my dear Senator, you had to waste good money. Enclosed circular may interest you. I fear the book ["Painted Veils"]—a serious one I assure you, despite some frills and thrills not precisely Rabelaisian, but enough to scare timid publishers. Hence the private publication. The story is simply the problem of the deracinated young American—my own case (although I'm not the sorry hero) who becomes cosmopolitan at the cost of his birthright of patriotism; no unusual case, I assure. Theodore Roosevelt was interested when I spoke to him of the scheme, which I planned for years but wrote the book in 7 weeks, 78,000 words, and with a pen.

Now pardon these effusions and to more important matters. Accept, pray, my congratulations on the magnificent fruition of your work. If as Jeremy Bentham (?) or Lincoln declared about the greatest good for the greatest number of people is the noblest task of statesmanship, then you are the greatest figure in contemporary political history, and history will do you justice.

And I am only saying what the world thinks and says: even in London, where I was last summer, *you* not W. W. [Woodrow Wilson], were the pivotal attraction for Englishmen who disagreed with you. . . . I spoke to George, to Balfour, to the impossible Times proprietor. I know whereof I speak, though in my letters to The World I, naturally enough, did not mention these things. With time your figure grows bigger. I congratulate you and confess to pride in personally knowing you through your letters.

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Alice Wade Mulbern*

This letter was written to Miss Mulhern in answer to a letter expressing admiration of his writings and gratitude for the help and inspiration they had been to her. The second letter followed upon her note of thanks for the first one.

Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road: Brooklyn, N. Y.
(adjacent to all the cemeteries and frog ponds of Darkest Brooklyn)
December 12/20

MY DEAR MISS MULHERN:

There is only one thing an elderly person can do after receiving such a touching letter as yours: arise, solemnly bow, wipe his glasses to remove the suspicious moisture and then sit down—and wish he were 25 instead of 60. All these things I did.

However three-score hath its compensations. One of them is when a charming girl says such charming things—even if they be exaggerated and undeserved—I thank you. And I may add when I wrote my little books they were written to please myself without one idea of an audience—beyond the hope of the never realized royalties. I enjoyed myself and now I'm overjoyed to learn that

you, too, have enjoyed yourself. Luckily for all of us joy is a more easily communicable quality than sorrow; else—crepe would hang on every heart.

I do wish that when you are wishing me luck again you may wish me across the Atlantic away from noisy New York and detestable musical criticism. Both are killing. That's the kind of a fairy-godmother I'm looking for now-a-days. But, then, I've been looking for the perverse lady ever since I was a lad. She doesn't even send me P. P. C. cards! Again thanks and best wishes.

Yours,

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

*Now*

(In the enchanted region of Flatbush because of Alice in Wonderland)

Listen: But *you* are the fairy-godmother, for as I read your wishes for my prosperity everything came true. Your words were winged. I inhabit now a palace with masterpieces on the walls, with two, instead of one, Steinway grand pianos. I'm young again. My dear wife, whose hair was white, again looks as young and beautiful as she did a quarter of a century ago. Her hair is Titian russet and she rides in a Rolls-Royce, thanks to our lovely fairy-godmother (otherwise, we took the subway like poor mortals). And last, not least, we saw our fairy and we asked her for her signed photograph and she promised to send it. Will she keep her promise?

In all gratitude from a dreamer,

JIM THE PENMAN

*To Benjamin De Casseres*

Friday, Dec. 17th, 1920

DEAR BEN:

Please don't set it down to neglect, my tardy reply, but I'm not only hideously busy but I'm weary; weary of writing, of music, above all, of going up and down subway stairs. The actual writing I accomplish in a week is little as compared to the fatigue caused by getting to and fro from concerts, the office &c; in a word, the enormous machinery of motion which clutters up one's life in this modern Gehenna of a city.

I'm glad to hear you have the novel ["Painted Veils"]. I hope you will pierce the surface jesting and frankness of speech and reach the essentially serious core—a bitter kernel of truth. The form may puzzle because it is elliptical. But it is not as Mencken says—a story that rambles; precisely the opposite; the form is too "tight" if anything, too "arranged," too fugal. However, it's my first long fiction and my next, if I live till next summer will be freer, "looser," a bigger canvas altogether.

As soon as the horrible so-called holidays are over we must meet. Fetch P. V. ["Painted Veils"] with you and I'll not only write something in it but also make a half dozen minor corrections. The proof was read carefully and as carelessly corrected. But I shan't "kick." It's a handsome book and I regret it can't be sold to the general public—just as it is. (What?)

With regards, As ever,

JIM

*To Henry James, Jr.*

Westminster Court
Dec. 21/20

DEAR MR. JAMES:

Your letter made me happy. The above address, my residence, will fetch me those treasures of your father's. I had the personal mortification of being forced by lack of leisure and indisposition to refuse the review of the "Letters" for The Bookman. But, my God! they only allowed me 600 words—to measure the mind and achievement of your father in a pint measure. I'm not sorry I refused, for later, this spring, I shall tackle the task elsewhere and with abundant elbow room. As much as I could recall—ideas, rather than exact phrases, I quoted the letters of your father in my "Steeplejack"—also paid my humble tribute to the James brothers. As I told you, also William James, my mother corresponded with Henry James Sr. But his answers—and I recall them as a boy —I can't find. My friend Henry Cabot Lodge was interested in my remarks on your family. And I do hope you saw the more elaborate review last May in The Bookman of Henry James's* "Letters." *There*, I had room to turn around. But that you should have found the lost—that is good news. I'm sincerely obliged to you in the matter.

Cordially,
JAMES HUNEKER

*To Benjamin De Casseres*

Dec. 25
Christmas 1920

MY DEAR BEN:

We appreciate the kind thought of Mrs. De Casseres and yourself and in return wish you a prosperous New

* "The Letters of Henry James," selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

Year—there is no more "happy" day—and this wish goes with the conviction that you will some day achieve full recognition of your gifts. But my boy—don't wish for it too soon. "Give me chastity, but not yet O Lord!" cried St. Augustine. Anticipation is always pleasanter than realization. When fame does knock at your door it will *not* bring happiness; *that* lies in things of the heart, not the head. Pardon the platitudes of an old man, bored, when not disgusted with the humbug of appearances. Thank you, too, for your kind letter. P. V. ["Painted Veils"] was badly proof-read. Above all, my corrections were *not* made. Be good! Anyhow careful.

Cordially,

JIM

*To Edward C. Marsh*

MY DEAR EDWARD: December 26/20

Your letter completely consoles me for a wilderness of ineptitudes spoken and written about P. V. ["Painted Veils"]. I thank you.

You advised me 20 years ago to write fiction—or at least something like it. I selected the most difficult of all prose-patterns: the elliptical. P. V. is a three voice fugue and the three women themes which are treated fugally finally end in a *coda* of despair. It's too jejune, that ending, but, consider: its the first novel of a young fellow of 60.

I'm going to take the liberty of letting Ned Ziegler see your letter—no one else—so great a store do I set by your judgment—and friendship. Our orbits are bound to collide some day. In the interim accept our best wishes for a Happy New Year for you and yours.

Cordially, JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Mrs. Gilbert*

This letter was written to the sister of one of Mr. Huneker's oldest friends, Dr. Edward Nolan of Philadelphia.

Westminster Court
Jan. 10/21

MY DEAR MRS. GILBERT:

My brother John has written me the news of Edward's death and while it was not altogether unexpected it came in the nature of a shock. We all loved him. He was a rare character. He had a commanding intellect, and something still finer, still rarer, a heart of gold. Mrs. Huneker who knew him well and greatly admired him, joins me in this expression of regret, a regret which I assure you goes deeper than mere lip-service. I'm glad to remember Ned, who was a real formative influence in my life, as was Edward Roth, when I last saw him, one morning at the Academy. It was only a few years ago. He was ill but nothing could dampen the natural buoyancy, the indomitable bravery of the man, a noble soul. And I rejoice that his devoted sister was with him at the last to close his eyes and help his soul with a prayer across the doleful river. He is surely with God. My regards to you, and to John.

Sincerely,
JAMES HUNEKER

### *To Jules Bois*

Tuesday Jan 11/21

MY DEAR JULES BOIS

I sent you the printed copy of P. V. ["Painted Veils"] not because I had any hope that you would change your plan, but because I wish to offer a slight evidence of my

esteem, and gratitude for your interest in the book. I'm distressed to learn that you are still suffering. The Emerson doctrine of Compensation surely does not hold good for such a man and exalted soul as you! You have done nothing to deserve such cruel suffering. Pray think no longer of my *bouquin*, and only of your health. And of your own literary plans and labors. I fear I shan't be able to see your friend when he comes. Every hour till May 1st is gone! I'm up to my eyes in disagreeable work and meet no one—horrible Travail that kills the sacred instinct in us, this abominable land of the free!

With every wish for your recovery and prosperity I am as Ever Cordially

JAMES HUNEKER

# INDEX


A. E. (George Russell), 153
Abbott, 226
Abbott, Dr. Lyman, 112, 113
Adam, Villiers de l'Isle, 18
Adams, 200
Adams, Franklin P., 174
Adams (of Wolfsohn Bureau), 243
*Advertiser, The Morning*, 212
Aldrich, Richard, *letters to:* 9, 55–56, 96, 222–223, 233–234; *mentioned:* 266, 285
Alvary, 288
*American Jewish News*, 279
Ansorge, 32
Archer, William, 36
Artzibashev, 175, 180, 192, 194
Ashforth, Albert, 196
Ashforth, Arthur, 157
Ashforth, Madame Frida, *letters to:* 6, 11, 16, 49, 62–63, 91, 122, 156–157, 165, 195–196, 236–238, 246–247, 260–261, 276–277, 278–279, 280–281, 304, 305–306; *mentioned:* 275, 300
Asquith, Herbert, 173
*Atlantic Monthly, The*, 66, 69
Auer, 243
Augustine, Saint, 312

Bach, Johann Sebastian, 93, 230, 236, 272
Bachmann, Waldemar. *See* de Pachmann
Bahr, Herman, 150
Balfour, Sir James, 308
Balzac, 78, 94, 201
Barili, Alfred, *letters to:* 3–4, 5; *mentioned:* 274, 283
Barili, Mme. Emily, *letter to:* 274–275
Barili, Henry, 274
Barrès, Maurice, 65, 66, 68, 69
Barrie, Sir James, 297
Barrymore, Lionel, 231
Baudelaire, Charles, 80, 88–90, 282, 296
Beadleston, 132
Beamish, Richard, 250
Beardsley, Aubrey, 98
Becque, Henri B., 18
*Bedouins*, 280, 281, 285, 286, 288, 292, 293, 298
Beecham, Sir Thomas, 297
Beerbohm, Max, 97
Beethoven, 93, 164, 220, 230, 235, 272
Bélart, Hans, 128, 129
Belasco, David, 277, 297
Bell, Clive, 204
Bell, Hilary, 10
Bell, Mr. and Mrs. James, 144
Bennett, Arnold, 242, 295
Bennett, James Gordon, 130
Bentham, Jeremy, 307
Bergson, Henri, 134, 137, 140, 148, 150, 152, 221
Berlioz, 27, 135
Bernhardt, Sarah, 241
*Bible, The*, 175
Blake, 67
Bless, Arthur, 14, 15, 133
Bloomfield, Fan, 130
Blumenberg, Marc A., 132, 211
Blumenberg, Mrs. Marc A., 132
Blumenfeld, R., 32, 130
Bodanzky, 288
Boieldieu, 66
Bois, Jules, *letters to:* 267, 268–273, 283–285, 296–297, 323–314; *mentioned:* 283, 293–295
*Bookbuyer, The*, 156
*Bookman, The*, 48, 65, 291, 292, 311
Bosendorfer, 15
Botticelli, 86
Bouguereau, 204
Bourget, Paul, 88
Bowman, 229
Boyesen, Prof. H. H., 36, 211
Bragdon, Claude, 225
Brahms, 35, 105, 230, 291

Brancusi, 208
Brandes, George, 36, 164, 208
Bridges, Robert, 254
Brooks, Edmund, 101
Brownell, W. C., *letters to:* 88–90, 100–101, 113–115, 138–140, 144–146, 174–176, 180–181, 182, 188–191; *mentioned:* 133, 155
Browning, Robert, 200, 280
Bryan, *Dictionary of Painters*, 77
Bryan, William Jennings, 189
*Bulletin, Philadelphia Evening*, 211
Bunyan, John, 106
Burck, Henry, 220
Burgess, Gelett, 40
Burlingame, E. L., 89
Burmeister, Richard, 30, 83
Buttel-Reepen, Prof. H. V., 161

Calonne, 77
Calvé, Emma, 238, 245
Campanini, 141
Canfield, Richard, 177
Cannon, Uncle Joe, 130
Carlyle, Thomas, 88, 211, 280
Carrà, 139
Carreño, Teresita, 237
Carrol (of the *Sun*), 124
Caruso, Enrico, 157, 237, 238, 245
Cary, Miss, 207
Casseres. *See* De Casseres
*Century, The*, 60, 65, 66, 73, 139, 143, 169
Cézanne, Paul, 76, 147, 204, 205, 291
Chabaud, Auguste, 151
Chamberlain, Harry, 32, 130
Chambers, Robert, 168, 169
Chapman & Hall, 141
Chardin, 139
Chase, William M., 79, 145, 149, 256
Chester, Montague, 132
Chesterton, Gilbert, 140, 156, 295
Chilton, 141
Chopin, Frederic François, 25, 46, 59, 93, 105, 209, 228, 241
*Chopin: The Man and His Music*, 33, 37, 59, 126, 133, 143, 149, 152, 153, 156, 158, 159, 188, 212, 240, 270, 290, 294, 296
*Chronicle*, the London, 202
Claretie, Jules, 133
Clarke, Joseph I. C., 217
Cleveland, 190
Cobb, Frank, 293
Codé, N., 27
Cohn, Dr., 119
Colby, Bainbridge, 294
Conrad, Joseph, 98, 140, 143, 145, 156, 167–169, 171, 172, 175, 178, 206, 218, 219, 240, 242, 295
Conried, 44, 45, 73
Cooper, 229
Corbin, John, 39
Corot, 204
Cortissoz, Royal, *letters to:* 95, 123, 204–205, 263–264, 275–276; *mentioned:* 9, 109
*Courier, The Musical*, 210–212, 273
Cowper, 223
Craigie, Mrs., 47
Crane, Stephen, 210
Craven, Jim, 248, 249
Crone, 264
Curle, Richard, 171, 173

d'Agoult, Countess, 52
d'Albert, 32, 35, 146
Dale, Alan, 38
Damrosch, Frank, 45
Damrosch, Walter, 80, 243, 306
Dana, Charles A., 13, 117
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, 18
Dante, 269
Darwin, Charles, 162
Davies, Arthur B., *letter to:* 86–87; *mentioned:* 87, 145, 185, 204, 206, 207, 210, 243, 244
Debussy, Claude, 76, 83, 131, 181, 183, 184, 248
De Casseres, Benjamin, *letters to:* 85–86, 106, 133–134, 148, 230–231, 265, 281–282, 290, 292–293, 299–300, 303–304, 310, 311–312
Degas, Edgar, 210
de Goncourt, Jules, 190
de Goncourts, the, 18
de Gourmont, Remy, 15, 100, 189, 230, 265, 270, 272, 273
Dehmel, R., 32
Dekker, 257
de Kock, Paul, 68
de Koven, Reginald, 73

de Lanza, La Marquise, *letters to:* 241–242, 305
De Maupassant, Guy, 180
de Pachmann, Vladimir, 132, 209, 228
De Quincy, 221
de Reszke, Edouard, 44, 245
de Reszke, Jean, 44, 245
De Vries, Hugo, 160–162
*Dial, The*, 211
Dickens, Charles, 49
Diderot, 88
Dithmar, Edward A., 152, 233
Ditrichstein, Leo, 207, 288
Ditrichstein, Mrs. Josephine, *letter to:* 288–289
Doehler, 228
Donnay, 124
Donnelly, 70
Dore, 15
Dostoievski, 49, 168–172, 175, 176, 178, 189, 192, 205
Dowling, Victor, 291
Dowson, 112
Dreiser, Theodore, 169, 210, 220
Driggs, 7
Dufy, 291
Duse, Eleanora, 18
Dussek, 128

Eames, Mrs. Emma, *letters to:* 157–158, 245–246; *mentioned:* 300
Easton, Florence, 237, 238
Eaton, Walter Pritchard, *letters to:* 21–22, 37–39
Echegaray, 38
Edmunds, Ralph, 73
*Egoists*, 94–97, 100, 104, 270
Elgar, 131
El Greco, 87, 99, 111
Elliott, Hugh, 295
Elliott, Maxine, 164
Ellis, 128
Ellis, Havelock, 14, 131, 295
Ellis, Mary, 281
Elman, Mischa, 243
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 89, 96, 202, 314
Epstein, 208, 210
Erome, 128
*Etude, The*, 3–5, 108, 135, 184
*Everybody's Magazine*, 67, 69

Farrar, Geraldine, 237
Février, 268
Finck, Henry T., 20, 27, 56, 83
Flaubert, Gustave, 66, 171, 172, 211, 215, 217, 236, 247, 268, 270
Fletcher, *Book of Beauty*, 110
Flinsch, 223, 224
Floersheim, Otto, 132, 255
Flotow, 255
Foerster-Nietzsche, Elizabeth, 30, 33
*Forum, The*, 63, 137, 148, 150, 152, 169, 189, 192, 202
France, Anatole, 55, 164, 267, 270, 273
Fremstad, Olive, 7, 8, 79, 132, 141, 277, 278
Friedheim, 120
Friesz, 147
Frohman, Charles, 41
Fuller, Henry B., *letter to:* 247–248; *mentioned:* 210
Gabrilowitsch, Mrs. Ossip, 196
Gabrilowitsch, Ossip, 196, 249, 268
Galli, 139
Galli-Curci, 246, 247, 249, 250, 277
Gallica, Paolo, 222
Galsworthy, John, 141, 164, 168, 172, 257, 295, 297
Garden, Mary, 142, 281, 289, 290
Gardner, Mrs. Jack, 71
Garnett, Mrs. Constance, 169, 170
Garvin, John, 156
Gates, Lucy, 246, 277
Gauguin, 147, 204, 286

Gaultier, Jules, 134
Gautier, Théophile, 190, 270
Géricault, 115
Gericke, 13
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton, 169
Gest, Morris, 297
Gibbons, Cardinal James, 17, 190
Gibbons, James (grandfather of author), 94, 190, 212, 228
Gigoux, 78
Gilbert, Mrs., *letter to:* 313
Gilbert, W. S., 24, 297
Gilman, Lawrence, *letters to:* 128–129, 181, 183–184, 214–215, 290–291
Glackens, 185
*Globe*, the New York, 228, 289
Gluck, 223

Godowsky, 209
Goethe, 30–33, 96, 272, 279, 301
Gogh. *See* Van Gogh
Gogorza, Madame, 246
Goldman, Emma, 40
Goldmark, 48
Gomez, Signor, 149
Goncourt. *See* de Goncourt
Gorki, Maxim, 18, 180
Gounod, Charles, 158, 261
Gourmont. *See* de Gourmont
Goya, 84
Greco. *See* El Greco
Gregg, Frederic James, *letter to:* 112–113; *mentioned:* 53, 54, 69, 73, 75, 79, 93, 97, 101, 111, 112, 147, 152–154, 163, 167, 172, 184, 185, 193, 199, 208, 293
Grieg, Edvard, 181
Guard, William J., 236
Guilbert, Yvette, 18

Hale, Irene, 56
Hale, Philip, *letter to:* 302–303
Hammerstein, Oscar, 85
Hanslick, 12
Hardy, Thomas, 98, 172
Harland, Henry, 221
Harned, Miss, 22
*Harper's Bazaar*, 17
*Harper's Magazine*, 140, 190
*Harper's Weekly*, 134
Harrell, Lonta, 155
Hart, 266
Harvey, Colonel George, 189
Harzof, 112
Hatch, Lewis, 175
Hauptmann, Gerhart, 18, 32, 48
Heifetz, Jascha, 243
Heine, Heinrich, 30, 241, 272
Heinemann, 169
Heinrich, Julia, 302
Heller, 228
Hempel, Frieda, 237
Henderson, William J., 10, 20, 69, 70, 222
*Herald*, the New York, 56, 70, 71, 73, 79, 130, 152
Herbert, Victor, 217
Hertz, 142
Herz, 80, 228
Hichens, Robert, 98
Hinton, James, 226
Hoff, Mrs., 280
Hofmann, Josef, 73, 135
Hohenlohe, Prinz, 12
Holland (son of Oscar Wilde), 163
Homer, Louise, 306
Howells, William Dean, 248, 299
Hubbard, Elbert, 182
Hughes, Rupert, *letters to:* 168, 173–174, 215–217; *mentioned:* 169
Hugo, Victor, 20
Hummel, 76, 228
Humperdinck, 47
Huneker, John (grandfather of author), 212
Huneker, John (brother of author), 109, 112, 144, 248, 313
Huneker, Mrs. James Gibbons, 7, 12, 24, 34, 42, 51, 55, 64, 65, 67, 68, 71, 72, 80, 83, 90, 91, 116, 121, 132, 140, 142, 164, 249, 250, 275, 277–283, 288, 290, 309, 313
Huysmans, Joris Karl, 65–67, 131, 267, 271, 273

Ibsen, 13, 18, 20, 25, 26, 32, 33, 36, 39, 55, 83, 211
Ibsen, Doctor, 116
*Iconoclasts*, 38, 39, 47, 114, 182, 212, 296
*International Studio, The*, 60
Irving, Washington, 280
"Israfel," 175
*Ivory Apes and Peacocks*, 174–176, 180, 188, 198, 199, 202, 204–206, 208, 212, 218, 219

Jaeger, 36, 37
James, Henry, 82, 88, 90, 172, 187, 194, 225, 244, 248, 254, 291, 311
James, Henry, Jr., *letters to:* 244, 311
James, William, 244, 311
John, Augustus, 152, 163, 164, 178, 206, 208, 210, 286
Johnson, 260
Johnson, Owen, 168, 169
Jordan, Miss Elizabeth, *letters to:* 17, 25–26
Josef, Kaiser, 12

Joseffy, Rafael, 20, 92, 105, 188, 196, 228, 240
*Journal*, the New York Evening, 73
Jowett, Benjamin, 192
*Judge*, 299

Kappers, Dr. C. U. Ariens, *letters to:* 120–121, 159–163
Keats, John, 175
Kelley, Commander, 70
Kellogg, Clara Louise, 6
Kelly, Monsignor, 296, 297
Kendrick, Beryl, 282
Kisler, 76
Knobloch, Edward, 277
Kock. *See* de Kock
Koven, *See* de Koven
Krans, H., 106
Krehbiel, Henry E., *letters to:* 10, 22–25, 26–27, 29–32, 36–37, 44–45, 51–52, 232–233, 235–236, 255–256, 279–280; *mentioned:* 20, 38, 55, 122, 128, 223, 233, 264
Kreisler, Fritz, 132, 268
Kryzanowski, 31
Kufferath, *Parsifal*, 20
Kuhn, 185, 208

La Bruyère, 84
Lachaise, Gaston, 291
La Farge, John, 82, 109, 204
Laffan, William M., 28, 69, 72, 73, 75, 84, 87, 107, 130
Laforgue, Jules, 189, 240, 273
Lamb, Charles, 280
Lambert, Dr. Alexander, *letter to:* 268
Lamoureux, 77
Lancaster, Sir E. Ray, 295
Landor, Walter Savage, 201
Lane, Hugh, 153, 163
Lanza. *See* de Lanza
Larkin, Jim, 163
Lassalle, 245
Lawson, Ernest, 185, 206–208, 210
Lehmann, Elsa, 150
Lehmann, Lilli, 31, 288
Lehmann, Lisa, 245
Leifels, Felix F., *letters to:* 220–221, 223–224
Lemordant, 276
Leon, 238
Lerberghe. *See* Van Lerberghe
Leroux, 268
Leschetizky, Theodor, 130, 203, 285
Lever, Charles, 164
Levi, 255
Levy, Dr. Oscar B., 102
Lewis, 44
Liebermann, 137, 139, 142
Lightcap, Lemuel H., 71
Liliencron. *See* von Liliencron
Lincoln, Abraham, 262, 307
Lincoln, C. M., 301, 302
Linnæus, 160
*Lippincott's Magazine*, 251
Liszt, Franz, 27, 30, 32, 33, 35, 44, 51, 52, 83, 120, 122, 129, 211, 220
*Liszt, Franz* (biography), 42, 49, 60, 72, 82, 83, 94, 96, 108–111, 114, 118, 123, 130, 131, 143, 282
Liveright, Horace, 283, 287, 306
Livermore, Bill, 254
Lloyd George, David, 140, 143, 308
Lodge, George Cabot, 196, 197, 200, 201, 262, 307
Lodge, Henry Cabot, *letters to:* 196–198, 199–201, 262, 307–308; *mentioned:* 264, 291, 311
Lodge, Sir Oliver, 160, 161
Loeffler, Charles Martin, 132, 181, 183
London, Jack, 105
Lord, Chester S., 68, 124, 150, 248
Lorimer, 90
Lorme, Frau Lola, 127, 155, 213, 294
Lubbock, Percy, 311
Luby, 143
Lüchow, 22
Ludovici, 102
Luks, George, 185, 207, 208, 210
Lund, Jack, 254

McCloy, W. C., 69, 73, 143
MacDowell, Edward A., 210
MacDowells, the, 132
McFadden, 141, 163
McFee, William, 220
MacKenzie, Compton, 164
McLennan, Francis, 238
Maeterlinck, Mme. Georgette, 284

Maeterlinck, Maurice, 14, 18, 25, 26, 131, 184, 208, 211, 237, 270, 273, 284
Magers, 250, 253, 266
Mahler, 31, 79, 80, 215
*Mail, The*, 39
Mallon, George B., 70
Manet, Edouard, 111, 163, 210
March, Alden, *letters to:* 229–230, 234–235, 242–244, 248–254, 259–260, 263, 266; *mentioned:* 262
March, General Peyton C., 262
Marchesi, 16
Marinetti, 148
Marinuzzi, 289
Markham, 225
Marlowe, Christopher, 175
Marquis, Don, 230
Marsh, Edward Clark, *letters to:* 40–41, 48–49, 61, 63–64, 93–94, 102–106, 110–111, 155–156, 168–171, 205–206, 312
Martin, John, 59, 61
Martin, Ricardo, 234
Mascagni, 238
Masefeld, John, 156
Mathias, George, 77, 212
Matisse, Henri, 137, 140, 143, 145, 181, 184, 210, 239
Matzenauer, Marguerite, 234
Maugham, Somerset, 286
Maurel, M. Victor, 85, 245
Mazarin, 141
Melba, Nellie, 157, 245
*Melomaniacs*, 46, 162, 213, 226, 273, 293, 296
Meltzer, Charles Henry, 73
Mencken, Henry L., *letters to:* 179–180, 185–187, 190–192, 195, 202–203, 209–213, 217–220, 231–232, 239, 291–292, 301–302; *mentioned:* 162, 300, 302, 304, 310
Mendelssohn, Felix, 45, 76, 228
Mengelberg, 136
Menter, Sofie, 120
*Mercure de France*, 270
Meredith, George, 172
Metcalf, Willard, 276
*Metropolitan Magazine*, 125, 137, 139, 143, 145, 148, 150, 152
*Metropolitan Museum Bulletin*, 60
Meyerbeer, 158, 255
Meynell, Wilfred and George, 164
Meysenderf, Baronin V., 30
*Mezzotints*, 33
Mielatz, 176
Mildenberg, Anna, 31, 142
Milozzi, 44
Mirbeau, Octave, 273
*Mirror, Reedy's*, 148
Mitchell, Edward, P., *letters to:* 58–59, 62, 67–68, 74, 77–78, 80–82, 84–85, 87–88, 99, 107–108, 142–144, 221–222, 227; *mentioned:* 69, 73
Molière, 88
Mollock, 221, 222
Monahan, Michael, 96, 207
Monet, Claude, 210
Monticelli, 61
Moodys, the, 79
Moore, Col. Maurice, 241
Moore, George, 55, 97, 98, 163, 167, 170, 190, 241, 242, 251, 257, 288, 295, 305
More, Paul Elmer, 96, 97
Moritz, 15
*Morning Advertiser, The*, 38
Morse, Edwin W., *letters to:* 18–21, 46–47, 60–61, 82–84, 96–97
Moscheles, 228
Moussorgsky, 171, 184
Mozart, 7, 158, 232
Mulhern, Alice Wade, *letters to:* 308–309
Müller, George, 143, 149, 153
Murphy, 163
Muzio, Claudia, 236

Nathan, George Jean, 180, 186–188, 191, 203, 213, 232, 254, 302
Neilson, Francis, 132
Neupert, Edmund, 5
*New Cosmopolis, The*, 182–185, 202, 270
*New Laokoön, The*, 104
Newman, Cardinal, 211, 280
Newman, Ernest, 14
Newman, Jakob, 280
Nietzsche, Friedrich, 24, 33, 58, 102, 103, 149, 198, 211, 214, 225, 272
Nikisch, Arthur, 13, 150, 255
Nolan, Dr. Edward J., *letters to:* 53–54, 92–93; *mentioned:* 313

Nordau, Max, 175, 176, 189, 202
Norris, Frank, 210
*North American Review, The*, 55, 65, 67, 171, 189, 214, 219, 230
Novelli, 8

O'Brien, Jack, 231
"Old Fogy," 127, 128, 135, 137
O'Leary, 12
Ornstein, 183
Orpen, Sir William, 164
*Overtones*, 17–20, 33, 82

Pachmann. *See* de Pachmann
Paderewski, Ignace, 44, 130, 228, 229
Paganini, 228
*Painted Veils*, 280, 281, 286–288, 290, 293–296, 303, 304, 306, 307, 310–314
*Pall Mall, The*, 156
Parmentier, Florian, 270
Parnell, 163
Parsons, 264
Pascal, 198
Pater, Walter, 103, 104, 106, 111, 191
*Pathos of Distance, The*, 144, 145, 148, 149, 155, 168, 175, 197, 198
Patti, Adelina, 3, 274, 275, 282, 283, 300
Patti, Carlotta, 274
Paur, 15
Payne, G. M., 70
Payne, William Morton, 211
Péladan, Sar, 271
Perkins, Maxwell E., *letters to:* 298, 300–301
Phillip, Isidore, 76
Phillips, 4
Picasso, 111, 210
Pillsbury, 144
Pinero, Arthur, 18, 38
Piper, Mrs., 40
Piranesi, 58, 59, 67
Pius X, Pope, 45
Pizarro, 31
Plançon, 245
Planté, François, 76
Plaschinger, Thila, 31
Poe, Edgar Allan, 88–90, 180, 211
Pollard, Percival, 209, 210
Ponselle, Rosa, 288
*Post, The Morning*, 202
*Post*, the New York *Evening*, 56, 97, 152, 306
Prendergast, 185, 210
*Press*, the New York, 56
*Press*, the Philadelphia, 230, 232–235, 237, 248–255, 259–264, 266, 274, 292
Presser, Theodore, *letters to:* 108–109, 127–128, 135–136, 238; *mentioned:* 137
Prokofieff, Serge, 279
*Promenades of an Impressionist*, 60, 61, 100, 147
Prybyzewski, 220
*Puck*, 167–169, 178, 181, 183, 203, 204, 215–217, 219
Pugno, 76
Pulitzer, Joseph, 294
Pulvermacher, 80
*Punch*, 275
Puvis, 153, 175, 206

Quinn, John, *letters to:* 97–98, 101, 111–112, 147–148, 151–154, 163–164, 167, 171–173, 177–178, 184–185, 192–194, 198–199, 201–202, 206–209, 239–240, 285–286, 291, 293–295; *mentioned:* 68, 267, 300

Rabelais, 271
Racowitza. *See* Von Racowitza
Rappold, Marie, 47
Rascoe, Burton, 287
Reamer, Laurence, 70
*Recorder*, the Philadelphia, 38, 212
Redon, 293
Reedy, William Marion, *letter to:* 41–42
Reick, 143
Reid, Sir Archdall, 103
Reid, Whitelaw, 264
Renoir, Auguste, 185, 243
Repplier, Agnes, 169, 170
Reszke. *See* de Reszke
*Review, The*, 14, 15
Rice, Isaac, 202
Richardson, Harry, 248, 249
Richter, Hans, 131, 255
Rigaud, Hyacinthe, 85
Ritter, Theodore, 77
Roberts, Dr., 71
Rodin, Auguste, 62, 131, 175, 239

Roeder, Benjamin, *letters to:* 277–278, 297
Romann, Lina, 35
Romney, 108
Roosevelt, Theodore, 85, 106, 130, 199, 201, 202, 209, 286, 302, 307
Root, Elihu, 294
Rops, Félicien, 77, 185
Rosebault, Charles J., *letters to:* 28, 32–33, 39, 52–53, 64–67, 68–70, 72–73, 75–77, 90, 92, 115–120, 124–127, 129–130, 146, 148–151; *mentioned:* 13
Rosebault, Mrs. Charles J., 69, 76, 92, 119, 120, 130
Rosen, 243
Rosenthal, 15
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 158, 200
Rossini, 29, 158, 220
Roth, Edward, 313
Roualt, 291
Rubinstein, Anton, 146, 228
Runciman, John, 14, 149
Ruskin, John, 50
Russell, George ("A. E."), 153
Ryder, Albert P., 87, 105

Sachs. *See* Von Sachs
Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, 84
Saint-Saëns, Camille, 77
Saknussemm," "Arne, 105
Saltus, Edgar, 265
Sanborn, Pitts, *letters to:* 228–229, 289
Sand, George, 262
Sandler, 279, 280
Sardou, 13
*Saturday Review*, London, 97, 149, 156, 163
Scherer, *Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine*, 88
Schiller, 31
Schillings, 142
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 24, 86, 160, 190, 272, 306
Sc 'abin, 183
Scribner, Arthur H., *letter to:* 299
*Scribner's Magazine*, 55, 62, 65, 111, 118, 139, 143, 169, 204
Scribner's Sons, Charles, 18, 19, 82, 86, 95, 182, 199, 231–233, 240, 292, 299, 306
Seidl, Anton, 31, 223, 255, 288
Shakespeare, 164, 175, 214, 215
Shannon, Father, 296
Shaw, George Bernard, 14, 18, 23, 24, 55, 93, 131, 132, 140, 156, 164, 168, 172, 211, 242, 261, 263, 286, 295
Simone, 124
Sloan, John, 210
*Smart Set, The*, 40, 60, 65, 162, 179, 186, 188, 191, 218
Smetana, 44
Smith, T. R., *letters to:* 282–283, 287
Spanuth, 23, 73, 118, 120, 137, 140
*Spectator, The*, 208
Spingarn, 152
Stahr sisters, 30
Starr, Frances, 278
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 89
*Steeplejack*, 234, 250, 251, 266, 284, 286, 293, 298–300, 302–307, 311
Stein, Madame, 243
Stendhal, Henry Beyle, 62, 65, 81, 82, 100, 247
Stephens, James, 164
Stern, Daniel, 52
Stevenson, E. I. Prime, 15
Stirner, 68
Stokowski, 249
Stransky, 221, 223, 255
Straus, Nathan, Jr., 168
Strauss, Richard, 15, 17, 25, 27, 29, 32, 37, 56, 57, 83, 131, 132, 139–143, 158, 221, 236
Strindberg, 18, 33, 134
Strube, 218
Strunsky, 168
Stuck, Franz, 7, 14
Stucken, *see* Van der Stucken
Sturgis, Russell, 59
Sudermann, Hermann, 150
*Sun and New York Herald, The*, 293, 301
*Sun*, the New York, 15, 16, 28, 39, 41, 42, 50, 56, 60–63, 66–70, 74, 78, 81, 83, 84, 97, 99, 107, 108, 115, 117, 143, 144, 147, 150, 175, 176, 185, 210, 212, 219, 246, 248, 265, 302
Sullivan, Arthur, 297
Sully, Thomas, 68
Svencenzski, 13
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 40, 200
Symons, Arthur, 14, 101, 131, 132, 141, 145, 220, 295

Symons, Rhoda, 164
Synge, 152

Taft, William Howard, 130
*Tales*, 49
Tapper, Thomas, 132
Taylor, Bayard, 89
Tchekoff, 49
*Telegraph, The*, 185
Ternina, Milka, 8, 15, 132, 245
Thackeray, William Makepiece, 181
Thalberg, 228
Thomas, A., 158
Thomas, A. E., 38
Thomas, Theodore, 223, 224
Thompson, Vance, 13, 104, 174, 217, 299
*Times*, the New York, 56, 140, 141, 143–147, 157–159, 172, 192, 195, 199, 203, 207, 212, 218, 219, 229, 243, 262, 265, 267, 281, 284, 285, 299
Tolstoy, 49, 169, 171, 172, 175, 180, 189
*Tragic Wall, The*, 18, 20
Tree, Beerbohm, 164, 214, 215
*Tribune*, the Chicago, 287
*Tribune*, the New York, 27, 78, 97, 174, 235, 264
Turgenev, 171, 172, 180

*Unicorns*, 230, 232, 236, 237, 244, 270
Untermyer, S. P., 50

Valloton, 180, 189, 190
Van Anda, C. V., 256
Van der Stucken, 80
Van Gogh, 204
Van Lerberghe, Charles, 184
Vauvenargues, 84
Velasquez, 99
Vermeer, Jan, 138, 139, 143, 145, 153, 181
Verne, Jules, 105
Vernon, Granville, *letter to:* 254–255; *mentioned:* 233
*Visionaries*, 46, 48, 52, 53, 56, 87, 163, 212, 213, 226, 270, 273, 284, 293
Vizetelly, 170
Vogrich, Max, 32
von Bülow, Cosima, 30, 128
von Liliencron, Detler, 32
Von Racowitza, Helene, 104
Von Sachs, 116
Von Wildenbruch, 32

Wagner, Cosima. *See* von Bülow
Wagner, Minna, 128
Wagner, Richard, 3, 5, 7, 16, 20, 21, 27, 29, 30, 108, 128, 129, 158, 164, 255
Waldo, 249
Waller, 175
Walters, Eugene, 93
Wanamaker, Rodman, 233, 237, 262
Wedekind, Frank, 147, 150, 153
*Weekly Critical Review*, 14, 133
Weil, Otto, 57, 79, 92, 132
Wells, H. G., 140, 145, 172, 295
Wesendonck, Mathilde, 128, 129
Wesendonck, Otto, 128, 129
West, Rebecca, 248
Wetzlar, Mr. and Mrs. H. H., 132
Wharton, Mrs. Edith, 46, 47, 189
Whishaw, 170
Whistler, James McNeil, 50
White (of *The Herald*), 70
Whitman, Stephen French, 215, 217
Whitman, Walt, 202
Wickersham, George Woodward, 199, 262
Widener, P. A. B., 201
Widor, 155, 197
Wilde, Oscar, 56, 112, 163
Wildenbruch. *See* Von Wildenbruch
Wilkinson, Louis, 218
Williams, Cora, *letter to:* 224–226
Williams, Dr., 292
Williams, John D., *letter to:* 231
Wilson, Woodrow, 262, 308
Wilstach, Frank J., *letters to:* 240–241, 256–257
Winter, William, 10, 37–39, 235, 264
Wittgenstein, Countess Seyn, 52
Woerz, 132
Wolfsohn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, 132
*World*, the New York, 71, 73, 143, 285, 293, 294, 298, 301, 303, 304, 306, 308
Wormley, Miss, 78
Wright, Katharine, 288
Wright, Willard Huntington, 204, 214

Ybarra, 266
Yeats, William Butler, 38, 97, 98, 167, 241

Young, Brigham, 246
Ysaye brothers, 228, 229, 242

Zangwill, Israel, 202
Zeisler, Fannie Bloomfield, 52
Zeisler, Sigmund, 53
Zelocco, 222
Ziegler, Edward E., *letters to:* 7–8, 11–15, 34–35, 42–44, 47–48, 50, 56–57, 70–72, 79–80, 131–133, 136–138, 140–142; *mentioned:* 73, 93, 103, 111, 178, 233, 312
Zola, Emile, 283

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